

THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

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ART. 1.—*Eugénie de Guérin. Journal et lettres publiés avec l'assentissement de sa famille.* Par G. S. Trebutien, Conservateur adjoint de la Bibliothèque de Caen. Didier, Paris. 1863.

2. *Maurice de Guérin. Journal, lettres et poèmes.* Publiés par G. S. Trebutien. Didier, Paris. 1863.

THERE is something deeply affecting in the announcement that the French Academy has accorded two grand prizes of 3,000 francs each to writings, the author of which has been fifteen years beyond the reach of human praise or blame; indeed, which were primarily composed without a thought of their meeting any eye but that of the favourite brother for whom the occurrences and thoughts of the day were set down. Primarily, we say, for at first the brother was the sole object of the writings to which we refer, though latterly, when the diary had become a solace, though the original motive no longer existed, the following sentences occur, as if in self-excuse for the time spent upon it:—

‘Sometimes I say to myself, “What is, or what will be, the use of these pages?” They were only of value to him, to Maurice, who found his sister there. What does finding myself there signify to me? But if I find an innocent amusement there—if I find there a rest from the toils of the day—if, in order to place them there, I make up the nosegays, gathered from my wilderness, in solitude, my events and my thoughts, given me by God to teach or to strengthen me, oh, surely there can be no harm in it! And if some heir of my cell should find them and meet with some good thought, which he may relish and be the better for, if only for a moment, I should have done good. I will do it. No doubt, I dread the loss of time, that *price of eternity*; but is it losing it to use it for one’s own soul and other people’s?’—1840. *January 24th.*—P. 334.

This, however, was only written when the estimation in which these journals were held by the friends to whom the brother had shown them had revealed to the author that relative value of talent in the world which experience cannot fail to make known,

even to the humblest. In general, the great charm of the journal of Eugénie de Guérin is its perfect simplicity and, if we may use such an expression, its homely refinement. It is also most interesting and remarkable as an unconscious revelation of the working of the Roman Catholic system on a reflective and intellectual character.

Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin, for it is impossible to separate the brother and sister, were the children of a country gentleman of Languedoc, of historical name, originally Italian, inheriting some of the best blood in the country, numbering cardinals, knights-hospitaliers, and troubadours among his collateral ancestors, but of small means; farming his own unproductive little estate of Le Cayla, near the town of Gaillac, and living a life among his neighbours which reminds us of Madame de la Rochejacquelein's description of Vendéan manners before the Revolution; associating freely with farmers, who came to talk of their cattle in the evening, and going into the village to arrange the preliminaries of a peasant marriage. His château was a most lonely place, apparently scarcely accessible except on horseback, perched upon a steep hill and with a terrace in front, whence a slope led to a green valley through which a streamlet flowed. The house was, judging by a small print of it, of the tall slim form peculiar to everything French, and retaining so much of the old defences, that it had an extinguisher turret and none of the older windows near the ground. Within, Eugénie thus describes it:—

‘Our rooms all white, without mirrors or any trace of luxury; the dining-room with a side-board and chairs, and two windows looking towards the northern wood; the other parlour beside it, with a large wide sofa, in the middle a round table, straw chairs, an old tapestry easy chair . . . two glass doors leading to the terrace.’—1840. *August*.—P. 399.

So lonely was this abode in winter, that the sight of a crow or the visit of a beggar was an event; but in summer it was a favourite resort of numerous relations and acquaintances living at Gaillac. The family consisted of four children, Erembert, Eugénie, Marie, and Maurice. Eugénie was born in 1805, Maurice in 1811; and when, five years later, the mother died, there remained that peculiar and beautiful inheritance of maternal love that so often links the eldest daughter of a bereaved family to the youngest and weakest member. And weak and tender Maurice evidently was to an unusual degree. The mother had left an inheritance of consumption, and the Italian and Provençal natures combining in the family, produced in two at least of its members intellects of ardent poetical fervour, lodged within tender delicate frames, sensitive to every outward influence. Clinging, affectionate, and full of sensibility, Maurice would have

been the contempt of a hardy English boy; but he was pre-eminently a sister's brother, revelling in Rollin and the few books afforded by the scanty library of Le Cayla, wandering in the woods, making an almond-tree a sort of refuge and confidant, and preaching little sermons to his sisters out of a cave that they called the pulpit of S. Chrysostom. At eleven years old he wrote a sort of poem in prose upon the murmuring music here called the Midsummer hum, but which he terms 'the sounds of nature; the sounds shed abroad in the air, that rise with the sun, and follow him like a band in the train of a king.'

A character like his, in so devout a family, seemed marked for the clerical profession, and at eleven he began his studies at Toulouse, and there distinguished himself so much that the Archbishops both of Toulouse and Rouen wished to undertake the charge of his further education; but his father did not accept the offer, and at thirteen he was sent to the Stanislas College at Paris, where he remained for five years without returning home.

The earlier years of a precocious manhood were almost necessarily full of struggles and suffering to a nature of so much ardour, bred up in the unquestioning faith of an old-fashioned Roman Catholic family, then launched into the sea of modern thought at Paris, with the clerical course of study making the difficulties practical instead of speculative.

When he came home, it was in a mood of deep melancholy that nothing seemed to cheer but the beauties of nature, and which was further deepened by his attachment to Louise de Bayne, an intimate friend of his sister, and evidently a most charming person; but, like Scott's Matilda of Rokeby, she could only admire without loving the plaintive poet, and gave her heart to a manly, resolute Algerine colonist, who was preparing a home for her in Africa.

Love and doubt alike unsettled Maurice from his projects of taking Holy Orders, and in the midst of his uncertainty and distress he was delighted by an offer of admission into La Chenaie, a sort of semi-monastic institution that the Abbé de Laménais had commenced in Brittany. Laménais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert were at that time intimately united, and were regarded as the men likely to remould and revivify the Gallican Church; and in La Chenaie Maurice found several distinguished inmates, such as Lacordaire, Gerbet, afterwards the author of 'Rome Chrétienne;' Elie de Kertanguy, Cazalés, and François du Breil de Marzan, who has left an interesting record of the life there spent.

The community rose at five, and met for prayer and meditation on a subject fixed on the night before, and, after an appointed interval, each in turn gave the result of his thoughts. Prayers

and mass followed; then occupation till the midday meal, after which came an hour and a half of recreation, when the younger men were encouraged to enjoy the manly exercises of their college days. Another chapel service followed, then a resumption of work, and in the evening the whole community assembled to listen to some religious book, read aloud in turns by the young men. Rodriguez, Bossuet, Fenelon, and S. Augustin are specified as among their authors, but Maurice is mentioned as peculiarly excelling when reading the works of S. François de Sales and S. Theresa. He was then 'no longer the timid, 'almost awkward youth who was silently present in the 'evening's official circles, he was the contemplative man—the 'poet . . . he was our friend in his completeness, such as we 'loved him; such as, six years after, he was again seen by the 'two sisters who received him at Le Cayla, dying.'—(*Maurice*, p. 445.) The day was ended with hymns and canticles sung in the chapel by Guérin and Kertanguy, and followed by the evening prayers.

The young men sometimes took expeditions for a few days in the scenery around, and the whole seemed a sort of ideal of a religious retreat—free, rational, and intellectual, according to modern requirements, and no less devout than an old convent. M. Feli, as Laménais was familiarly called there, was extremely loved, and Maurice always looked upon La Chenaie as a sort of peaceful paradise; but his friend, M. de Breil, thinks that at the time he was not so happy as he afterwards fancied; that he did not amalgamate with the rest of the students, nor enter into the spirit of the place; that he still was oppressed by the same vague melancholy, and that his really enjoyable moments were those when he was alone with nature. His diary, which begins at La Chenaie, bears out this impression.

Inadequate as translation must necessarily be, we are tempted to give a few specimens of the exceeding beauty of his descriptions, and of the melancholy that struggled with his enjoyment:—

'1833. *April 5th. Good Friday.*—A day as fine as could be wished. Clouds, but only enough to form a landscape in the sky. Their forms become more and more summer-like. Their various groups remain motionless beneath the sun like flocks of sheep in the pastures during the great heats. I have seen a swallow and heard the bees humming over the flowers. As I sat in the sun, that my very marrow might be penetrated by the divine spring, I experienced some of the impressions of my childhood; for a moment I gazed on the sky with its clouds, the earth with its woods its warblings and hummings, as I used then to do. This renewal of the first aspect of things, of the expression one saw in them at first sight, is in my opinion one of the sweetest reactions of childhood on the course of life.

'My God! what right has my soul thus to become engrossed in such fleeting enjoyments upon Good Friday, the day so full of Thy death and of our

redemption? There is in me some damnable spirit that rouses in me a strong distaste, and drives me, so to say, into rebellion against holy exercises and the collectedness of mind which ought to prepare us for the great solemnities of our faith. We have been in retreat for two days past, and I have done nothing but be weary, gnaw myself with I know not what thoughts, and embitter myself even against the practices of the retreat. Oh, well do I acknowledge the old leaven from which I have not yet cleansed my soul.'—P. 25 (*Maurice*).

'April 23d.—The awakening of vegetation is wonderfully slow. I am almost out of humour with nature, who seems to enjoy putting us out of patience. The larches, the birches, the stocks of lilac that we have in the garden, the rose-trees and hawthorn hedges, scarcely bear any verdure; all the rest is gloomy and slumberous, as in winter, except some beeches, which, more spring-like than their brethren, begin to form themselves into bright clouds on the dark mass of the plantation that borders the pond. For the rest, all the birds are come, the nightingales sing night and day, the sun shines wondrously, the winged insects hum and dance; life and joy are everywhere, except with me. I know not the cause of the strange contrast that has for some days past made life more painful than in the winter days, and even then I was far from happy. I seem to myself like a dead tree in the midst of a verdant wood.'—P. 32.

The thought of his first love likewise haunted him in his monastic retreat:—

'1833. June 15th.—*Strange dream.* I thought myself alone in a vast cathedral. Strongly impressed by the presence of God, I was in the state of mind in which one is solely conscious of God and of oneself, when a voice was uplifted. The voice was infinitely sweet—a woman's voice—which, however, filled the whole church like a grand concert. I knew it at once; it was the voice of Louise—*silver-sweet sounding.*

'19th.—Three nights following, the same figure has appeared to me. What must I think of it?'—*Maurice*, pp. 41, 42.

The italicised words are English, for Guérin was a warm admirer of several English writers, Scott and Wordsworth in especial; and this admiration formed a bond of union between him and M. Hippolyte de Morvonnais, author of '*La Thébaïde des Grecs*,' a Breton gentleman, married to a charming young wife, and living at Le Val de l'Arguenon. This young man, ten years older than Maurice, was so devoted to our Lake poets, that at this time a pilgrimage to Rydal Mount, for the sake of making acquaintance with Wordsworth, was a favourite project with him. We are told that the influences of La Chenaie, and in particular of François de Marzan, had been of great benefit to him, and that on the Easter Day of this year (1833) he communicated there for the first time for many years. Alas! that was the last Paschal Communion celebrated by Laménais himself! Collisions with the Bishop of Rennes led to the breaking up of the establishment of La Chenaie. Some of the pupils were transferred to Ploermel, and on the 7th of September Laménais set off for Rome, and the other inmates dispersed, few to meet again. Maurice did not at once leave Brittany,

but remained making visits among his friends. His stay with Hippolyte de Morvonnais was a particularly peaceful and happy time, and his diary during these days is the fullest picture of his feeble spirit and high talent:—

‘Le Val, December 7th.—After a year of perfect tranquillity, save for the tempests within, which must not be charged upon the solitude, for that wrapped me in so much peace and silence that a less restless soul than mine would have been deliciously lulled asleep—after a year, I say, of this full tranquillity, my fortune, which had let me enter the holy house for a short repose, has knocked at the door to recall me, for she had not gone on her way, but had only sat down on the threshold to wait till I was strong enough to set off again. “Your halt has been long enough,” she said. “Let us be gone. Forward!” And she took my hand, and on she goes again like the poor women we meet on the road, dragging a child after them with doleful looks. But how foolish am I to murmur! Are there no sorrows in the world except my own to water with my tears? Henceforth I shall say to the source of my tears, “Be stayed;” and to the Lord, “Lord, listen not to my complaints,” whenever I am inclined to invoke Him for myself; for it is well that I should suffer—I, who can win nothing in heaven by the merit of my actions, and who can only gain anything there by the virtue of suffering, like all feeble souls. Such souls have no wings to mount to heaven, yet the Lord, whose will it is to have them there, sends them aid. He places them on a pile of thorns, and sends down to kindle it the fire of grief; the wood is consumed, and from it darts towards heaven, as it were, a white vapour like the doves that took flight among the expiring flames of a martyr’s funeral pile. It is the soul that has fulfilled its sacrifice, and that the fire of tribulation has made light enough to mount to heaven like a vapour. Wood is heavy and motionless. Set fire to it, and a part of its very self will rise to the clouds. I am one of these souls, O Lord. I must not shed tears to quench my pile, but I will shed floods of tears for those who suffer and ought not to suffer; above all for him who is now a prey to the greatest vexations, yet who did so much good, that he might seem to have already a superfluity of merit without need of more. I will weep for him and for those who have injured him, and me likewise in the recoil of the blow. When Jesus Christ shed the inestimable virtue of His Blood for His murderers, the least that men can do is to shed their tears for their enemies.

‘I will consecrate these tears and the treasury of recollections I have brought from the happy roof of La Chenaie, which sheltered my life for a year, hidden in the bosom of a priest whom men reckon among their glories on earth, and saints claim as one of theirs in heaven. Bitter as is my grief, I will not hang my harp on the willows by the stream, because the Christian, unlike the Israelite, ought to sing the Lord’s song, and the song of the Lord’s servant, in a strange land.

‘And see how merciful is Providence to me. Lest the sudden transition from the mild and tempered air of this religious life to the torrid zone of the world should be too trying to my soul, it has led me, on leaving the holy asylum, to a house raised upon the confines of two regions, where, without being in solitude, it is not yet the world; a house whose windows open on the one side to the plain where the tumult of men is moving restlessly; on the other on the desert where the servants of God are singing. I shall set down here the history of my stay, for the days beneath this roof are full of happiness, and I know that in after time I shall often turn back to read again my past enjoyment. A man religious and poetical—a wife whose soul is so completely in accordance with his that it is like one doubled—a child named Marie like her mother, and the first beams of whose love and intelligence are star-like shining through the white cloud of childhood—a simple life in an old house—

Ocean bringing us his chime morning and evening—and lastly, a traveller coming down from Carmel to enter Babylon, who has laid his staff and sandals at the door to seat himself at their hospitable board. Here are the materials for a Biblical poem if I could describe things as I feel them.

Stk.—Yesterday, the west wind blew furiously. I saw the ocean enraged, but its violence, sublime as it is, is to my mind by no means equal to the spectacle of a calm blue sea. But why declare one not equal to the other? Who could measure these two sublimities, and say that “the second surpasses the first”? Let us only say, “My soul is better pleased with the calm than the storm.” Yesterday, there was an immense battle in the watery plains. Watching the bounding of the waves, they were as the numberless squadrons of Tartars that gallop unceasingly in the plains of Asia. The entrance of the bay is in a manner barred by a chain of granite islets, and it was a grand sight to watch the breakers hurry to the assault, and dash themselves madly against these masses with a fearful clamour; to see them take their rush, and vie with one another in overleaping the black head of the rocks. The boldest or the lightest sprang to the other side with a loud shout; the others, heavier or less alert, broke themselves against the rock, casting up foam of dazzling whiteness, then drew back with a dull deep growl, like mastiffs repulsed by the traveller’s club. We watched these strange contests from a cliff, where we could hardly stand against the wind. The mighty tumult of the sea, the deafening race of the waves, the no less rapid, but silent race, of the clouds, the sea-birds floating in the sky, poisoning their slender form between two arched wings of huge span—this assembly of wild re-echoing harmonies all centering together in the souls of two beings five feet high, perched on the crest of a cliff, shaken like a couple of leaves by the violence of the wind, and in this immensity not more visible than a pair of birds upon a clod of earth—oh, it was strange and admirable! one of the moments of sublime agitation and deep reverie, both together, when nature and the soul both erect themselves to their full height, fronting one another.

‘From the height, we descended to a gorge opening to a sea-side retreat, such as the ancients loved to describe, where a few peaceable waves come in murmuring to their slumber, while their frantic brethren buffet the rocks, and strive with one another. Enormous masses of grey granite, variegated with white moss, are irregularly scattered on the slope of the hill which has hollowed itself into the creek. So strangely are they placed, and so much do they bend to a fall, that they look as if a giant had amused himself with rolling them from the top of the ridge, and as if they had stopped short wherever they met an obstacle, some close to the starting point, others halfway; but they still seem rather delayed than stopped; or rather, as if they were still in motion. The sound of the winds and waves confined within this sonorous hollow forms the finest harmony. There we halted for a long time, leaning on our sticks, full of wonder.’

9th.— . . The sound of the sea was as calm and dreamy as in the finest days, only there was something more plaintive. Our ear followed the sound, which extended itself all along the coast, and we did not draw breath till the wave which had produced it had receded to make room for another. It is, I think, between the grave deep voice rolled out by the unfurling wave, and the shrill, stony noise of the wave that is departing lightly rustling over the sand and shells, that the extraordinary ring of the chant of the sea is produced. But why decompose such music? I shall never say anything worth having on it, for I do not understand analysis. Let us return to sentiment.—P. 60.

We have given these extracts at length, partly for their descriptive power, and partly for the display here made of the manner in which the tenet of individual meritorious sacrifice was acting on a mind like Guérin’s. Even tranquil enjoyment

had a strange enervating effect upon him, for, on the 24th of January, he speaks of a 'strange sensibility that had seized his whole being, and brought tears into his eyes for a trifle, as is the case with children and aged persons.'

In the same month he returned to Paris, and became a teacher at the Stanislas College, where he had been educated, also giving private lessons and contributing to periodicals. The design of a clerical life had passed away; his sympathy with Laménais had been such as to destroy all inclination to bind himself to the system that had repelled his master. An idol in a transition state has often proved the most dangerous object of adoration, and as Laménais drifted further and further from the Church, Maurice was more and more loosened from his bearings; and though no longer a direct follower of his beloved 'M. Feli,' he lost his hold upon faith, relinquished the dogmas of his youth, and wandered into a line of his own—a sort of pantheistic worship of a God of nature, in which his mournful spirit failed to find any sustenance or hope. In society, we are told, he was elegant and fashionable, and full of brilliancy in conversation. In his diary he writes:—

'Am I not a laughing-stock, a toy—something pursued with laughter by little children—a being against whom the weakest rise up—crushed by the foot of a boy of ten years old, without even turning like a tortured worm. All the children I meet have a sort of instinct of the feebleness of my nature, and use me as a master does a slave; their first motion on seeing me is to make a plaything of me, to quiz me with all the cutting simplicity of their age. I am not angry with them; it is their nature to make sport of all that is weaker than their weak hands.'—*Maurice, May 13th, 1834, p. 85.*

Or again:—

'Now all my converse with nature, the other consoler of the afflicted, passes in a little garden of the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, near the Rue de la Pessinière. In the evening of the day before yesterday, I had my arm round the trunk of a lilac, and I sung in a low voice, "*Que le jour me dure*," by J. J. This touching and melancholy air, my attitude, the evening calm, and, above all, my soul's habit of resuming all its sorrows at night, and surrounding itself with pale clouds towards the close of day, threw me into a deep, inward, intense feeling of my wretchedness, my inward poverty. I saw myself poor—very poor—pitiable, and entirely incapable of a future. At the same time I seemed to hear, far away above my head, the rustle of that world of thought and poetry towards which I dart so often without success in reaching it. I thought of those of my age whose wings can bear them thither, but without jealousy, as from here below we look at the elect and their bliss; yet my soul burnt, panted, struggled at its want of power. . . . The stem of the lilac I embraced shook in my arms. I fancied I felt it move spontaneously, and all its trembling leaves gave a soft sound, that seemed to me like a language, a murmur of lips stammering words of solace. Oh, my lilac! I pressed thee at that moment in my arms as the sole being in the world against which I could support my reeling nature—the only one capable of enduring an embrace of mine, and pitiful enough to become the support of my wretchedness. How did I requite thee? With a few tears that fell on thy root.'—*Ibid. May 7th, 1834, p. 80.*

The death of the charming Madame de Morvonnais early in the ensuing year, and the absorbing grief of her husband, deprived him of one of the most cheerful and wholesome influences of his life; and M. de Marzan considers it as marking the epoch when the most stormy and unhappy period of his inward life began. Then he had entirely ceased to 'feel the rock beneath his feet,' and was left, not merely to the depression of naturally low spirits, but to the dreary misery of doubt. Few men were ever more sensible of the exquisite charms of nature, few ever held more communings with her spirit, but none was ever a more signal example of her insufficiency to supply the place of a personal God, Father, Redeemer, and Comforter.

One wholesome influence never failed Maurice, namely, that of his home, which he fondly calls by our English name, as if that alone would express its full charm. As has been beautifully said of Eugénie—

'Her strong effort to keep in sympathy with him had no doubt a tendency to brighten up her own faculties, that she might understand him and make him feel that she did so. She did not struggle to obtain the same species of knowledge; she probably soon saw that she would be distanced in that race. The sympathy was in the graceful, true, yet poetical manner of viewing every object; a habit of looking at everything so as that she should never be dull or despicable in any way before him; above all, a clear-sighted view of the paramount obligations of principle such as he could lean upon, such as might be a silent rebuke to fickleness, while yet he should not be teased with unnecessary meddling.'

Living at home in solitary Le Cayla, Eugénie seems to have begun a journal for Maurice's pleasure about the same time as his own was commenced, but the first sheets are missing, and the earliest date is the 15th of November, 1834. Though she had the same ardent love of nature as her brother, nature was not to her an idol, but a constant emblem of the invisible world; and thus to her

'Earth's common paths seem strewn all o'er
With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath of man forgiven.'

So pensive was the hope, that many regard her journal as mournful; but to us the effect of turning from her brother's pages to hers is like passing from a gloomy wood, beautiful but oppressive, to an open sunny heath, flat, indeed, and to some eyes dull, but covered with an exquisite embroidery of smiling eye-bright, fragrant thyme and verdant grass. Here is one of her earliest entries, perhaps one of the most complete pictures of her inner and outer life:—

'November 20th.—I love snow. The white view has something heavenly in it. Mud and bare earth displease and sadden me. To-day I only see the

pathways and footsteps of the little birds. Lightly as they rest, they leave their little tracks, making a thousand patterns in the snow. It is pretty to see the little red feet, like coral pencils, designing them. Winter has its beauties and charms; they may be found everywhere by one who knows how to seek them. God scatters grace and beauty everywhere. I must go and see what charms there are by the kitchen fire—sparks, if I please. This is only a little “good morning” to you and to the snow as I jump out of bed.

‘I had to set another dish for Sauveur Roquier, who came to see us. It was sugared ham, and the poor fellow licked his fingers. Good things do not often fall in his way, so I wished to give him a treat. It is to the forsaken that I think we ought to show most attentions; humanity and charity tell us so: the fortunate can do without them, yet they have them all to themselves, so crosswise are we made!’

‘No reading to-day. I made a cap for the little one, which took up all my moments. But provided one works, either with head or hands, it is the same in the sight of God, who reckons every work done in His name. I hope my cap may stand for an alms. I made a gift of my time, of a little skin pricked away by my needle, and of a thousand interesting lines that I might have read. The day before yesterday, papa brought me from Clairac “Ivanhoe” and “Le Siècle de Louis XIV,” a provision for some of these long winter evenings. I am the reader, but with many interruptions. Sometimes they want a key, often myself, and the book is closed for a moment. Oh, Mimin (her sister Marie)! when will you come home to help the poor housewife who misses you every moment? Did I tell you that I heard of her yesterday at C—— fair, whither I went? How many yawns I left on that poor balcony. At last Mimi’s letter came on purpose to be a counter-weariness (*contre ennui*), and that was the only pleasant thing I saw at C——.

‘I wrote nothing yesterday. A blank is better than nothings, which were all I could tell you. I was tired and sleepy. To-day it is much better. I have seen the snow come and go. While I was at dinner, a fine sun came forth, and there was an end of the snow. Now it is dark and ugly. What shall I see to-morrow morning? Who knows?—the face of the world changes so fast.

‘I am returning much pleased from the kitchen, where I spent more time than usual to induce Paul, one of our servants, to go to confession this Christmas. He promised me. He is a good lad and will do so. God be praised! my evening is not lost. How delightful, if every day I could win a soul for the Lord. Good Scott has been neglected to-night, but what reading would be worth what Paul has promised me?’—*Eugénie*, pp. 8—10.

Here we have Eugénie in her playful enjoyment of common things, in her love of reading, and her religious aspect. See her again:—

‘November 29th.—Cloaks, clogs, umbrella—all the paraphernalia of winter followed us this morning to Andillac, where we stayed till evening, sometimes at the parsonage, sometimes at the church. I like this Sunday life, so active, so busy, so varied. People see one another on the way, there are curtsies from all the women one meets, and gossip on the road about the fowls, the flock, the husband, the children. My great delight is to coax them, and see them hide themselves, all rosy, in their mother’s skirts. They are afraid of *les donnaiseles*, as well as of everything else that is strange. One of the little ones said to his grandmother, who was talking of coming here, “Minino, don’t go to that *castel*, there is a black prison there.” Whence is it that castles have always been dreaded? Is it from the horrors once committed there? I think so.

‘Oh, how pleasant it is when the rain is dropping from the sky with a slight

sound, to sit by one's fire, holding the tongs and making sparks. That was my pastime just now; I am fond of it; sparks are so pretty; they are the flowers of the hearth. Verily, charming things take place in the embers, and when I am not busy I am amused with the phantasmagoria of the fire-place. There are a thousand little forms in the ashes that come and go, grow bigger, change, and vanish; sometimes angels, horned demons, children, old women, butterflies, dogs, sparrows, everything may be seen under the logs. I remember a figure with an air of heavenly suffering, that seemed to me what a soul might be in purgatory. I was struck, and wished an artist had been near me. Never was vision more perfect. Watch the embers, and you will agree that there are beautiful things there, and that unless one was blind one need never be weary by the fire. Listen especially to the little whistling that comes out of the embers like a voice of song. Nothing can be sweeter or purer; it is like the singing of some tiny spirit of the fire. There, my dear, are my evenings and their delights; add sleep, which is not the slightest.'—*Ibid.* pp. 16, 17.

Lovely, too, is her account of the walk to the midnight mass at Christmas, on a frosty night, 'the paths bordered with little bushes as white as if they were in blossom. Hoar frost makes beautiful flowers. We saw such a pretty spray, that we wanted to present it as a bouquet to the Holy Sacrament, but it melted in our hands.' (P. 29.)

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pathways and footsteps of the little birds. Lightly as they rest, they leave their little tracks, making a thousand patterns in the snow. It is pretty to see the little red feet, like coral pencils, designing them. Winter has its beauties and charms; they may be found everywhere by one who knows how to seek them. God scatters grace and beauty everywhere. I must go and see what charms there are by the kitchen fire—sparks, if I please. This is only a little "good morning" to you and to the snow as I jump out of bed.

'I had to set another dish for Sauveur Roquier, who came to see us. It was sugared ham, and the poor fellow licked his fingers. Good things do not often fall in his way, so I wished to give him a treat. It is to the forsaken that I think we ought to show most attentions; humanity and charity tell us so: the fortunate can do without them, yet they have them all to themselves, so crosswise are we made!

'No reading to-day. I made a cap for the little one, which took up all my moments. But provided one works, either with head or hands, it is the same in the sight of God, who reckons every work done in His name. I hope my cap may stand for an alms. I made a gift of my time, of a little skin pricked away by my needle, and of a thousand interesting lines that I might have read. The day before yesterday, papa brought me from Clairac "Ivanhoe" and "Le Siècle de Louis XIV," a provision for some of these long winter evenings. I am the reader, but with many interruptions. Sometimes they want a key, often myself, and the book is closed for a moment. Oh, Mimin (her sister Marie)! when will you come home to help the poor housewife who misses you every moment? Did I tell you that I heard of her yesterday at C—— fair, whither I went? How many yawns I left on that poor balcony. At last Mimi's letter came on purpose to be a counter-weariness (*contre ennui*), and that was the only pleasant thing I saw at C——.

'I wrote nothing yesterday. A blank is better than nothings, which were all I could tell you. I was tired and sleepy. To-day it is much better. I have seen the snow come and go. While I was at dinner, a fine sun came forth, and there was an end of the snow. Now it is dark and ugly. What shall I see to-morrow morning? Who knows?—the face of the world changes so fast.

'I am returning much pleased from the kitchen, where I spent more time than usual to induce Paul, one of our servants, to go to confession this Christmas. He promised me. He is a good lad and will do so. God be praised! my evening is not lost. How delightful, if every day I could win a soul for the Lord. Good Scott has been neglected to-night, but what reading would be worth what Paul has promised me?'—*Eugénie*, pp. 8—10.

Here we have Eugénie in her playful enjoyment of common things, in her love of reading, and her religious aspect. See her again:—

'November 29th.—Cloaks, clogs, umbrella—all the paraphernalia of winter followed us this morning to Andillac, where we stayed till evening, sometimes at the parsonage, sometimes at the church. I like this Sunday life, so active, so busy, so varied. People see one another on the way, there are curtsies from all the women one meets, and gossip on the road about the fowls, the flock, the husband, the children. My great delight is to coax them, and see them hide themselves, all rosy, in their mother's skirts. They are afraid of *les doumaiseños*, as well as of everything else that is strange. One of the little ones said to his grandmother, who was talking of coming here, "Minino, don't go to that *castel*, there is a black prison there." Whence is it that castles have always been dreaded? Is it from the horrors once committed there? I think so.

'Oh, how pleasant it is when the rain is dropping from the sky with a slight

sound, to sit by one's fire, holding the tongs and making sparks. That was my pastime just now; I am fond of it; sparks are so pretty; they are the flowers of the hearth. Verily, charming things take place in the embers, and when I am not busy I am amused with the phantasmagoria of the fire-place. There are a thousand little forms in the ashes that come and go, grow bigger, change, and vanish; sometimes angels, horned demons, children, old women, butterflies, dogs, sparrows, everything may be seen under the logs. I remember a figure with an air of heavenly suffering, that seemed to me what a soul might be in purgatory. I was struck, and wished an artist had been near me. Never was vision more perfect. Watch the embers, and you will agree that there are beautiful things there, and that unless one was blind one need never be weary by the fire. Listen especially to the little whistling that comes out of the embers like a voice of song. Nothing can be sweeter or purer; it is like the singing of some tiny spirit of the fire. There, my dear, are my evenings and their delights; add sleep, which is not the slightest.'—*Ibid.* pp. 16, 17.

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This poetical old woman was found by Eugénie in the autumn lying ill in the most abject poverty and desolation, her house a pool of water and dirt, her bed of hemp laid upon her store of potatoes, without fire, bread, or water to drink—‘a hundred times worse than a pigsty. I could find no place to put down my shawl without soiling it, and as it was in my way I hung it on a willow outside the door’ (p. 110). She called in help, gave a hand herself, made the poor woman more clean and comfortable, and then sat on a faggot, talking to her of the hope of heaven, and finding that she was perfectly happy.

An undefined wish to enter a convent, become a sister of charity, or to join the missionary sisterhood of St. Joseph in Algiers, was always floating in Eugénie’s mind; but she was far too good a daughter to entertain the thought, feeling herself necessary to her father as mistress of his house, though some of the details of management were taken off her hands by Marie, the less gifted, but thoroughly companion sister, who was so entirely one with herself, that when separated for a few days she cannot sleep happily for missing ‘Mimi’s’ breathing. Mimi, as she affectionately says, delighted to take Martha’s part, and leave her, as much as possible, to the enjoyment of meditation, reading, and writing in her *chambrette*, as she calls her fondly-loved little room. The eldest brother, Erembert, or, as she calls him, Eran, lived at home, and assisted his father in the farm, making journeys to the fairs and markets, and being likewise in great request at the country gaieties at Gaillac, &c.—gaieties that by no means reached his sisters; for Eugénie—wonderful as it may sound for one of her nation—only danced once in her life. Erembert does not seem to have been a very congenial person to his brother and sister; he was not intellectual enough for the one, and the other was uneasy about his religious observances. She calls him a complete worldling, and was always anxiously watching for signs of serious thought.

Eugénie’s own religious feeling was wrapped into her whole life. Prayer was like breath to her. ‘To pray is the only way of celebrating everything in the world,’ she says, on her father’s birthday. Is she weary? ‘I remember Fenelon’s advice, “If you are weary, go and tell God that you are weary.”’ Is she joyful? ‘I went to mass early; that is my bouquet—prayers are divine flowers.’ Here is her Good Friday of 1835, to contrast with Maurice’s of the previous year:—

‘I am come home all embalmed from the moss-chapel at the church where the holy pyx reposes. It is a fair day when it is God’s will to rest amid the flowers and perfumes of spring. We took great pains, Mimi, Rose the sextoness, and myself, in making this Easter sepulchre, aided, as we were, by M. le Curé. I thought, as I made it, of the Last Supper—of the garnished room where Jesus chose to keep the Passover with His disciples, giving Him-

self for the Lamb. Oh, what a gift! What can be said of the Eucharist? I cannot tell. One adores, one possesses, one lives, one loves; the speechless soul loses itself in an excess of bliss! I thought of you amid these ecstasies, and would fain have had you beside me at the holy table, as you were three years ago.—P. 61.

These words strongly recall those of Mr. Isaac Williams:—

‘Thy cup with love o’erflows,
My spirit finds repose,
I kneel, I bow, and I adore;
I thank Thee, and can do no more.
‘I thank Thee, dying Lord;
I thank Thee, living Word;
I thank Thee—words cannot reveal—
Love would herself in Thee conceal.’

Eugénie is, in her simple picture of herself, one of the most favourable representations of the practical working of her Church. Accepting all its tenets without doubt or question, her pure spirit receives and dwells upon the gold, and, as it were, ignores the dross. As in the writings of St. François de Sales, it is remarkable how the true devotional life was spent upon the true objects, and how, with all her love and veneration for the saints, and her duteous fulfilment of observances enjoined in their honour, they never seem to intrude between the true inmost heart and the Mediator. Even her ‘month of Mary’ is kept in this wise:—

‘We keep our month of Mary in our room before a beautiful image of the Virgin that Françoise gave to Mimi. Above there is a framed Christ, that came to us from our grandmother. Higher up, S. Theresa; and, higher still, the little picture of the Annunciation that you know; so that the eye follows a whole celestial line as soon as it is lifted up—it is a ladder leading to heaven.’—P. 125.

Again:—

‘I like these popular devotions, because they are attractive in form, and thus offer easy methods of instruction. One drapes the outside of good truths which appear smiling, and gain the heart in the name of the Virgin and of her mild virtues. I love the month of Mary, and other little amiable observances which the Church permits and blesses, and which spring up at the feet of faith, like flowers at the foot of the oak.’—P. 264.

She is looking beyond her Madonna all the time, though she does not know it. That imaginative mind is never for one moment resting in the outward form, but passing beyond to what it was intended to convey. In confession, she says, that ‘we call the priest our father, because faith makes him truly ‘God and father to us. Woe to me if, when I am at his feet, ‘I should see aught but Jesus Christ listening to Magdalen, and ‘forgiving her much, because she loved much. Confession is an ‘expansion of repentance in love’ (p. 108). When obliged to

confess to a strange priest, of whom she did not think highly, she says, 'In this act of religion the man must be always separated from the priest, and sometimes annihilated' (p. 259). It is the most noticeable contrast between this and diaries left by equally religious persons of other communions, that there is almost no self-reproach or accusation. This may partly be because the record was primarily meant as a sort of continuous supplement to her letters to her brother, but likewise, no doubt, because, in the cases we refer to, the diary served one minor purpose of the confessional, and relieved the mind of its outpourings and criticisms of its own doings. No doubt the entire Roman system has a tendency to take people off their own minds—judging for them of the amount and value of their penitence, and taking periodical stock of their progress; so that even with the most humble, sincere, and contrite, there must necessarily be a more entire sense that the repentance has been weighed, and that the past may be left behind. We do not say this is safe or wholesome, but there can be no question that it produces more present ease, and destroys scrupulous self-consciousness and self-tormenting. And with a heart like Eugénie's, always in the depths of its love straining for holiness, there was no fear of the system leading to its most serious practical peril, 'the continuing in sin that grace may abound.' Her great characteristic is that she is an ideal Roman Catholic, taking all the observances of her Church as they are meant, according to their best theory. She has so much light beyond, that they are but painted windows to her.

And it is curious that English Roman Catholics have so little perceived the real tendency of examples, that Eugénie, this speaking example of the real vitality of religion and truth in their Church, was first brought forward merely in her literary character, from an entirely different quarter, whilst her contemporary, M. Vianney, the Curé d'Ars, whose life is more painfully incumbered with absolute superstitions than that of any equally good man we ever met with, has been translated, and sent forth with a preface bearing the well-known initials 'H. E. M.' Good and devoted, sacrificing everything to almsgiving, living a most ascetic life, and revered as a saint by the multitudes who thronged to his confessional, the simple old peasant-priest is like a mediæval monastic saint brought into the glare of the nineteenth century; and when we read of his direct and familiar invocations of saints, his imagination that a relic hidden in his granary made the bins overflow with meal, his strange notions of demoniacal visitations, we feel how utterly Romish his Church has become, and how little we have in common with him; while we can scarcely turn a page of Eugénie's writings without feeling

how catholic is her Church, and how much we have still in common.

Eugénie has her superstitions, but they are only on the upper surface of her mind—some, indeed, of her childhood, and remembered playfully; such as her entreaty to the sacred picture over her father's bed, to help her take the stains out of her frock, and to give her doll a soul—the one petition, she observes, that was not granted. She sometimes tells of a supposed miracle, with the comment that '*J'y crois fortement*;' but the adverb proves that it was but a comparative belief at best.

It does not seem as if Maurice's scepticism made itself fully known to his family till he came home in the June of 1837 to recover from an attack on the lungs, the first commencement of the hereditary complaint that no doubt had already contributed to his constant depression. He was engaged to Caroline de Gervain, a girl of eighteen, the daughter of a family settled in the East Indies, pretty and of good fortune, which the fame and high blood of the young poet were supposed to counterbalance. Letters from India were needed before the marriage could take place; but in the meantime he had a kindly welcome and affectionate care from the Gervain family when in Paris; but they could give him neither health nor happiness, and he came home in search at least of the first. On his arrival, however, he fell ill of an intermitting fever, that lasted three months; and though he was afterwards well enough to enjoy a visit at Le Cayla from Caroline, he went away in the winter with a bad cough, that, Eugénie says, she felt in her own chest, just as Madame de Sevigné felt her daughter's east wind. Anxiety for both the soul and body of her beloved brother had set in. Maurice had lost his openness with her, and though she tried to think his reserve manliness, she felt it sorely (p. 457); and the journal, resumed on his departure, has no longer merely the occasional sadness of the vague yearnings of a young heart towards a better world, but becomes full of forebodings and positive anxieties—the clouds of morning are gathering into the showers of noonday. She loved her brother more than ever, but now with an exceeding pity:—'On parting with you I went to the church, where one can weep and pray in comfort. What can you do—you who do not pray when you are sad, when your heart is wounded?' (P. 147.)

None of her letters to him have been preserved, but they were probably in the same tone as the journal, neither arguing nor persuading:—'I am not holy enough to convert, nor strong enough to lead you,' she said; 'God alone can do that. I pray Him earnestly to do so, for my happiness is bound up in you.'

So she wrote on as usual, though now and then a cry would

break from the loving heart:—‘O brothers, brothers, we love you so! If you only knew—if you only could understand what your happiness costs us, by what sacrifices we would purchase it! O my God! let them perceive it—let them not thus easily risk their dear health and their dear soul!’ (P. 163.)

And no doubt her prayers were doing their work, and the effect of her full, undissembled faith and love was telling on him. Still, sadness is far from being her prevailing tone. All the preparations for the marriage put her in high spirits for her brother’s sake, and her playfulness is never more apparent than in some of the entries during this period. One day she breaks short off for want of ink, and when she resumes it is after she has received from her brother and his intended a box containing equipments for her proposed visit to Paris for the wedding:—

‘August 17th.—Ink at last! I can write! Ink! Joy and life! I was dead for the three days when the circulation of that blood failed me—dead to my writing-book, to you, to confidence! My dear, my heart is full of you—of care—of your happiness—of this parcel—of these dresses—of these flowered mantles, white gloves, little shoes, open-work stockings, and embroidered upper robe—oh, all of it! I see it! I touch it! I wear it! I dress my heart in it a hundred times over ever since it arrived an hour ago! O kind, kind, charming sister! What a rich treasure India had in her for God to give you! What a kind heart! What pleasure in giving pleasure! Never was wedding-present more gladly given, nor more gratefully received! My gratitude runs over, and I cannot speak it! There are things that God only sees and knows. I ask Him, the Author of all good things, for every blessing, and for eternal happiness for her. I shall be very happy in my dresses, though my happiness does not consist in dress; but in these there is something sweeter and fairer than appears—something more than vanity; they are the gift of your betrothed—a sister’s gift to me. I wrote to her without delay as soon as I had seen them. My heart is yearning to her. I want her to know at once the pleasure she has given to me, and to us all, with her flowers for the altar, her damask cloth, her Virgin, her dresses, and so many pretty and gracious things. How I love her! God bless her!—God, who leaves not the gift of a drop of water without its reward.’—P. 233.

This outfit came a few weeks before Eugénie left home for her first visit to Paris, where she spent five months. There is no journal of this period, though not by Maurice’s fault, for he presented her with a book, in which he ordered her to record her impressions; but no researches of M. Trebutien have availed to discover it—a great pity, for her clear, simple mind must have had much to work on in such new scenes as were opened to her. We learn, however, from her reminiscences written on the anniversaries, that an exceeding joy awaited her. Maurice did indeed look very ill, and coughed ominously; but the brother she had lost for a year was restored—doubt had cleared from his mind, and he owned again the faith of his boyhood. He went to mass at S. Sulpice with her immediately after their meeting, and the true communion between their spirits was restored,

enabling her to bear up through all that was to follow. Again she recurs, many months after, to her gladness when she went with her brother to the Abbé Legrand to arrange for the marriage, and when, 'on approaching the religious matter that brought us, the abbé touched with perfect tact on the Christian preparations, Maurice answered as a man who understands and believes. I was touched, and so was the abbé, perhaps with surprise. I could make a picture of the young priest and the Christian bridegroom at this moment. Maurice was perfect. Beloved brother!' (P. 393.)

The 16th of November was the wedding-day—a day of which Eugénie only notes down her memories a year after, seen through a mist of tears. All come before her—

'He and his beautiful bride kneeling before the altar; Père Buquet blessing them, and speaking to them of the future; the crowd looking on; the organ; the collection for the poor, that embarrassed me; the signature in the vestry; so many witnesses to that brilliant contract with death; the meeting a hearse outside; the breakfast, when I sat next you, and you said, "How handsome your brother is!" when he talked so much of his life; the evening; the ball, when I danced for the first and last time—I owe to Maurice things that stand alone; the pleasure of seeing him look happy—of being at his festival and beneath all the joy-wrangings of the heart; and that horrible vision of coffins round the drawing-room, placed on those long stools, and their coverings fringed with silver. How frozen I was when, on leaving their room dressed with flowers for the ball, that sight came before me! I shut my eyes.'—P. 307.

The person she here addresses is M. d'Aureville, a Parisian friend of her brother's, who, like Hippolyte de Morvonnais and all his other intimates, had found there was no friendship for the brother without also including the sister. Her letters seem to have made her already known among his circle, and a welcome was ready for her. She considered herself to be shy, and to find it difficult to talk to strangers; but this could have been only an inward feeling, for everyone testifies that her perfect simplicity and refined dignity made her much admired at Paris: if it were not almost profane to say so, she was a decided success. 'She had no beauty,' as a female friend said of her; 'there was enough to love in her without.' Her features were absolutely plain, and she was extremely thin and delicate-looking, but she had speaking dark eyes and an intelligent smile; the hands that washed and spun were fair, slender, and aristocratic; and she had a high-bred look and manner that stamped her as one of the old nobility. She was taken to the grand Parisian dressmakers and equipped there for a career in the Faubourg S. Germain, but it made very little difference in her; she was grateful for kindness from Maurice's friends, or from fellow-Christians; and for the rest, she moved about in a salon as much

at home as at Le Cayla or Gaillac, and talked to the choicest company in France as easily and calmly as to the curés who dined at her father's castle.

She made many friends; and in the April of 1839 quitted Paris on a course of visits in the country, resuming her journal again, and filling it with her anxieties for her brother's health:—

'How I desire, entreat, and pray for that dear health both of soul and body. I do not know if those are right prayers that one makes with so much human affection, so much wishing what God's will may be! I wish my brother to recover—that is my foundation; but I think it is a foundation of trust, faith, and resignation. Prayer is a submissive wish—Give us our daily bread; deliver us from evil; Thy will be done. Our Saviour in the Garden of Olives did only this; to desire otherwise and to accept.'—P. 249.

At least, she must have had the comfort of knowing that her brother had found the peace that his perturbed spirit had so long sought in vain. His last extant letter to her, though short and simple, breathed a far more satisfactory spirit than in the days of his health. He is speaking of a visit from Erembert, who had just returned home:—

'Poor Eran! he left me with emotion that touched me greatly. This journey to Paris and all that has occurred has, in a few months, brought together and mingled our lives (Eran's and mine) more than twenty years could have done. We have always lived at a great distance from one another, and our own individual characters did not greatly compensate for the distance. At last, circumstances have hastened what, at the age we have attained, must happen sooner or later, and we have parted, each with an additional feeling in our heart. In truth, good comes out everywhere; it is like a subtle gold-dust, and there is nothing that does not contain some fragment of it.

'I live very quietly under my curtains; and thanks to Caro, to books, and dreams, patiently await the recovery that the sun is to bring me. I enjoy myself in this nearly complete sequestration from the rest of the world; for I am not such an enemy to solitude as you might suppose; and there are in me, very strong in me, tastes and even needs that would not be disowned by the greatest lovers of a country life. I hope God will ripen at the same time both these thoughts and the means of realizing them.'—*Maurice*, p. 372.

Maurice had found the gold-dust that had been wanting in the budding trees and bounding waves of Brittany, and thus his letters cheered his sister's heart; though the accounts of him from his wife and friends left her sad, and she could not look at a green leaf without thinking of the saying that when the leaves fall the consumptive die. Yet the heart that found solace everywhere did not fail to gather food of comfort from the very shadows on the wall:—

'The beauteous vision, the admirable figure of Christ that I see upon the wall opposite to my bed, it is fit for a painter's eye. Never did I see a more sublime, more divinely mournful head, with the features that are ascribed to the Saviour. I am struck by it, and admire what is done by my candle behind the handle of a jug of water, the shadow of which frames three flowers on the

paper of the room which forms the picture. So the least things form grand ones. Children discovered the telescope—a glass by chance brought the stars near; a bad light and a little shadow on a paper form for me a picture worthy of Rubens or Raphael. *The beautiful is not what we seek, but what comes in our way.* It is really beautiful; more beautiful than anything of the kind I have seen in the Exhibition. What angel has exhibited to me in my solitary room this picture of Jesus, “for Jesus is precious to the soul, and with Him we can want nothing, and nothing can seem difficult?” Well, then, let this picture be useful to me, and aid me in the thought that occupies me.”—*Eugénie*, p. 259.

This thought was her already mentioned reluctance to confess to an unsatisfactory priest, a necessary preparation for a *neuvaine* that was to be made for Maurice's cure. All was in vain. The malady pursued its course, and the summer brought no real improvement. The mild air of his native home was prescribed, and Eugénie accompanied him and his wife on their way to Le Cayla, the home that he longed for, with ardour that gave him strength for the tedious twenty days' journey, and even to ride for the last few miles, when the roads became too bad for carriages. His appearance shocked the father, brother, and sister, who came out to receive him, but he was in a trance of joy at the sight of them and of the steep-roofed Le Cayla, greeted them fondly, and held out his hands to the servants and the reapers, who were cutting down the harvest. The pleasure of his return brightened him for a little while, and one day he attempted a little feeble gardening upon the terrace, and said he should do more every day; but it was the last time he ever went into the air. After that he seldom moved from his easy chair, where he lay back with his eyes closed, while his young wife sung, played, and made every effort to rouse him, but in vain. Sometimes he brightened a little; once he played an air on the piano; he read one volume of ‘Old Mortality.’ He was much amused by a newspaper article by M. d'Aurevilly, and desired Eugénie to write to his friend that he had not laughed so heartily for a long time; and he showed warm gratitude to all, especially to his father, who had been to Gaillac for some medicines in the heat of the day. But he was sinking fast, and on the night of the 18th of July all saw that the end was near. He was fully sensible, and the few words he spoke left lasting comfort with the survivors. The curé came and received his confession, and Eugénie gave him his last earthly food. ‘I will feed you like a *néné*,’ she said, using the patois word for a babe; and he replied with a smile. That preparation for his last communion Eugénie calls her compensation for her long months of passive love. After the last rites of the Church, he lay still, pressed the priest's hand, kissed a cross which his wife held to him, and then, amid the kisses of his family, breathed his last, in

his twenty-fifth year, on the 19th of July, 1839, eleven days after his return home, eight months after his marriage.

Two days after, Eugénie reopened her journal, and thus inscribed it:—

‘Still to him. To Maurice dead—to Maurice in heaven. He was the glory and the joy of my heart. O how sweet and how full of love is the name of brother!’

‘*July 21st.*—No, my dear, death shall not part us—shall not remove you from my thoughts. Death only separates our bodies; the soul, instead of being there, is in heaven, and the change of abodes takes nothing away from its affections. Far from it, I trust; one loves better in heaven, where all becomes divine.’

And thus she goes on talking to him, telling him of the kisses and caresses lavished on his corpse; of the funeral, of the letters that came too late for him, of the weary turmoil of visits of condolence, of his old peasant nurse bringing the cakes and figs he would have enjoyed, of the clear sky, the grasshopper-chirp, the beat of the flail, of her bitter tears, and of the prayers that relieved her grief. Some have said that her sorrow was excessive; but surely that grief is not unchristian which is ‘regretting, not repining;’ which resigns itself perfectly, and is far from being without hope. These conditions fulfilled, the amount of suffering becomes a matter of individual nature, dependent both on the degree of personal loss and the inherent elasticity of the character, just as some constitutions are far more susceptible of physical pain than others.

She wrote on that very first day that her heart was widowed; and so it was for life; but there was thankfulness in all her sorrow. On the 17th of August she writes:—

‘I was less a sister than a mother. Do you remember that I compared myself to Monica weeping for her Augustin when we spoke of my afflictions for your soul—that dear soul that was astray? How I entreated for its salvation—prayed, supplicated! A holy priest told me, “Your brother will return.” Oh, he did return, and then left me for heaven—for heaven, I trust. There were evident signs of grace and mercy in that death. My God, I have more to bless Thee for than to complain of.’—P. 282.

Some days later:—

‘I desire the salvation of all, that all should profit by the redemption that was for all mankind; but the heart has its elect, and for these one has a hundred times more wishes and fears. It is not forbidden. Jesus, hadst not Thou thy beloved John, of whom the Apostles said that for love’s sake Thou wouldest not let him die? Let them live always, those whom I love—let them live the everlasting life. Oh, it is for that, not for this place, that I love them! Alas! scarcely do we see one another here. I did but glimpse them, but the soul rests in the soul.’—P. 286.

‘Should I not love Thee, my God, the sole, true, everlasting love? I think I love Thee, as the timid Peter said, but not like John, who rested on Thy bosom—divine repose that is wanting to me! What can I seek among created things? Shall I make a pillow of a human breast? Alas! I have seen

how death snatches it away. Let me rather lean, O Jesus, upon Thy Crown of Thorns.'—P. 287.

She who could thus feel surely sorrowed with a blessed sorrow.

‘The lurid mist,
That deems the faithful suffering still
Upon the eternal shore,’

seldom came between her and her comfortable thoughts of Maurice. Her last impression when she saw his embrace of the cross was, that he was gone to Paradise; and that belief was almost constantly with her. There is only one entry in her diary of the grievous idea of Maurice calling for aid in his sufferings, and then she hurries to prayer, saying ‘Prayer is the dew of purgatory.’

After the first two months, the journal begins to be addressed to M. d'Aureville, who had begged to be regarded as an adopted brother, and to receive her effusions in the same way as Maurice had done. But it was a thing impossible to write to any new-made friend as to the brother whose first baby steps she had guided, and the peculiar simple fragrance of the diary is lost from that time. There are no more fond bits of patois; no more of the poetry of washing, cooking, or spinning; no more such merry records as ‘nothing passed to-day but two crows.’ Eran and Mimi lose their pet names; and if anything about the homely neighbours is set down, it is as being curious in itself; not because an eye from the home circle will be gratified by it. We respect Eugénie the more for it, but care less for the journal, though there are still choice passages in it. There she records the account of those last ten days of Maurice's illness; there she describes skies and flowers, and tells of her books—‘few come to Le Cayla, but if they please, they please very much.’ And sometimes the habit of writing all that is in her heart carries her away, and she pours out her feelings as if forgetting that she is not writing to Maurice:—‘This morning, in my prayers, I felt myself borne towards the other life, where he is, where he expects me as he did at Paris. Ah! there we shall see far other wonders than in these towns in the mud’ (p. 302).

She had made many friends; she had ‘colonies of cousins’ whom she dearly loved, and many more of later date loved for Maurice's sake and their own. There is a very pretty passage about her early and more recent friendships:—

‘I always stood in need of friendships, and rare *introuvable* ones have come to me, as it were, from heaven, and all first through my brother, the dear Maurice, whom I have lost. Louise dated previously. She is for me of a different flavour, fruit of another season. I met her at seventeen. Her charm is a thing apart, like the age at which we linked ourselves together. Though sadness has come since, we see one another through flowers.’—P. 329.

These friendships, their duties and their correspondence, were a great solace to her; and there is a recovery of cheerfulness visible in the tone of her diary, though no doubt not half so much as there was in her outward life, since she herself regarded it as the vent of those feelings with which she would not oppress her family. One pleasure which she had was the erection of a plain pyramid, with a white marble cross, put up by her brother's widow, in the cemetery of Gaillac; but, alas! it had to be guarded for several nights—it gave umbrage to the peasantry as contrary to the equality of death. 'Once,' says Eugénie, 'they would have adored the cross.' A more real happiness came at Easter, at the sight of Erembert, a communicant. 'One must be a Christian sister to feel what that means,' and the sort of happiness that springs from the hope of heaven 'for a soul one loves.'

This summer—1840—Maurice's friends made his literary remains known to the world. They were not numerous, the chief being '*Le Centaure*,' a poem in prose, supposed to be the autobiography of a centaur, and embodying the longings for the ecstasies of a free wild life in the bosom of nature, of which Maurice had been full in his three unhappy Parisian years. To us it is difficult to enter into the merit of the 'Centaure;' but when it came out in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June, 1840, it was spoken of in the highest terms by Georges Sand, and it was accompanied by some of Maurice's descriptive letters, which placed his poetical powers beyond a doubt, and excited strong enthusiasm. But one section of the literary world, and at the head of them Georges Sand—the first to proclaim his genius—claimed him as among the free-thinkers of the age; and 'the stain they placed on his brow' was in Eugénie's eyes ill compensated by the honours ascribed to him. Henceforth her chief care was that the world should not admire him without knowing that his belief, if obscured for a time, had returned in full brightness; and to win this recognition of his Christianity was the task of her later life. She wrote letters to his friends, she drew up a short memoir of him to be affixed to an edition of his works, and she remained through all these latter days holding her shield of faith over the remains that the other party would fain have won to themselves. But of herself we know nothing. Her journal was less and less resorted to, and breaks off finally on the last day of 1840, with the characteristic entry, 'How sad time is, whether it goes or comes; and how right was the saint who said, "Let us throw our hearts into eternity!"'

She lived nine years after her brother, for the last two of which she was sinking under the same complaint; but appa-

rently it laid a gentle hand upon her, for she kept up her usual habits almost to the last—attended to her father, to household cares, and to the neighbouring poor; observed her hours for reading and prayer, and in the evening taught the Catechism in the kitchen to any ignorant person who had come to help in the vintage. Of her end we know almost nothing, except that after she had received the last rites of the Church she said to her sister, ‘Take this key: you will find papers in that drawer, and you will burn them. They are nothing but vanity.’

Eugénie de Guérin died on the 31st of May, 1848, and her father only survived her for six months. Erembert followed two years after; and the sole survivors of this honoured house are Mademoiselle Marie de Guérin and a young daughter of Erembert. Caroline, the widow of Maurice, returned to India, married again, and died while still young.

The oft-repeated words of David come before us as we think of Maurice and Eugénie—‘They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.’ Still, there was no knowing or loving Maurice without carrying on the feeling to Eugénie; and the revelations of herself that she had almost unwittingly made, in the endeavour to show her brother as he really was, excited a curiosity and interest about her which was partly gratified, after the deaths of her father and brother, by M. d’Aureville, who printed for private circulation a selection of her papers. M. de Sainte Beuve made her the subject of one of his *Causeries de Lundi*, and finally, at the end of fourteen years, Marie de Guérin placed in the hands of M. Trebutien all the papers and journals in her possession. This is the work that the Académie pronounces ‘*couronnée*,’ for its style and for its beneficial tendency. Eugénie, utterly heedless of distinction for herself, has, while seeking it for her brother, received it in double measure.

Maurice, as M. Trebutien truly says, will be far longer remembered as the brother of Eugénie than as the author of the ‘Centaur;’ and perhaps he would be content with this subordination, for no brother ever loved sister with a more true and generous love than he bore to

‘Ma sœur Eugénie
Au front pale et doux,’

as he says in a little poem written in Brittany, one stanza of which we cannot forbear quoting, it is so perfect a symbol of the two lives:—

‘Elle aimait mes rêves,
Et j’aimais les siens,
Divins,

Eugénie de Guérin.

Et nos heures brèves
 Passaient sans témoin,
 Au soin
 De faire l'échange
 De biens entre nous,
 Si doux ;
 Mille rêves d'ange
 Allaient de son sein
 Au mien,
 Quand la feuille grise
 Sous le vent follet
 Roulait.
 " Vois comme la bise
 Fait de ces débris
 Des bruits,"
 Disait Eugénie,
 Et toutes les fois
 Qu'au bois
 La feuille fiétrie
 Au vent qui passait
 Tombait.
 Elle, sans parole,
 Mais levant tout droit
 Son doigt,
 Montrait ce symbole
 Qui dans l'air muet
 Tournait.'

M. de Sainte Beuve has called the remains of Eugénie the book of brothers and sisters. It well deserves the title; but to us it seems that its great lesson is the never-ceasing freshness and charm of 'doing all to the glory of God.'

ART. II.—*The Song of Songs. A revised Translation, with Introduction and Commentary.* By JOSEPH FRANCIS THRUPP, M.A. Vicar of Barrington; late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Author of 'An Introduction to the Study and Use of the Psalms,' &c. Macmillan and Co. 1862. pp. 284.

A GREAT English author and teacher of our generation, conceived the idea, as he tells us, of arranging his poems in order, so that they should form one beautiful symmetrical whole; while, at the same time, the several parts in detail should illustrate and interpret one another. His main works were to have the same relation to one another, as the antechapel has to the body of a Gothic church, while the minor compositions 'might be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses ordinarily included in those edifices.' It is granted to few authors to excogitate a system; and those who have been enabled to perfect the conception, have almost invariably left the execution uncompleted. It is no discredit to Wordsworth, or to his metaphysical fellow-poet Coleridge, that they failed where Bacon and the mirror of human wisdom failed before them. Those to whom we owe the present arrangement of the plays of Shakspeare, seem, quite inadvertently, to have adopted an order which presents in a striking unity the diverse productions of that multitudinous mind. Disregarding the order of construction, the chronological order of actual authorship, they seem to have fixed, without knowing why, upon the order which corresponds to the several periods of the human life in which the several classes of compositions would have been most suitably produced. Passing by 'The Tempest,' that pathetic poem, in which the great poet, after prophesying of the sure perishing and vanishing away of the 'great globe itself,' declares that—

'When I have required
Some heavenly music—
I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.'

Passing by, we say, 'The Tempest,' we have the thirteen comedies, which so fully exhibit the redundant imagination and matchless fancy of the writer: works that exhibit the restless humour and inexhaustible buoyancy of youth. The nineteen

historical dramas represent the period of active political manhood. In none of his writings does Shakspeare exhibit more moral grandeur, more depth, more piety, more compass, more consistency of thought. In the four last poems, 'King Lear,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Othello,' we have the solemn lessons of reflective age; the agony of a broken heart; the evils of inordinate affection; the impotency of the unregenerate will; and the perils of temptation. In an age when everything is labelled 'a philosophy,' we may speak without cant or affectation of the philosophy of Shakspeare, whether he would or would not have himself so classified and ordered his writings. The connexion of these remarks with the subject we have in hand is really not hard to find. We are approaching holy ground, and we would put the sandals off our feet. This only would we urge; that—as the human mind longs to create, or imagines it has found, a unity in the works of man—we may well expect to find the writings of God forming one organic whole, and possessed of an all-pervading unity of design. And considering how the Lord Jesus, by His Spirit, has conceived, inspired, ordered, and providentially preserved the divine Scriptures, we think we may lay down the twofold axiom that the order of the books of Scripture is divine—it is evidently not chronological—and that the order of the *contents* of the books of Scripture is also divine. There are many apparent breaks in our Lord's discourses, for instance; many sentences are put in succession, as spoken by Him connectedly, which bear about them all the marks of being fragments of other lengthened discourses. It seems to us a matter of faith to believe that all that could have been learned from what has been withheld, is conveyed to us in what is preserved; that what seem to be mere repetitions, are not in fact such; that the same recurrent words recur under circumstances, and in a connexion, which invests them with a wholly distinct and novel significance.¹

The Jews themselves seem to have compared the Scriptures entrusted to them, in their unity, order, and arrangement, to that great cathedral whose plan was due to Deity. They delighted to compare the Song of Solomon to the Holy of Holies, ranking it, with the first chapter of Genesis, and the

¹ It seems to us very unworthy of the inspired style of Scripture to say, as Mr. Thrupp does in his work on the Psalms, vol. i. p. 260, Ps. xlv.: 'From v. 3 of this psalm Isaiah borrowed the epithet which appears in the title "The mighty God," by which he prophesied of Christ.' How has Mr. Thrupp learned this? The statement is a mere assumption—to be regretted for itself; to be regretted as indicating an inadequate conception of the *theos* of the inspired writers. Their method of quotation justifies us in affirming, that when they quote, they apprise us of the fact; and that there is no quotation or transcription—still less any plagiarism—where there is no statement to that effect.

opening and close of Ezekiel, as among the most mysterious of all the writings of God. Their Rabbis counted, and still count, ten songs as sung in this world: the song of Adam, traditionally reckoned as Psalm xcii.; the three songs of Moses (Exod. xv. 1; Numb. xxi. 17; Deut. xxxii. 1); the song of Joshua (x. 13); of Barak and Deborah (Judg. v. 1); the seventh, the song of Hannah (1 Sam. ii. 1); the eighth, of David (2 Sam. xxii. 1). The tenth song Israel shall sing when returning from captivity (Isa. xxx. 29). But the *ninth* song, which Solomon sung before the Lord of the whole earth, is accounted the most excellent of them all. Of the thousand and five songs, we have no record or remains; for we may not reckon in the number the 72d Psalm which he undoubtedly composed, nor the 122d, to which his name is prefixed. If from what has been preserved we argue to what has been lost, how glorious must we conclude those songs to have been; how precious and sublime must we account that one which the providence of the Lord Jesus has preserved to His Church. It is no wonder that the Rabbis knew no limit to their reverence for the book; that they treasured it up within the veil, extolled it above the most holy records of the past, and in reverential feeling held it equal to the dwelling-place of the Lord of Hosts. All the testimonies of the Holy Ghost, accumulated through eighteen centuries of the Christian time, forbid us to place on a lower level than did the Jews, the 'Song of Songs,' that tells of the 'King of Kings.' In *our* thoughts, also, Scripture may be well compared to some minster, where the long-drawn aisles, which support and illustrate the nave, may fitly be compared to the Law and the Prophets, which even now share the glory of Jesus (as Moses and Elias shared His glory on the mountain), while they uphold and vindicate the Gospel story, with all its records of deeds and sufferings, and all the mighty words and writings of apostolic men. Then the transcripts may be regarded as representing the subjects of the Apocalypse, and all the chastisements and sorrows of the fallen Church. Lastly, dedicating the chancel to the Hagiographa—those psalms, that portion of the Divine Word which the Lord expounded last, as though it came the most near to Himself¹—we place at its entrance the prophetic sorrows of the Upright One: and along the choir the divine songs of Israel; the divine wisdom of the Son of David; the sermon of mortification from the Preacher of Jerusalem,² as the purest preparatory for the service of heavenly love, and for ministering in the very sanc-

¹ 'In the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms concerning Me.'—S. Luke xxiv. 44.

² 'Verè etenim sapientiæ primum illud, initium; secundum consummatio est.'—S. Bernard.

tuary itself, singing the Song of Songs before the Lord of the whole earth.

Now it must be owned, and owned with regret, that the Song of Songs has been grievously slighted and neglected in the English branch of the Church Catholic. We welcome with all the more thankfulness any trustworthy work upon the Canticles. We propose discussing in this paper the argument of the book itself, and its importance; being more especially attracted to the subject just now by Mr. Thrupp's useful volume. The author exhibits very considerable taste and judgment in his translation; though here and there, there is observable a departure from the Authorized Version, and not always for the better. Why at ii. 3, he should have adopted 'youth,' instead of 'sons,' which reminds us of the 'sons of God,' and thus renders some exegetical help, which 'youth' does not; or why, again, at viii. 7, he should have forsaken the literal version, and the more poetical rendering, 'many waters,' and fixed on the comparatively prosaic 'floods,' we are at a loss to conceive. Mr. Thrupp is occasionally reckless, too, in suggested improvements of the text. At vi. 10, because לְעַמִּים is an *ἁπαξ λεγόμενον*, in a writing in which at least thirty-nine more may be reckoned; because the singular is used, which, though 'awkward' here, is not an unexampled use; and because the 'nut' is itself hard to be interpreted—which it seems to us may be the very reason why the word was selected—Mr. Thrupp makes it a question whether the received text is correct. And because the Targumist, interpreting the 'garden' of the sanctuary, applies it to the second temple built by Cyrus—Mr. Thrupp literalizing, where the Jew had spiritualized, manipulates the word for 'nut' into לְעַמִּים ; which he translates (to avoid the startling apparition of so flat a literalism as 'nations' in so spiritual a context) 'the throng';¹ applying it to the Gentiles. But the word thus introduced does not necessarily apply to the Gentiles, as it is in the singular. In the plural it does specially refer to the heathen, as distinct from Israel, so that for the present purpose the use of the singular here is 'somewhat awkward.' Mr. Thrupp must know very well that all emendations prompted by exegetical difficulties are deservedly regarded with suspicion. Besides, the word 'nut' *might* be regarded as itself suggestive of the heathen; contrasting as it does with the cultivated vine and fig-tree, which Holy Scripture seems to appropriate to Israel, Church and nation.

We do not think that Mr. Thrupp is much more happy in his proposed amendment of the text in iv. 12; for the words,

¹ = *ἄθροος*, multitudes in the mass, not *ἁθροος* = multitudes organized, people.

'spring shut up,' he proposes rendering, 'a garden enclosed;' repeating the first words of the verse, and changing נָן into גֶּן. Some better reason should be forthcoming for proposing to alter the received Hebrew text, beyond the fact that the word in this sense nowhere else is to be found in the Scriptures *in the singular*—for we meet it in the plural in the sense of 'billows' (Ps. xlii. 8); 'waves' (lxxxix. 10)—while the *idea*, though not the word (it is גִּלְגִּלִּים which is employed), is closely reproduced in Proverbs v. 15. The whole weight of rabbinical testimony is in favour of the received text;¹ in behalf of which, this further may be urged: that whereas the sentiment of the verse pauses if we adopt a mere repetition, by the words a 'spring shut up,' we are reminded that for her own self-refreshment, when viewed under the image of a garden, the Church is also at once a secured well, to *contain* the doctrines—a fountain sealed to supply all the refreshing and quickening grace of the divine life. A few verses further on, we have another of Mr. Thrupp's conjectural emendations. At the fifteenth verse of this fourth chapter, he proposes to reverse the change suggested in the passage just referred to, and for 'gardens,' we are to read 'springs;' for a 'fountain of gardens,' we are to adopt a 'fountain full of waves and ripples;' i.e. a 'bubbling fountain.' A seeming inappropriateness, a tendency to confusion with the previous image, and the introduction of a plural where there should have been a singular—it is not a little amusing to observe how much Mr. Thrupp is the victim of the plural number—are the reasons for the suggested change. Yet there is no question about the received text. The LXX. is distinct, πηγὴ κήπου. The Vulgate and Tremellius render, 'fons hortorum.' Gesenius² points out a contrast intended between this 'fountain' and the fountain of the *plains* of Judah, and those belonging to the Levites in Issachar (Josh. xv. 34; xix. 21; xxi. 29). And does not the rendering 'a bubbling fountain,' tend to produce that confusion with a succeeding image which Mr. Thrupp professes so much to dread? For what is 'a bubbling fountain,' in nature, but a 'well of living waters?' It seems to us that here again we can only adopt Mr. Thrupp's proposed improvement at the cost of part of the sense of the divine text. Here, as before, the received text seems to us superior to what is offered. For all the chosen places of God's election, the Bride is a well; yea, she is a spring inexhaustibly ebullient; yea, she is worth all the streams that flow from Lebanon.

¹ See also Gesenius, sub voce. Tremellius renders 'scaturigo clausa.' Cocceius, happily retaining the word, translates more literally, a 'heap' enclosed; a 'treasure' immured, hidden, and protected; which harmonises well with the spiritual meaning.

² Sub voce, πρ.

In two instances the Authorized Version¹ has been, to say the least, not very happy in its rendering. 'The smell of thy nose like apples' (vii. 8), furnishes an instance how a literal version may do an injustice to what it renders. Following the Vulgate, which has 'odores tui,' Mr. Thrupp gives, very adequately, 'The smell of thy breath.' But he is not so good to us in another passage in the same chapter: at verse 4, 'Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus,' which Diodati translates '*facies*.' This accurately renders the meaning as well as the attitude of the person represented; with uplifted countenance confronting—in unblemished holiness, and the boldness which belongs only to holiness—all the strongholds of the world, and all the resources of sin.

Mr. Thrupp has rendered much service to the student of Holy Scripture, by his admirable arrangement of the several parts of the Song itself. Although on more than one occasion he decides against the judgment of a majority of the old interpreters, in no one instance have we seen cause to differ from him under this head. When we come to discuss the argument of the poem, we shall bring before our readers Mr. Thrupp's divisions of the book. Before doing so, we shall examine the theory put forward by Mr. Thrupp, as to the authorship and date of the composition of the Song of Songs.

Its present position in the catalogue of the divine writings the Song of Songs owes to the Jewish Church, which ranked it last among those four books: the *λοιπαὶ τέσσαρες* of Josephus, which contain *ᾠμους εἰς τὸν Θεόν*, 'hymns to God.'² The invariable tradition of the Rabbis, who had indeed disputes about the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes,³ declares that

¹ We think the following a curious rendering, chap. v. 2, from a MS. of Thomas of Woodstock, son of Edward III. :—

'The voice of my Lemman knockyng, Open thou to me my Suster, my leef, my culver, my unwemmynd, for my head is ful of dewe, and my temple heris of the droopis of nightis. I spoylede me my coote; hou schal I be clothid it? I waschide my feet; hou schal I befoulen hem? Mi lemman putte his hond bi the hool; my wombe inwardly trembled at the touching of him. I rose that I scholde openen to my lemman. My hondis droppiden mirre, and my fingris ful of best proved mirre. The lacche of my dore I opened to my lemman; and he had bowid aside and passide. My soul is moltyn as my lemman spac. I sogte and founde not him. I clepid and he answered not to me. There founden me keperis that gon about the cytie. 'Thei smyten me and woundiden me: takin my mantil, the keperis of the wallis. I adjure you, ye dogtris of Jerusalem, gif gee schul fynden my lemman, that yee telle to him, for I languish for love.'

Thrupp's rendering of vi. 5, 'for they swell my heart with *pride*,' is peculiarly infelicitous; for pride is always sin. In this passage the Beloved invites the Bride to look at him, 'for her eyes *lift him on the wing*,' i.e. cheer, and exalt, and glorify him in the presence of the angels. The English version is not quite satisfactory, either as a rendering of the original, or as representing the sense.

² Contr. Apion. i. § 8.

³ Vorst; not in Maimon. Yesod, Hattorah, c. 6, § 12.

Canticles is the work of Solomon the son of David. Such a tradition was not likely to be set aside by those to whom the care of the divine Scriptures was transferred by the Holy Ghost. Like many others, Melito and Origen simply enumerate the book, *Αἶσμα ᾠμάτων*, in its proper place; the latter adding in Greek characters the Hebrew name. But S. Athanasius adds, after stating that the other books are the productions of Solomon, *Αἶσμα ᾠμάτων τοῦ αὐτοῦ*: the exact terms in which it is mentioned by Archbishop Plato, in his *Ὁρθόδοξος διδασκαλία* (Athens, 1836), while stating the canon of the Holy Eastern Church. To the same effect the Church of England, in her sixth Article, entitles it 'Cantica, or Songs of Solomon.' In the catalogues of Popes Damasus, Gelasius, and Hormisdas, the writings of Solomon are enumerated—'*Salomonis*, libri iii.; *Proverbiorum*, liber i.; *Ecclesiastes*, liber i.; *Canticorum*, liber i.'¹ The first to classify these books in this way was probably Rufinus, in his '*Expositio in Symbolum Apostolorum*;' and in this he was followed by his contemporaries, S. Amphilochius, in his '*Iambi ad Seleucum*,' preserved in the writings of S. Gregory Nazianzen;² and by this S. Gregory himself in his thirty-third poem.³ In the same manner S. Jerome has written, as more than one reference would prove. In fact, if there be a single book of the Bible whose *authorship*, as well as inspiration, was never brought in question, it is the Song of Songs. This very uniform and weighty tradition Mr. Thrupp is venturous enough to put aside. He says that the title has been '*almost universally understood as ascribing*' the authorship to Solomon; yet there is no Hebrew scholar but knows that where the *ל* is prefixed in titles, without anything to limit its application, it always indicates the author.⁴ And Mr. Thrupp admits that this is the obvious and *primæ facie* interpretation of its meaning. The internal evidence, however, is such as to shut out Solomon from all claim to be received as the author. This internal evidence must needs be very weighty. We propose examining it point by point.

It is objected that Solomon spent many years of his life as only an eastern voluptuary can live; and there is nothing in his history to prove that he was capable of chaste and deep and tender love. Strange, assuredly, that the essential element in the constitution of every great mind, should have been wanting in one so wise as he; so loved of God, who had heard the

¹ Issued between the years 366 and 523. Labbé, Concil. iv. p. 1260; Mansi, Concil. viii. p. 497. By some the decree in which Gelasius enumerates the books has been regarded as spurious.

² Tom. ii. p. 193. Colon. 1680.

³ Tom. ii. p. 439.

⁴ Vide Hengstenberg on Ps. lxxii.

words of the Almighty, and who 'loved the Lord.' But again, the marriage with the daughter of Pharaoh, we are told, was 'certainly contracted in public violation of the law of Moses.' Now this is assuming that he, who 'walked in the statutes of his father David,' who after his marriage had the vision of God, had contracted the union without requiring his bride to become a proselyte. A tradition, as trustworthy as any, runs that she did become a proselyte of Israel; and, while it seems to us wholly inconceivable that Solomon should have thus early put himself in opposition to the divine law, the tradition itself, just referred to, derives no slight confirmation from the fact, that among all the gods to whose worship Solomon was drawn by his wives, in the days of his degradation, there is no mention whatever of any Egyptian gods (1 Kings xi. 5, 6). The conclusion seems unavoidable, that the bride had ceased to be an infidel, and was not herself a worshipper of strange gods. Now we are as reluctant as Mr. Thrupp himself to acknowledge any natural historic basis for the Song of Songs: that this divine poem is a spiritual improvement of a marriage union between the son of David and the daughter of Egypt. But, at the same time, we cannot forbear regarding that union in itself as full of mystery. The union of the son of David with the bride from the heathen land, is eminently suggestive of sublime and prophetic meanings;¹ a union, therefore, which might well have furnished the substance and argument of a spiritual song. But the most forcible part of Mr. Thrupp's first objection is contained in the statement, that 'there is an evident native harmony between the prophet and the message which he was commissioned to deliver.'² Now this objection, if it proves anything, proves too much. We put aside all thought of those other kings, Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar, through whom the prophetic Spirit spake; we will not stop to ask what 'native harmony' is discoverable between Balaam and his sublime prediction of the triumphs of the Lord Jesus; between the person and the prophecy of Caiaphas; we will be content to urge that, if this sensual Caliph of Jerusalem was incapacitated by his character from writing the Song of Songs, that same character also unfitted him for penning the beautiful description of the virtuous wife in Proverbs xxxi.; or that of wisdom in Proverbs viii.; or the world-renouncing

¹ 'Neque item arcano mysterio caret quod lætissimæ et faustissimæ nuptiæ non aliæ scribantur quam cum Ægyptiâ feminá; cum quâ gente neque commercium iniri, &c. Ergo Salomonis tempore medius ille maceriæ et inveterati odii paries dissolutus est, faustissimo Ægyptiæ cum Salomone matrimonio, quod proculdubio ad verum Salomonem referebatur, qui futurus esset Pax, noster, et facturus utraque unum.'—Joan De Pineda, de rebus Salomonis, 649, 1, and 337.

² Pref. p. 2.

wisdom of Ecclesiastes. We think Mr. Thrupp would have reasoned better if he had borne in mind the wise maxim on this very subject, '*Quærendum est de mente non tam Salomonis quam spiritûs sancti.*'

Equally fictitious with this first objection to the received opinion, as to the authorship of Canticles, is the second objection: 'that the poem contains no allusion to Solomon's 'greatest and noblest architectural work.'² Now, in the very first chapter, in verse 4, there is mention made of the king's 'chambers;' and at verse 17, of 'the beams of our house.' Is Mr. Thrupp prepared to prove that there is certainly no reference in these words to the building of the temple? Any allusion, from the nature of the poem, must needs be in the form of a dark saying; and it might be argued, with much show of reason, that there is no reference to the temple in the words quoted, because these terms have so little that is mystical about them. But other obscurer references might be pointed out. Mr. Thrupp cannot devise any time for Solomon to have written Canticles in but in the days of his voluptuousness. In the same way he does not seem capable of imagining any period of innocence or repentance in the life of the son of David. Devotion to a theory has made him very blind. Hence he cannot admit the idea that the poem was written before the building of the temple was undertaken. Now, in professing to prove that the Song was not written by Solomon after the building of the temple, and therefore not by Solomon at all, he should have disposed of the earlier date.

Another of Mr. Thrupp's objections is based upon the use in the poem of the name of Tirzah. The Beloved declares the bride (vi. 4) to be 'Beautiful as Tirzah'—Tirzah 'the Pleasant.' The allusion is exclusively owing to the charms of Tirzah: those beauties which the place owed to Nature. As a 'private city' (Int. 7) even in imagery it must not be placed on a level with Jerusalem. Therefore it must be Tirzah after it had become a royal abode; therefore the 'Song of Solomon' was not written till after Tirzah had become a royal abode. But having ceased to be a royal abode within 100 years after Solomon, the earliest date Mr. Thrupp will allow for the Song, is it not incongruous to compare it to Zion? Then, surely, the inspired writer should have compared nothing less than Samaria to Jerusalem. If Tirzah, before it had become a royal city, was not to be compared with Jerusalem, surely it may not be so compared after it had ceased to be a royal abode. But it is not

¹ Pref. p. 6.

² It might be argued, indeed, that as the city is usually spoken of as *Jerusalem*, and only once as *Zion*, that therefore the temple could not yet have been erected.

out of place to observe that whereas Tirzah, after the removal of the Court, so to speak, to Samaria, about eighty-six years after Solomon's death, sank into uttermost obscurity, and ceased to be a royal abode, it first appears in Scripture (Josh. xii. 24) as a royal city: 'The King of Tirzah, one.' So that, upon Mr. Thrupp's argument, it was as much entitled at least to be contrasted with Jerusalem before the division of the kingdoms. The whole argument, however, is nought; and we cannot help reminding Mr. Thrupp that no number of rabbits will make one hare.

But it is argued—if this be argument—from the title (i. 5), 'Daughters of Jerusalem,' that Jerusalem was not then the 'religious metropolis of the whole Israelitish nation,' while the circumstances of the times in which Mr. Thrupp is pleased to fix the date of composition, that is, during the separation of Israel and Judah, 'might well render unadvisable any allusion to the temple to which the Israelites no longer repaired' (8). The timidity which our author here imputes to the inspired writer shows him not more happy in his constructive than his destructive criticisms. It seems a great deal to conclude from the designation, 'Daughters of Jerusalem,' that that city had ceased to be a centre of religious life for the whole nation when the poem was written. Our Lord, in open speech, addresses in like language (S. Luke xxiii. 28) the women of Jerusalem at a time when it was undoubtedly—as the history of the great Pentecost proves—the centre of the whole national life. The Song says (iv. 4): 'Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.' Mr. Thrupp observes on this: '*If it be intended* that anywhere near a thousand shields had been suspended on the tower, they could only well be the shields of several successive generations of warriors.'¹ This might well be, and yet the poem be written by Solomon. The armies of David might have accumulated shields of old warriors of their own, or such as they had taken in battle. We learn that David in one battle (2 Sam. viii.) took from Hadadezer 20,000 footmen (v. 4), and took from the servants of Hadadezer (v. 7) their shields of gold. And even Solomon made *for the temple* (1 Kings x. 16, 17) 200 targets and 300 shields of beaten gold. In the face of such Scripture is it not the very feebleness of reasoning to pretend that the thousand shields on the Tower of David must have been 'the shields of several successive generation of warriors?' 'To the same effect,' says Mr. Thrupp, and thus far we will not differ from him, 'runs

¹ P. 168. The italics are ours.

' the evidence of ii. 15. In the full tide of prosperity in Solomon's reign, men troubled themselves but little with thinking of the foxes by whom the vineyard of Israel was ere long to be ravaged. Then, again, there is a melancholy tone about some parts of the Song, *e.g.* iii. 1—5, which ill concords with the universal joyousness of the days of Solomon.'¹ In the former remark Mr. Thrupp seems to forget that the Song is a mystical poem, which nowhere represents the existing state of Israelitish society, than it bases itself on the marriage of Solomon with Pharaoh's daughter. Whether the men of that day cared about snaring the foxes or not,—Mr. Thrupp says they did not,—surely a royal teacher might give advice upon the subject; and we are told the advice was needed. We know, certainly, that it would have been well, humanly speaking, had Solomon himself succeeded in entrapping two very troublesome and injurious foxes—even Hadad the Edomite, and Jereboam the Ephrathite (1 Kings xi.). And this fact, that there were such foxes, disposes of Mr. Thrupp's remark as to the *universal* joyousness of the days of Solomon, and of his reasoning grounded on that assumption.

The last indication of the date of the Song, proving that it could not have been written by Solomon, is to be found in the relation in which Canticles stands to Psalm xlv. We are told 'it will be generally allowed that the shorter piece is the original, and that the Song is therefore younger than the Psalm.'² The Psalm, according to Mr. Thrupp, belongs to the age of Jehosaphat; the Song of Songs therefore cannot ascend higher. We cannot go into this question of the date of the composition of Psalm xlv. We are willing to admit with our author that the shorter poem is the older, but here we pause. Mr. Thrupp is fond of German critics. Indeed, he seems to us to defer over much to Hitzig. Few will doubt that Hengstenberg is a more trustworthy guide. 'For the composition of the Psalm in the time of Solomon, there is the fact, that the relations of that time form the basis of the representation, and then, the near relationship it holds to Psalm lxxii., which appears to have been the occasion and forerunner of this; also its relation to the Canticles.'³ Again, De Burgh finds a proof that Solomon's marriage is not the subject of the Psalm, in the date of the Psalm, which, he has no doubt, is to be ascribed to David.⁴

We cannot undertake to follow Mr. Thrupp as carefully

¹ Pref. p. 8.

² Pref. p. 10.

³ Hengst. on Ps. vol. ii. p. 125. (Clark).

⁴ De Burgh's Commentary on Psalms, p. 400.

through the several steps by which he arrives at the conclusion that the Song of Songs was composed a century or more after the death of Solomon; and composed by a member of one of the prophetic schools, before the earliest of our prophetic Scriptures. Upon some statements, however, we cannot forbear making a few remarks.

That such a poem should have been produced at such a time, when all the foundations were out of course, when the chosen people was often wholly adulterous, seems, *à priori*, most unlikely. As the violent scenes of the Apocalypse fitly reflect the troublous days of the blessed John, so should we expect the Song of Songs to give a faithful representation of a season of calm and holy hope, not untouched by fear; of anxious love and entire self-devotion. Equally unlikely is it that such a poem should have issued from the Cloister. Whatever services the schools of the prophets may have rendered to Church, or nation, or to Scripture, as its guardians, we have no evidence that they ever were inspired to compose and transmit any portion of it. Again, Hengstenberg has enumerated the instances from which it seems to him the author of the Book of Proverbs must have had some acquaintance with the Song of Songs. These resemblances lead Mr. Thrupp to the reverse conclusion. He does not tell us why. In Canticles we read, 'Thy lips drop as the honeycomb' (iv. 11); 'Myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon' (iv. 14); 'Be intoxicated with loves' (v. 1); 'Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm' (viii. 6): all expressions natural and unavoidable it may be said, considering the subject. In Proverbs we find the same phrases (Prov. v. 3; vii. 17; vii. 18; vi. 3; vi. 21; vii. 3); in a work consisting of maxims, to all appearance, very loosely strung together, where the author might be supposed to be more free to exercise his own judgment and taste. And for this reason is it the more likely that the Canticles preceded Proverbs.¹

¹ We will here quote from an author who is, in truth, an authority on this branch of the subject: one with whom Mr. Thrupp may perhaps, in some respects, own some sympathy:—

'In the writings of Solomon, Hebrew poetry is presented in still higher and more cultivated forms (than are found in the writings of David). The want of a temple-poetry had been admirably filled up by the Psalms of David, and now other species were introduced. To Solomon is ascribed the composition of *Proverbs*, and *longer poems*, 1 Kings iv. 32. The three books commonly ascribed to him, viz. *Proverbs*, *Canticles*, and *Ecclesiastes*, bear a very marked and definite character of style and language. They present, as might be expected, great similarity with some diversity. It is easy to see that many words have somewhat different significations from those which they bear in the Pentateuch. Some have thought the *usus loquendi* between the three books quite remarkable, on account of the different subjects of which they treat, and especially the short compass of the Song of Songs. But the peculiarities of all must be taken together as

It is, in truth, matter for melancholy reflection to observe the passion for originality which possesses some minds on religious subjects. In Mr. Thrupp's case the inconsistency is peculiarly glaring. For he adopts, and is prepared to defend against all assailants, the ancient Churchly interpretation of Canticles. But he mars the usefulness of his book by adopting a theory of the authorship as extravagant as can well be.

characteristic of the writings of Solomon. Those belonging to one book must not be considered apart from the others. This would be taking a partial view of the subject, such as could not be justified. The language and style of the three works must together constitute the *usus loquendi* of Solomon's writings. The analogies subsisting between them cannot have been accidental, not only on account of their singularity, but their number. The opinion that some of them were written in a diction designedly imitative of the other, cannot be allowed by any who read their poetry with a spirit alive to its sublimity and beauty. We must not, therefore, separate these different compositions on account of several things peculiar to each which they contain. They are distinct works written on subjects widely different, and we cannot, therefore, expect complete and constant uniformity in their diction. The object of the inspired writer in the Song of Songs is so uncommon for a treatise of any length, and the mode in which it is handled is conducted with so much poetic beauty throughout, that it is not surprising that the poem should present several expressions and modes of diction unlike any that are found in Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. But notwithstanding the dissimilarities, there are still so many points of resemblance, that we are strongly led to conclude that they were composed at the same period, and by the same author. Without stopping to point out their characteristic differences in a lingual respect, we shall show very briefly some of the analogies which exist between them. These analogies, and others which might be pointed out, serve to show that the probability of both works having proceeded from the same author is quite reasonable and well-founded. Now that we are tracing parallelisms in the *usus loquendi* of different books of the Old Testament, we may extend our view, so as to take in a wider range. The Songs of the inspired Psalmist agree in many respects with those of his illustrious son and successor, whilst the Book of Job may not inaptly be included in the comparison, though earlier written than the Psalms of David. The writings of David, Solomon, and Job may be classed together, as belonging to the same period, and harmonising in point of language to a degree that can only be perceived by him who sits down with his Hebrew Concordance to trace the same word in the different books, and to observe the recurrence of the same expression. We merely stop at present to make the remark, as we do not intend to adduce examples of the truth of our statement. In the Book of Ecclesiastes the Aramean colouring is stronger than in others. In Job it is very evident also, though quite distinct from the later degenerate Aramean; and it forms a powerful ingredient of the poetic vigour. The Psalms and Proverbs have fewer Arameisms than Canticles—a circumstance which may be ascribed, in part, to the higher poetry of the latter, assimilating it to the Book of Job. We now come to speak of the ancient prophetic literature which succeeds the writings of David and Solomon. The division of the tribes, and the decay of the national religion, exerted a prejudicial influence on the literature of the Jewish nation. In all the qualities that are usually thought to constitute the highest excellence of poetry, the writings of the prophets are not to be compared with those which we have last mentioned. We speak merely of the general character of both, for there may, perhaps, be found single passages in the prophets approaching to, or equalling, some part of Job or Canticles. But we must carefully attend to the time in which they wrote, because there is a marked difference between their prophecies. Only the earlier part of the prophetic literature belongs to the golden age of the language.—*Lectures on Biblical Criticism, by Dr. S. Davidson, pp. 278—282. Ed. 1839.*

Another theory lay so near at hand, that Mr. Thrupp seems almost guilty of a wilful oversight in leaving it unnoticed.

The promise of the seed of the woman seemed twice ripe for its fulfilment, when the hope was deferred by the calamities which befell the one daughter of the patriarch Israel, Dinah, and the one daughter of the House of David, Tamar. In Solomon, God was pleased to raise up a remarkable type of the Great Prince of Peace; but one whose failure lives to furnish a striking demonstration of the frailty and inherent evil of human nature in its most favoured condition. As the sin of Moses showed the need of a higher and holier Mediator, while his chastisement guarded Israel from worshipping him on his removal from this life, so Solomon's departure from the beauty of holiness may at once have prompted Israel to long for a greater Son of David; and may have secured them against deifying one so wonderful and so wise. His downfall too; may we not reverently suppose that it was somehow connected with his failing to select the best gift that God could give; with his preferring wisdom to rule man on earth, rather than that wisdom which consists in the knowledge of God? However this may be, the Divine love was bestowed upon him in no ordinary degree from his birth. He was *Jedediah*, the *Beloved of God*, and we cannot doubt that he was the Beloved of David.

We may well believe also that he was early trained to touch the harp of Israel. His father, in his twentieth year, if not while yet younger, was the sweet musician who charmed away the demon which tortured the distracted Saul. Already, before he was endowed with supernatural wisdom, Solomon gave evidence of extraordinary qualities, as might have been expected from one educated by the prophet Nathan.¹ It is not unreasonable to suppose that at such a time he might have composed the 72d Psalm, a poem embodying his own faith as to the reign of the Prince of Peace, the composition of which might also have drawn, either from David himself, or from the family of Korah, the 45th Psalm, as a companion piece, in which is set forth the energy, as in the former is set forth the repose, of Messiah. There can be little doubt that the two Psalms were produced about the same time, in the golden age of the language, the 72d being a little the earlier of the two. As some of his father's greatest Psalms were composed before he became king, Solomon probably produced all the inspired Songs that have been preserved to us before he succeeded to the throne. As 'the thousand and five' Songs, apparently composed after his

¹ 2 Sam. xii. 25. 'Tradidit eum in manum Nathan,' &c. 'Salomonem Nathani educandum miserat.' See note by Bp. Patrick.

becoming king, have perished, it would seem as if the inspiration of divine song had failed him when he was endowed with the divine gift of political wisdom. And the 'free spirit' which prompted the glorious utterance of the 72d Psalm was not, when he was king, established in him. And this view, which dates the composition of the Psalm and the Canticles before his becoming king, is confirmed by the fact that whereas the Proverbs are declared to be 'the Proverbs of Solomon, the Son of David, *King of Israel*' (i. 1), and Ecclesiastes (i. 1) opens with 'The words of the Preacher, the Son of David, *King* in Jerusalem,' the Psalm and the Song bear only the *name* of Solomon, a testimony from Scripture itself, which may compensate for the want of direct rabbinical tradition in its favour.¹

If the evidence of tradition; if the evidence of a style that preserves all the purity of the golden age of Hebrew letters, which is free from those forms which marked the period when the decay of the national religion, consequent on the division of the kingdom, made itself everywhere felt—if these arguments cannot countervail Mr. Thrupp's neological fancy, we believe it capable of demonstration that the poetical conceptions of the Song of Songs belong to the age of David, and are to be found in no succeeding period. It is not too much to say that the ever-recurrent image found among the later prophets of the unchastity and infidelity of the Daughter of Zion are traceable up to the parent image presented by the Song of Songs: in the same way as in the Apocalypse, the one book of Scripture, which in structure and subject-matter resembles, and which does actually resemble very closely, the Canticles, there is the Harlot, or fallen Church; the false wife, who becomes such, having been at first otherwise, whose present condition implies a former period of purity and fidelity—a condition where she might have proved herself a 'glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.' It was of such a bride that the friend of the bridegroom spake, when his joy was fulfilled in the joy of his friend at his espousal (S. John iii. 29). We discover, indeed, in the Old Testament use of the image, the same twofoldness of type which characterises all the mystico-historical portions of Scripture:—the family of Hagar and the family of Sarah; of the carnal and the spiritual Israels; the

¹ But compare Ecclus. xlvii. 17. 'The countries marvelled at thee for thy Songs and Proverbs.' The unauthorized dates of our Authorized Version give 1015 B.C. as the date of Solomon becoming king, and 1014 B.C. as the date of the Canticles. Proverbs B.C. 1000; Ecclesiastes 977. He lived 1034—975. The notion that the poem is the work of some pupil of Elisha can only be matched by supposing S. John, while still continuing a disciple of the Baptist, to have written the first chapter of the Gospel.

twofold results of the espousals in the wilderness, issuing, in the one case, in the worldly bride, the adulteress of Hosea, and the other prophets, issuing, in the other case, in the beautiful Bride of the Song of Songs. And so, in S. John, the purple-clad adulteress is contrasted with, and makes way for, the exiled and afflicted, but true and faithful, bride, the 'Lamb's wife;' while all the dramatic properties, if we may so speak, which are required by the Song, are supplied by the 45th Psalm. We find in its title words which have nothing to correspond to, or interpret them, in the body of the Psalm, and which have ever been held to refer to the Canticles. From its title we learn that this Psalm is a psalm respecting 'the Lilies,' and it is a 'Song of Loves,' or of 'the loved Virgins,' a twofold designation which connects it directly with the Canticles. More, however, to the point is the fact that only in the Psalms of David do we find anything approaching those passionate ejaculations and those eager outpourings of unsatisfiable love, which give their peculiar charm to the Song of Songs.¹ To quote at any length, and to do justice to this statement, would be to transcribe the greater portion of the Psalms of David. Nowhere else in the Scriptures of the Old Testament is the same language to be found of personal human love, spiritualized and intensified by the Holy Ghost. If in any case identity of thought and sentiment can determine the contemporaneousness of two works, the contemporaneousness of David and the author of the Song of Songs—whoever he may be—is most evidently demonstrated. And who so fit as David's beloved son, to sing of the consummated work of the Almighty Son of David?

Before entering on the argument of the book there are still one or two points to be noticed. And first, as to *interpretation*.

¹ The 60th Psalm may be taken at random as an illustration of this statement. By its title it is connected with the 45th, and is designated by Hengstenberg as the 'Lily of the Testimony.' It is, in fact, a prayer for the deliverance of 'the Beloved,' while 'the Banner,' over the Beloved one, 'to be displayed because of the truth,' is still the same banner of love (ii. 4). Again, the 84th Psalm in its opening verses forms an appropriate commentary on the commencement of the Song. Nowhere but in the Psalms of David, and in the Song of Songs, do we meet the same high-toned language of tenderness, describing the love of the Lord for His elect, and the love of the elect for their Lord. Out of the midst of all his agonies the redeeming sufferer of the 22d Psalm lifts up this matchless supplication, v. 30:—

'Deliver my soul from the sword,
My darling from the power of the dog.' (Cf. Ps. xxxv. 17).

The margin renders '*my only one*.' (Compare in Tennyson's *Maud*, 'Ownest own'). It is the prayer of the Bridegroom for His Bride. See the note in Mr. Neale's valuable work on the Psalms, p. 265. As the title of 'Lilies' connects the 45th and 60th with Canticles, in like manner the connexion between Canticles and Psalm xxii. is indicated by the title *Aijeleth Shahar*, or *Hind of the Morning*, ii. 9; viii. 14.

Mr. Thrupp does himself justice in his mode of treating this subject. He courageously and successfully vindicates the ancient traditional Churchly interpretation. His examination of the several endeavours that have been made to evade the purely mystical understanding of the Song will amply repay perusal. It is this mystical significance which mainly assimilates the Book to the Apocalypse. What Luther said of the latter he might have said of the former: 'Even were it a blessed thing to believe what is contained in it, no man knows what that is.' It is the mystery kept hid from the beginning, but now made known through the revelation of Jesus Christ.¹ It is wholly mystical² and sacramental, *quot verba tot sacramenta*, or it is nothing. It is worse than nothing. If we adopt the modern new-light notion that the Song is a drama displaying

¹ 'Magna est analogia et similitudo Canticum cum Apocalypsi 1^{mo} in materia quia utraque describitur ortus, progressus, perfectio, inclinatio, renovatio, et glorificatio Ecclesie; 2^o in phrasi et stylo, qui utrobique est symbolicus, atque per enigmata et symbola Ecclesie sacramenta oblegit et obvelat; 3^o in modo: Sicut enim Apocalypsis, capite 7, a primis quinque sigillis ortum et progressum Ecclesie strictim significantibus subito, vers. 12, sigillo sexto salit ad tempora novissima, illaque fuse prosequitur ad cap. 15, puta tempora Eliæ et Antichristi; sic prorsus idem facit Salomon in Canticis; 4^o in fine: Sicut enim Apocalypsis clauditur descriptione cælestis Jerusalem, quasi sponsæ Christi felicissimæ; sic et Cantica.' Alcazar, in Allusionibus ad Apocalypsim, quoted by Cornel. a Lapide, prol. in Cant. sub fin.

The likeness between the Apocalypse and the Book of Daniel is so great that a likeness might be supposed discoverable between the latter and Canticles. And such a resemblance is to be found between the statuesque description of the Beloved v. 10—15, and the image of King Nebuchadnezzar. Contrasting with the gold, and silver, and brass, and iron of the latter, we have in Canticles gold, and ivory, and marble, and gold. Almonacirius, as quoted by Cornelius a Lapide, arranges these to represent the four epochs of the Church. 1. 'Aurea,' from Christ to Constantine. 2. 'Eburnea,' from Constantine to S. Gregory. 3. 'Lapidea,' from S. Gregory to Antichrist. 4. Final conversion of Jew and Gentiles, the two feet of gold representing Enoch and Elias, the final missionaries, the former of Heathendom, the latter of the Jews.

² The Authorized Version in the chapter-headings bears a full and consistent testimony to the Catholic tradition. And though these are unauthorized they witness to the teaching of the translators. The Vulgate also is very express. 'Hoc canticum totum est mysticum, Christi erga sponsam suam Ecclesiam ac rursum sponsæ erga Christum incomprehensibilis amoris plenissimum.' We do not see what room this statement leaves for the exceedingly clumsy modern exposition which appropriates to the Blessed Virgin the place and language of the Bride. We call this clumsy because it ill agrees with the supposed prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin, by which she at least is entitled to the place of Christ. We call it modern because, though started in his lifetime, it was wholly unknown to S. Bernard or his illustrious successor. Cornelius a Lapide, in his commentary, goes through the three modes of interpretation. The *Sensus Adequatus*, Christ and His Church; the *Sensus Partialis*, Christ and the Soul; the *Sensus Principalis*, Christ and the Blessed Virgin. As might have been expected, the principal sense is as much out of proportion to the idea of the Book as the theory of Bossuet and Renan. In fact, it is an elaborate and miserable failure, of which we cannot help thinking that the worthy father must himself have been conscious.

In Tyndale's version of the Holy Scriptures the "Ballet of Ballets" is printed ornamentally, as the centre and most heavenly portion of the Bible. Lines of bright red divide the verses and often the clauses of the text.

the constancy of virtuous love under temptation,—or as a marriage poem without any marriage in it,—which, as Bishop Percy ingeniously puts it, was not to be looked for in the case of a ‘lively and ingenious monarch, who, it should seem, ‘had already gone through all these ceremonies a great many ‘times, what could there be in these rites, of novelty, to excite ‘his genius or deserve his description?’ if we regard the book as the expression of *natural* or moral emotions, and a mere epithalamium, it is a libel on all the rest of Scripture. In all the remains of antiquity there is no composition extant that so violates and oversteps all the modesties of nature; there is no heathen song¹ to be named that employs an imagery so grotesque, so extravagant, and outrageous. And what we have said of the imagery is true of the sentiment. All the beautiful and fragrant fancies, all the chaste and lofty imaginations of the poets of all time, are contradicted and belied by a work so superlatively flat, and feeble, and pretentious, and indelicate as the triumphant criticism of the modern school has made the Song of Songs. It will be scarcely credited that three professed scholars—such as Ginsburg, Renan, and Hitzig—have laboured to produce a theory like the following; and that such a theory should have become well-nigh classical in Germany, England, and Holland. The master-mind of all men, the glorious King of Salem, entraps a country wench, betrothed to another; carries her off to his ‘harem’ at Jerusalem, and there attempts to seduce her. After resisting what M. Renan, in the sprightliness of a Gallic fancy, calls ‘unparalleled temptations,’ in the strength of her loyalty to her absent love, she is set free, and returns with her beloved to her own rural abode. How much more charming and winning is the Legend and Lay of King Cophetua and his Beggar-maid! In his note on iii. 11, Ginsburg indeed goes so far as to represent his King in the very hour of his marriage procession, and in the very company of his consort putting on his marriage crown for the sake of

¹ The Gita-govinda (which is published by Good in his work on Canteles) was written before the Christian Era, and professes to celebrate the reciprocal attractions between the divine goodness and the human soul. Compare with Canticles the following from Part III:—

‘The blue petals of the lotos glitter on my neck,
Oh God of love, mistake me not for the great God.
Wound me not again.
I love already but too passionately, yet I have lost my beloved.
My heart is already pierced by arrows from Raddha’s eyes, black and keen as
those of an antelope.
Her eyes are full of shafts.
I meditate
On the fragrant lotos of her mouth, on her nectar-dropping speech,
On her lips, ruddy as the berries of the Blinba plant.’

dazzling, and so alluring, another woman! And the dialogue is maintained by the ladies of the Harem, the maiden ladies of Jerusalem, and Solomon, the shepherd nowhere appearing. How far a story with such a plot was calculated to elevate the social position and vindicate the rights of women in Israel, it were folly to discuss. We think Mr. Thrupp puts it very well¹ when he says that one may well doubt whether the benefit of the great moral lesson, which the song is 'asserted to inculcate, ' would not fully be counterbalanced by the corrupting tendency ' of the not wholly unattractive pictures of vice, which, according ' to the same theory, it would contain.' And where, it may be asked in conclusion, is there the slightest indication along the whole course of Jewish history that the Song of Songs accomplished what it was designed for, or in any way contributed to the amelioration of the status of the Jewish women?

All the objections which are urged against the expositions of the Renan school, may be urged, with less force it is true, but still with overwhelming force, against the semi-literal school of Bossuet,—of those who recognised an historical foundation for the Song in the marriage of Solomon with Pharaoh's daughter. There is no real proportion between the theme and the Song. Far more legitimate are the *prophetic* interpretations, analogous to those which we are all but too familiar with upon the Apocalypse, which read in the Song of Songs the past and future history of the visible Church of God. The failure or omission of the writers of this school to arrange and systematize the contents of the Book, has led to an accumulation of inconsistent and contradictory expositions, greater, if possible, than that to be found in the Apocalypse,² and the effect of which is to bewilder and perplex the uninitiated reader. The one uniform error, however, pervades all these speculations. They fail to grasp the real central idea of the Book. It does not contain the 'anticipated history' of the Church, or humanity at large: but it does contain the disclosure of the great mystery in which the world is most profoundly interested; the long-hidden mystery in its manifestation and consummation, even the communication,

¹ P. 48.

² Thus, to take an instance: at i. 7 occur the words, 'Where feedest thou thy flock; where retest it at noon?' Upon 'noon' we have the following interpretations: they may be read in Cornelius. It means, 1. Jerusalem. 2. Charity and faith. 3. The noon of the Nativity. 4. The noon of the Crucifixion. 5. Jerusalem and Zion. 6. The Roman Church. 7. The just. 8. Virgins and monks. 9. The Eucharist. 'Recte vocatur meridies, tum quia continet Christum qui est ipsa lux mundi; tum quia contra omnes tentationes et concupiscentias meridianum præbet umbraculum.' See rather the beautiful apostrophe, 'O vere meridies, plenitudo fervoris et lucis,' in S. Bernard's XXXIII. Sermon on Canticles. Op. tom. ii. p. 954.

through the Incarnate Lord, of the divine nature—without measure—to the redeemed, to the end that God may be ‘all in all.’

And this brings us to the second point we proposed to discuss, before proceeding to analyse the contents of the Book. The mystery of wedlock was consecrated in Paradise, and subsequent Scripture teaches that it was ordained to be the symbol of the unification of Deity and man. It had a twofold import; it signified and represented, in the first instance, the union of the two natures in the one person of our adorable Redeemer. In the second place, it signified and represented the spiritual marriage and unity betwixt Christ and His Church. It was at once the symbol of redeeming love in its manifestation and consummation. As already stated, while Scripture symbolizes the former under the actual marriage of Adam and Eve, it illustrates the latter by the subsidiary and more palpable figure of the union between God and the congregation of Israel. This union, being only in the form and letter, consistently with a dispensation and covenant of works of which it was the result, was frustrated. And just as Hagar retreats and Sarah fills the scene, the faithless spouse—foreshadowing another faithless Spouse under the covenant of grace—is put away, and the Elect Wife becomes the theme of Divine Song. The embodiment and introduction of this new idea, as might be reasonably expected, we find coinciding with the reinauguration of the national Church in the founding of the Temple. The history of the Book of Judges shows how deeply and desperately Israel had profaned the love of her espousals, and sinned the sin which roused the jealousy of her Lord. The priesthood had been well-nigh swept away by the murderous hand of Saul. (1 Samuel xxii. 16—20.) The Ark was in exile, so to speak, and Abiathar ministered before it as High-Priest, while Zadok served as High-Priest in the Tabernacle of Testimony at Gibeon. It was thus at once a season of sorrow and hope; of sorrow, when the Elect Maid, the Consecrated Ideal Bride, might mourn that the Sun of temporal persecution had so fiercely scanned her, that her mother's sons had been so angry with her and had thrust her out of her legitimate charge; of hope, too, dawning with the establishment of the line of David, that God would at length, as Isaiah (lxi. 10) expresses it, ‘clothe Himself as a bridegroom with the garment of salvation;’ that He would show Himself in His beauty, and fulfil the desire of those who were waiting for redemption in Israel. Thus the lovely Lady of the Song is the ideal representative of the Church of God through all time,—the Elect Maiden, promised, indeed, but at the opening of the Song not yet betrothed; not yet a Bride properly speaking, but

one who in the progress of the Song is discovered to us as espoused.

The final cause of this divine wedlock being the re-creation of the redeemed, body, soul, and spirit, in the perfect image of the Incarnate Lord, and their unification, in some transcendent sense, with the Divine Nature, it is obvious that to understand, so far as we may understand a subject so mysterious, we must keep distinctly before our thoughts the successive stages of its development in the course of Scripture. Now as in an ordinary marriage we distinguish three stages: the promise; then a period of legal provision and arrangement preparatory to the actual betrothal, which may be reckoned as the second stage; then succeeds a period of indefinite length between the betrothal and the actual celebration of the marriage, which last stage is, in Eastern regions, preceded by the no less solemn event of conducting home the bride—a little examination will show how the Divine Wisdom, in its profound sympathy with human kind, has unfolded the order of the bridal of earth and heaven, in accordance with the usages of our social life. As already stated, the promise dates from the institution of wedlock, and the blessed promise of 'the Seed' which was granted in Paradise. There the couch was green, and the bower was framed of the cedar and the fir (i. 16, 17). There did she desire to have her couch heaped with the all-healing leaves of the Tree of Life. There, as that Tree among all the trees—that Tree whose fruit was sweet to her taste—shone the Beloved among all the sons of God, as he appeared in the cool of the day (ii. 1—5). The second stage is marked by the whole period which includes the legal and prophetic dispensation, during which period, amid the perishing and falling away of the outward dispensation, the still embowered Bride of God, the Virgin of Zion, was disciplined by forms and fed by prophecies to a due appreciation of her immortal destiny. Upon the threshold of the Gospel she appears to view for a moment, in the saintly personages who then were looking for redemption; to stand forth embodied in a more durable form in the group at the Cross, when a better Eve was being formed out of the Last Adam, and God was about to betroth them to one another in everlasting loving-kindness. It was the friend of the Bridegroom who placed the Bride thus before her Lord. The unbelief of the nation which the Bride was primarily intended to represent, has postponed for ages the consummation of redeeming love. The engagement—to recur to our own circle of ideas—has been painfully prolonged over two millenniums; and the Bride, through this unbelief, and the evils of the time, withdrawn from general observation, and, as it were, hidden in the wilderness, is repre-

sented now in the world by 'the virgins that be her fellows.' When this long-continued season of apostasy comes to an end, when the dearest and sweetest words of all the prophets are accomplished, and the long-chilled heart of Israel throbs once again in love for Messiah, then will the Bride be given again to view in her perfect beauty; spotless—unblemished—her timeless beauty marred by no mark of time; then shall she be prepared and made ready for the Lamb, and the long-postponed nuptials will be celebrated in glory.

We have endeavoured in the foregoing sentences to give the substance of the Divine Word. To quote confirmatory texts would be to transcribe well-nigh the whole volume of the Prophets. All this we believe to be the theme of this wondrous Song. But while the whole Church in its ideal entirety is conceived of as the Bride,—while the communities of which it is composed are represented by the Virgins,—these latter, or rather the several Churches they ideally represent, may be contemplated under another form, as locally defined and marked out on the map of society. In this point of view the Church is represented as a Vineyard or a Garden; the former symbolizing the process, the latter the perfecting effects of redemption. It is, of course, quite unnecessary to remind our readers, how largely the object and the figure are employed in Holy Scripture. There are the Garden of Eden, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Garden of the Resurrection, and, though not so entitled, the Garden of the Apocalypse (xxii. 1, 2. Cf. ii. 7). It is not a little interesting to observe, as illustrating how very much Canticles gathers up into itself all the rest of Scripture, in this respect bearing a great resemblance to the Apocalypse, that we find four Gardens described in the Song of Songs: the Garden of Flowers (ii. 12), the Garden of Spices (v. 1), the Garden of Nuts (vi. 11), and the Garden of the Fields (vii. 11). We designate them by their most obvious characteristics. We do not trace any particular connexion between these Gardens and the former, beyond, probably, an intimation given in this way, with designed obscurity, that the *time* of Canticles coincides with the whole *time* occupied in Scripture by the history of man. Speaking briefly, it may be said that the 'Garden of Flowers' represents the Church of Zion as seen at the opening of the Gospel; the 'Garden of Spices' (v. 1, vi. 2) represents the Church Catholic in its betrothal state—in the present sacramental state—during the absence of the Bridegroom, the spice and the honey symbolizing the death and resurrection of the Lord, who here accosts His Elect, 'Eat, O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved!' The 'Garden of Nuts' (vi. 11) represents the Church under the circumstances of the repentance

and restoration of Israel, when the willing people in the two armies of Ephraim and Judah will pray for the return and re-establishment among them of the Church of God. Lastly, there is the 'Garden in the Fields' (vii. 11), which symbolizes the condition of the Church during the final calling¹ and conversion of the Gentiles; when, as the blessed result of the conversion of the election of Israel, the heathen shall be called to the fellowship of the Gospel. These two last phases of her being the Church will pass through, we believe, at the time of the actual return and Second Advent of the Saviour. Thus, though differing in the details of exposition from Mr. Thrupp, we see no reason to alter his admirable arrangement of the Song. The two events here referred to are included in the section which Mr. Thrupp entitles 'the Presence,' that is, the spiritual presence of Christ with His people.

One more preliminary remark. The Song of Songs is a dramatic poem. Let us enumerate the 'Dramatis Personæ.' The majority of these are silent; either do not appear on the scene at all, or, if they appear, do not speak; as, for instance, the Virgins, or daughters of Zion. Thus, strictly speaking, the dramatic personages are limited to three: the Bride Elect, and the Bridegroom, and the Chorus. Of the two former it is unnecessary to make any further observation. The Chorus, composed of the Daughters of Jerusalem, represents the large class of well-affected but unconverted Israelites, and, it may be, the well-affected but unconverted of all classes of human kind; such as were those women who weeping followed our Lord to His crucifixion (S. Luke xxiii. 28); who confess their need of redemption; who own and feel the beauty of the Christian revelation; who warmly appreciate all the *humanities* of the Faith, but who are unawakened to any higher knowledge of the Atoning God: such as were the disciples of the Baptist in his day, who made no progress beyond his teaching. They speak for the last time (viii. 5), when their conversion is intimated in their being permitted to see the King in his beauty, afar off, coming up from the wilderness with his re-appearing Bride 'leaning on her Beloved.' The Virgins—or upright ones (i. 4)²—who are often referred to, and are at least once directly addressed (iii. 11) as the 'Daughters of Zion' are the Bride's maidens and

¹ C. vii. 12, 13. 'Ideoque Deus post mortem Antichristi concedet lapsis tempus aliquod poenitendi, differetque diem judicii. (Cf. Daniel, xii. 12).—Nox fuit tempus persecutionis Antichristi. Mane vero tempus pacis post mortem ejus.—Mandragoræ ergo significant turbam Judæorum et gentium, cujus caput fuerat Antichristus; quæ, eo mortuo, manebit acephala id est, sine capite, sed in perfidia, et peccatis suis sopita; hæc ad vocem prædicatorum vigilabit, ac suavem fidei et pietatis odorem exhalabit.'—*Honorius, et Cornel. a Lapid. in loc.*

² A masculine noun is employed here.

her intimate fellows and companions, and represent the several branches of the Catholic Church.

The Persons referred to in the course of the Song are—

King Solomon.

His Mother and	The Watchmen.
The Bride's Mother.	The Keepers.
The Bride's Little Sister.	The Shepherds.
Her Mother's Sons.	The Companions.
	The Sons of God.
The Queens.	The Friends and Beloved Ones.
The Concubines.	The Threescore Valiant Men.
The Damsels.	

The Foxes.

The Roes.

The Hinds of the Field.

Let us briefly notice these in order.

King Solomon and the Bridegroom are one and the same person, viewed under different relations; and as King Solomon the Saviour is presented to us in His sufferings. His Mother, who is, of course, identical with the Mother of the Bride,¹ is the Church and nation of Israel, of whom, as touching His flesh, Christ came. Through her He was encompassed with infirmity; and by her He was crowned with the crown of sorrows. She it was who brought Him forth: while, as keeping alive in the nation a right hope respecting Messiah, the Bride may be said to have raised him up (viii. 5).² The Bride's little Sister—she who is not yet ripe for marriage—represents the converted nations of the last days, who will form in all respects a different body from the Church of this dispensation. The Mother's Sons represent the impenitent Israel. The Queens, the Concubines, the Damsels, are the several communities of converts from heathen lands; unincorporated communities professing Christ under different measures of light and responsibility, and with divers degrees of purity and fidelity. The Watchmen are, of course, the Prophets of Israel. The Keepers, to whom the vineyard is let out, are those honoured with the Priesthood (viii. 11). The Shepherds are the Rulers and Judges of Israel (i. 8). The Companions who keep their flocks (i. 7 and viii. 13) are the Teachers and Priests of Israel, who are being prepared

¹ One of the proofs of the *mystical* significance of the Song is furnished by this: that the Bride is her Spouse's sister. It may be added, that the geographical notices wholly preclude a literal interpretation.

² All tradition, from S. Gregory to S. Thomas, ascribes these words to the Beloved; Mr. Thrupp ascribes them, and with reason, to the Bride.

at last to look for the coming of Messiah. We differ thus far from Mr. Thrupp, that we do not regard these two classes as actually evil. The Sons of God (ii. 3), the 'Youths' of Mr. Thrupp, we take to be the Angels. The 'Friends and Beloved Ones' (v. 1) are the true members of Christ. The 'Threescore Valiant Men'—a determinate expressing an indeterminate number—represents the Apostolic founders of the Church; those whose labours founded the Church, whose writings, canonical or otherwise—each one holds his sword—are the defences of the Church in this night season.

Lastly, the Foxes represent the emissaries of the world, or of Antichrist, destroying the growths of the Church (S. Luke xiii. 32). We shall leave the successor of S. Bernard to expound in a footnote the Roes and the Hinds of the Field.¹

¹ 'Querens quid in se sacramenti involutum contineant hæc animalia: quamdam liberæ mentis alacritatem, et agilitatem spiritus, cursim se et saltuatim, ut sic dicam, ad superiora ferentis, intelligo adumbrari in illis. An non et tibi velut et caprea et cervi quidam videntur, qui licet in corpore commorantes, corporis tamen evaserint incommoda, et spirituali levitate pondera carnis pene non sentiunt et terrene molis materiam nesciunt mentis beneficio? Hi sunt, qui spiritu ambulantes, ultra non sentiunt desideria carnis: aut si sentiunt, languida certe et quasi palpitantia, ad extremum ducentia halitum.—In cervis antiquitatem attende vivendi, et videndi acumen in capreis. Cervi quadam arte naturali a senio se tueri perhibentur, et vergentem in defectum vitam rediviva novitate ab interitu revocare. Christus singulariter non tam cervus quam hinnulus dicitur; qui nititur æterna novitate, nec habet aliquid novitatis admistum, quod subinde renovatione indigeat. Ille singulariter caprea videndi privilegio. Ergo et hi quoque quasi capreae quadam spirituales intelliguntur qui revalatos habent mentes oculos in agnitione Dei; qui spirituales effecti dijudicant omnia et perscrutantur; qui revelata facie gloriam Domini contemplantur. Cervi vero sunt in eo quod in eandem imaginem transformatur a claritate in claritatem tanquam a Domini Spiritu: qui veterem deponentes hominem, novum induunt eum, qui creatus est in justitia, et sanctitate veritatis: qui senescentem devotionem, et quodam languentem tædio, in novum denuo fervorem reducunt, et perseverantiæ fastidia nesciunt reparatione frequenti.—Filiæ Jerusalem ad spiritualem quamdam alacritatem invitans. Hoc enim sibi vult quod per capreas et cervos adjurat, ut spiritualium ad emulationem provocentur virorum, et ab infestatione importuna dilectæ quiescant.—Utile vobis est ut dilecta evigilet; sed expectate donec ipsa velit. Ejus expectetur arbitrium, ad cuius cura vestri spectat officium. Denique cum dormit Adam, virilis costa in infirmiore mollescet sexum: et propter socialem copulam de latere viri formata est mulier; imo in sociam mulierem Adam ipse convertitur, et conformatione quadam transiit in conjugem.'—*Gilleberti de Hoilandia, Serm. in Cantic. XIV. Opp. S. Bernard, tom. iii. p. 68.*

Ainsworth's note may be added here in part. 'The roe and hind are set forth in Scripture for examples of swiftness of foot, as in 2 Sam. ii. 18 and xxii. 34, which being referred to the punishment for breaking this adjuration, may signify the swiftness of God's judgments on them that shall so do. These creatures are also mentioned where speech is of love between man and wife, as in Prov. v. 19, that as the males and females of these beasts do dearly love one another, so is the unfeigned love between man and wife, and between Christ and His Church. And herunto the speech may have respect: the rather for that after v. verse 9, shee likeneth Christ to a *Roe or a Young Hart*. And as the heavens, earth, stones, &c. are called to witness against men if they sinne (Deut. xxx. 19, Jos. xxiv. 27), so the Roes and Hindes shall rise up and condemne such as break their faith and love unto Christ.'

We come now to review the contents and argument of the Song.

The contents are arranged into seven cantos; or rather, as Mr. Thrupp prefers expressing himself, six with an epilogue. The septenary number was to be looked for in this highest utterance of the Holy Ghost.

Part I. takes in i. 2—ii. 7: twenty-three verses in all. This section opens and closes with a system of seven verses; the first seven is immediately followed, the last seven is immediately preceded, by a system of three verses, which enclose the central part.

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| I. a. | i. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. | The Bride Elect is the speaker to the eighth verse, which is spoken by the Chorus. |
| β. | 9, 10, 11. | The Beloved. |
| γ. | Central. | 12, 13, 14. The Bride. |
| β. | 15. | The Beloved. |
| | 16, 17. | The Bride. |
| ii. | 1, 2. | The Beloved. |
| a. | 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. | The Bride. |

Part II. consists of fifteen verses (ii. 8—iii. 5). The systems of seven verses each are united by the central verse (ii. 15).

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| ii. 8—14. | The Bride. |
| 15. | The Bride. |
| ii. 15—iii. 5. | The Bride. |

Part III. is, apparently, the most important Part of the Song. The terms of endearment after this become more rare. The title of Spouse is met no more after the last verse of this, and the title of Sister is not met after the first of the following Canticle. This section contains the same number of verses as the first—twenty-three—and extends from iii. 6—v. 1. The section opens and closes with a group of six verses. The uncompleted number is, perhaps, expressive of the unconsummated marriage. These groups of six enclose the imperfect number of eleven verses, which further divide into two groups of the imperfect number of five each, with one central verse.

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| a. | iii. 6—11. | Chorus. |
| β. | iv. 1—5. | The Beloved. |
| γ. | iv. 6. | The Beloved. |
| β. | iv. 7—11. | The Beloved. |
| a. | iv. 12—v. 1. | |
| | 12, 13, 14, 15. | The Beloved. |
| | 16. | The Bride. |
| v. | 1. | The Beloved. |

Presence.' These, as is so often found in details of the Apocalypse, cover the same time and coincide.

In Part I. the Bride is abruptly introduced, as passionately desiring the Incarnation. That manifestation of God's age-long love is prized beyond all the blessings and comforts and graces of the Covenant; above all that was taught or shown in the Oratories of God. The Bride then turns to deprecate the ill-regards of the Israelites. The Church of God was not to be what they expected; even a Messiah came not as they looked for Him.¹ She had suffered indeed from outward sorrow; the violence of the times had forced her from her proper sphere, and estranged her; and now she longs to find her promised Bridegroom, that she may no longer appear as a dishonoured maiden, or a hopeless widow. The Chorus makes answer with the voice of Israel: In the flock of Israel can Messiah only be found; and the shepherd be heard of only in the tents of Israel's shepherds. But the longed-for Lord suddenly makes answer: He tells her that she has all the beauty of her first youth, and all the power of that beauty, while yet she is rich in the surpassing adornments of an obedient and 'meek and quiet spirit.' Therefore shall the Trinity, '*We* will make thee,' crown her with a lasting crown. She will still be patient, and still merit her reward. While He tarries she will perfume Him with all her gracious perfumes of piety and faith. In her heart of hearts she will cherish the sweet thoughts of Him till He comes. He tells her, that though absent He sees her in her beauty, in her holiness and innocence. She tells her love how fair He is, and reminds Him of the promise of their union, and the divine associations of paradise. But she is, and desires

¹ It cannot be too deeply regretted the view that so many expositors have taken of the Bride's confession, 'I am black but comely.' She who appears throughout the Song, and is indeed declared by the Beloved to be without spot or wrinkle, is here made to plead guilty to every amount of moral defilement. Krummacher, especially in his sermon on Canticles (Sermon III.) has erred, and popularised the error here. The world-wide destiny of the Church, so very unacceptable to the Jewish mind, seems to be adverted to when the Elect Maid fears her brunette hue may seem in the eyes of the daughters of Jerusalem to mar the perfectness and the power of her charms. One is irresistibly reminded of the very musical lines—

'She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed by that tender light,
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face.'

BYRON'S *Hebrew Melodies*.

to be, lowly. But the Beloved knows her beauty, and she knows His. As the tree of life amid the trees of the garden, so is He far above all the angels of glory. And now in His shadow, in the promise of all good things to come, she will sit with delight, feasting and resting upon her immortal hopes; and yet craving all the while for the blessed consummation when, like John, she will rest her head upon the breast of God. And she implores Israel, by all the voices of Prophets and Saints, not to violate or disturb those silent processes by which the Divine will ripens for its consummation.

Part II. 'The Awaiting' implies that the travail of her heart is well-nigh over. From the habitation of His glory, surmounting all the obstacles of nature, yet in nature's fairest shape, He is come; but He is come submissive to the forms, and condescending to yield to the restraints, of the law. And He tells her how that the long season of spiritual darkness and desolation are past. The hearts of all are stirred by the pruning voice of the Baptist; and the long silent utterances of the Holy Ghost can be heard once more in the land. Repentance and its fruits are to be seen. Now, therefore, is the time for the Bride to come forth and stand waiting for her Betrothed. But the hope is not unalloyed. There are destructive creatures in the land that must be extirpated for that hope of union to be surely realized. With devotion unabated she declares that no outward troubles can affect her love. Only let Him come ere the eternal morn. However long He may delay, only let her see Him here, and let Him bestow Himself ere this life shall have passed away. Through the long night, for it is night where He is not, I have sought Him in sleepless aspirations. I sought Him out in all the events of the Divine story; I took counsel with the Prophets. Scarcely had they done speaking, when, lo! in the family of David, whence I am myself, in that mother-house of Israel, He suddenly appeared. Then with renewed earnestness she implores Israel, by all the voices of Prophets and Saints, not to violate or disturb those silent processes by which the Divine Will ripens for its consummation.

Part III. And now she will be betrothed. He had called her, 'Rise now, my loved one, my fair one, and come away!' And here from her long obscure retreat in the wilderness she comes, with all the fragrant perfumes of her prayers and praises. And she is borne along in the litter of her Lord, under the guardianship of her trusty servants. It is the palanquin of Solomon, of King Solomon, of King Solomon crowned, that comes here to view conveying the Bride and Bridegroom betrothed and united at last, and this is the day of their espousals. But what is the palanquin, and whence the crown of the Beloved?

The palanquin is the cross, concealed by all precious forms which but variously symbolize the blessings accomplished for us by the cross. And the crown is one of sorrows, the Crucifixion itself, which was once inflicted upon Him. What was designed as the crown of sorrows, He made a crown of love. And now the Beloved dilates upon the Bride's supernatural beauty which is derived from the death-consecrated union. Her eyes, her hair, her teeth, her lips, her temples, her neck, her bosom, variously symbolize her meekness, prolific richness, her power of rightly dividing the word of truth, her testimony to redemption through the blood of Christ, her reverent modesty, her boldness of faith, and her power of nourishing with pure doctrine. The Beloved devotes Himself until the eternal morn for His Church. Now first is she called a Bride. He says, 'I will deliver thee free from the world; I will give thee dominion over the world, and all its fiercest powers. For thou hast won my heart, and wilt continue to gain my love by even one act of faith, by one act of love. Thou art full of graces of nourishment, of holiness.' For she is fit to refresh the world.

¹ iv. 8, Hengstenberg remarks admirably on this verse. 'The heavenly Solomon assures His Bride of freedom from the dominion of the world. Mountains are the symbols of kingdoms. This symbolism is frequently extended by a further representation, in which the mountain chain of Lebanon and Antilibanus, which separated the heathen territory on the north from the seat of God's people, is treated as the image of the heathen world-power. So in Psalm xxix., of which David was the author, where the wilderness of Kadesh is coupled by way of correspondence with Lebanon and Sirion, it is the symbols of the world-power on the north and on the south of the Lord's territory that are represented as seized with terror at His voice, and as unable to endure the thunder of His might. So again in another psalm of David's, Psalm lxviii., Bashan repeatedly appears on the border of Canaan towards the heathen world beyond. In Isaiah xxxvii. 24, the King of Assyria knows no higher boast, than that he has ascended the highest summit of Lebanon: his meaning being that he has thus the whole world-power beneath his feet. And in Isaiah x. 34, Heb. ii. 17, Lebanon appears as the image of the Assyrian kingdom. Now in the Song of Songs it is fundamentally assumed, in accordance with the representations which we find in the Davidic psalms, that Israel will, at the time of the appearance of the heavenly Solomon, be in a state of subjection to the power of the world, and will through Him be exalted to the glorious liberty of the children of God. The expressly repeated 'with me' of the present passage points to the fact that freedom from subjection is only possible for the people of God through union with the heavenly Solomon: 'Without me ye can do nothing' (John xv. 5). The Bride, however, through her union with the heavenly Solomon, is not only to be freed from the power of the world, but is also to have it under her feet, and to look down in security from its heights; in fulfilment of the promise, Messianic in its ultimate reference, of Deut. xxxiii. 29: 'Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places' This assurance of dominion over the world, along with the deliverance from the world, is contained in the words, 'Shalt gaze from the summit of Amana,' &c. The summit of Amana is identical with the summit of Shenir and Hermon: it is the summit in which the Amana or Abana (see the Keri in 2 Kings v. vi.) had its rise. The name is here specially employed because the river Amana flowed through the first great world-city—Damascus, on which the Bride looks proudly down; a city which was, in early times, of even greater importance than

' Her outgrowths, the Churches she plants, are glorious, in her
' are all holy works. Her seven spices are patriarchs, and
' prophets, and apostles, and bishops, and doctors, and martyrs,
' and virgins.' And the Bride prays that the sorrows from the
region of antichrist may speedily pass away, and that the
breath of the Divine Spirit may breathe on her garden, and draw
forth all the perfumes of the saints. And the Lord visits the
Church, in answer to the supplication, bestowing the fulness of
all sacramental graces on His elect.

In Part IV. the Bride tells her sorrow at the absence of her
Bridegroom, and she reveals to us the sorrows in the human
thoughts of God. These are her days of fasting, when the
children of the bridechamber must mourn. It is her night-
time, when her heart is waking and hears the anxious appeal of
her Beloved to be admitted. He comes to her with all the
bloom of the resurrection around Him; and she finds herself
unprepared for this unlooked-for advent. But He stretches
forth His hand and reassures her. These close manifestations,
however, of Himself at the beginning were to be but transitory.
The whole imagery, indeed, of this canto belongs to the period
of the resurrection, and the first years of the Church. The
sorrows and persecutions which she endured from the watch-
men of Israel are very distinctly expressed; and are such as the
Church is liable to encounter in the critical season, yet future,
of her history. The Church may still take the Jews to witness
her unfaltering loyalty to Messiah.

But (Part V.) the time of the Lord's absence is also the time
of His spiritual presence. He goes away that He may return
in power filling all things. During this period Israel ripens for
conversion; and the turning of Israel's heart to the Lord is
indicated by the inquiry about the Bridegroom. 'What is
thy beloved more than another beloved?' And the Bride
draws the portrait of her divine Lover, describing as all
loveliest loveliness the person, and the powers and qualities of
our Lord; 'the holy purity and majestic strength which com-
mend Him to us as precious, and which proclaim Him king of
' men.' Then, again, Israel inquires where Messiah is gone;
and learns that He is engaged in visiting the garden, which is
the scene of His Church's labour in this time. The Beloved
here once more gives utterance to another sublime eulogium on
His Bride. The beauty and power of the Church through
Christ is extolled. And this at last tells on the unconverted

afterwards, when it was thrown into the shade by the side of Nineveh and Babylon.
The Amana serves to mark the direction in which, from Hermon, the Bride is to
gaze: it carries her eyes to Damascus, and forms the link which connects the
symbol with the thing symbolized.

Israel, who are found now prepared more than before for the return of Christ, and recognising the influence of the Church, which they invite to return to them, and which they view with surprise attended by the armies of God gathered both from Israel and the Heathen, and surrounded by the elect gathered from Ephraim and Judah. The prospect of this triumph of the truth moves the Beloved and the Chorus to sing 'glorious things' of 'the City of God;' while she, anxious for the conversion of the world, longs for Him to return and prove His relationship to her, that she may hasten Him away to the house of Israel, there to drink the wine new in the kingdom of the Father. Again, and for the third time, she deprecates any outbreak of natural feeling on the part of the Jews. Thus this canto covers the whole period between the Pentecost and the Second Advent; a period whose opening was marked by the greatest manifestations of the glory and power in heaven and earth of the ascended Jesus; and the close of which will be marked by the conversion of Israel.¹

And now in Part VI. the final union is depicted. The Church returning from her obscurity and united to her Lord reminds Him of her long devotion; how in Israel of old she had raised Him up, continuing faithful to Him in life and death. He is now 'the same as He was then; and she is herself unchanged. 'And this love she desires may be immortalised. In her perfect 'union with her Lord, she says, *we* have a little sister.' In the day when she will be called on to take her station, when the Gentiles shall be called into Christ, what provision will be made for this Church born out of due time? And the Bridegroom answers that the little sister shall possess all the assurance and glory that her calling will require, or her exigencies demand. As a wall she shall be defended against the last outbreak of Satan; as a door she shall have, till her time of probation is ended, unimpaired freedom to go in and out and find pasture. The secure position of the Bride herself interprets how much security is thus promised. And the little sister also shall find peace.

But the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts is still placed in the

¹ In the Chaldean paraphrase in Targum VIII. 1 and 2 are well expounded. 'And when the King Messiah shall be revealed unto the congregation of Israel, the children of Israel shall say unto him, Be thou with us for a brother, and let us go up to Jerusalem, and let us suck with thee the senses of the law, as a sucking child sucketh the breasts of its mother. I will lead thee, O King Messiah, and bring thee to the house of my sanctuary, and thou shalt teach me to fear the Lord, and to walk in His paths, and there will we keep the feast of Leviathan, and drink old wine which has been reserved in its grapes ever since the day the world was created, and [eat] of the pomegranates, the fruits which are prepared for the righteous in the garden of Eden.'

midst of the tumultuous world; safe, however, in the keeping of its ministers. And from them, and from all, will the divine Solomon expect the fruit, and every one shall receive his own reward from Messiah; and, to quote from the corresponding passage in the Apocalypse (xxii. 12), 'His reward is with Him' to give every man according as his work shall be.'

The epilogue or Part VII. is a short prayer for the second advent; the Beloved is impatient for the voice of the Bride. He would then have the Church come short in no gift, looking for and hastening to the day of God; and with loving and dutiful readiness the Church makes answer: Come quickly, O beloved and unchanging Lord, with all thy human tenderness; with all the unfading memorials of redeeming love.

Amen. So come, Lord Jesus.

The prevailing neglect of this Divine work, our constitutional coldness in things spiritual, the contempt but too commonly shown, and in unsuspected quarters, for the mysterious significance of the Word of God, the prevailing disparagement of the Church, which is the Bride, will, we trust, justify the length this article has run. The book of Scripture, which above every other in some respects is the book for personal use, ought not to be the last read. The book in which God delineates the loves of wedded hearts and the purity of domestic affection, cannot be lightly overlooked.¹ But, above all, the book which teaches what should be the fervour of our love to the Redeemer, which unfolds the fires with which the regenerated heart should glow, demands and deserves the most earnest study. The Song of Songs teaches us how we ought to love God. The Song of Songs teaches us how God loves his elect. With that gracious tenderness which breathes through the thoughts of God, the Song adopts even the forms of outward nature; and consecrates to be sacraments of Divine love the charms of unbreathing nature, the innocent graces of animal life, and all the beauties of humanity. Here, for the human heart, the love which is above all love is set forth; the love that if let in will subdue and enkindle whatever is hardest and coldest. What transports of supernatural joy, what raptures of unconquerable hope the Christian soul may indulge in, here, and here perhaps alone, it can fully learn. Here the Christian may attain to that familiar converse with God which the spirit of the book will secure from degenerating into profanity: here may he be raised to enthusiasm that knows no fanatical alloy. It has been ever held that the secondary interpretation, which

¹ 'For my part,' said Niebuhr, 'I should deem something wanting to the Bible, if no expression were there found for the deepest and strongest of human feelings.'—Communicated by Bunsen to Renan. *RENAN*, p. 147.

applies the language of the Bride to the human soul, is Catholic and true. What lover of the Divine Word but would wish to understand this use of the Song? The writings of many a departed saint bear witness that this sense of the Song was by prayer and meditation acquired. And the Laureate of the day utters no more genuine, more pure, more impassioned lay than that which he puts on the virgin lips of S. Agnes :—

‘Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far
Through all yon star-light keen,
Draw me, thy Bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.
He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors
And strews her lights below,—
And deepens on and up! The gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbath of Eternity,
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea,
The Bridegroom with his Bride!’

ART. III.—*The American Church and the American Union.* By HENRY CASWALL, M.A. Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1861.

AMONG the multitude of works which, in these days, are continually coming out, even those that are upon popular subjects—like that which stands at the head of this article—and written by well-known authors, are apt to escape the notice of many to whom they would be welcome and useful. It needs a keen eye, always upon the watch, in order to observe among the crowd of candidates for public attention those whom we think are worth attending to. And when, with the quick eye of a literary sportsman, the game has been thus marked, it requires some pertinacity of purpose, and some tact, to follow up the chase, until we have secured our prey. The very circumstances which have brought Caswell's 'American Church and American Union' before our notice and that of our readers might afford a fair illustration of the truth just stated. It is a book, which, at the present juncture of affairs, will prove (we think) interesting.

While politicians are speculating upon the American Union—upon its present shattered state, and upon its prospects of future reconstruction or annihilation—the eye of the Anglican Churchman is naturally turned towards the state of the Church in America and its future prospects. Amid the complicated questions that have arisen, and will arise, from the disunion of the United States, the future progress of the Church among our Transatlantic brethren occupies no mean place. Hitherto, what a charmed life has the Church in the United States seemed to bear. How manifold its hinderances! How slow, yet how sure, its advancement from utter weakness to comparative strength! And now, when the political system of the American States appears to be shivered to atoms, we watch to see what will become of the Church's influence and institutions throughout the enormous territory comprehended in the Union. Some among us will be disposed to regard the past state of the American Union, as a nation, hopeless, in an ecclesiastical point of view, from its fearful disregard, if not encouragement, of schism. There are zealous and admirable men who will be tempted to apply this graphic description of Samaria to the whole religious system of the American republic. 'It was built in rebellion and schism, loose and not held together; like a heap of stones, having no cement of love, rent and torn in itself, having been torn both from God and His worship.'

'It could be remade only by being wholly unmade.'¹ Others, less prejudiced, perchance, and (possibly) less zealous, would look upon the recent state of ecclesiastical confusion prevailing in America, as a species of chaos out of which order would in due time arise. They would apply the words of a late Scottish Bishop—who seems to distinguish 'the Missionary' from 'the Churchman'—to America and its future. 'The Missionary in due time is followed by the Churchman, who systematizes the elements which the other has created. Like a wise master-builder, the latter polishes the materials, already in some degree prepared to his hand, and erects with them an orderly edifice, complete in all its parts, and having for its foundation the lively stones of an Apostolical Priesthood, qualified to offer the oblation of a spiritual sacrifice.'²

To those who feel an interest—and what religious mind can feel no interest?—in the probable future of the American Church and American Union, Mr. Caswall's work will prove a useful guide. In a small and readable volume they will find a large storehouse of facts, from which they may, in some measure, be enabled to form an opinion for themselves. To this source of information we desire now to introduce our readers.

It appears that about one-third of the population of the United States, or not less than ten millions of souls, may be reckoned to be descendants of the Puritans.³ No doubt, therefore, the influence of their ancestry must strongly affect, whether for good or for evil, the present inhabitants of the Union; and especially so in some of the States. Industrious, frugal, self-relying, and enterprising, we must in justice own those early Puritans to have been. Nor have these, or any other good qualities they possessed, ever been kept unduly in the background, either by themselves or by their historians. But then, in order to form a fair idea of what they were and what their influence upon their descendants was likely to be, we must turn our eyes upon the reverse of the picture. We must look at their harsh temper, their extraordinary inconsistencies, their sour bigotry, and fierce tyranny, before we can trace the effect of the leaven of Puritanism upon the lump of heterogeneous materials which formed the American Union.

The persecutions of the early Puritans may be fairly summed up in those notable words of one of themselves, who says: 'I

¹ Pusey on Micah, i. 6.

² Bishop Russell's *Polynesia*, p. 128.

³ Colonel Chester, in his very interesting paper on 'The Influence of the County of Essex on the Settlement and Family History of New England,' seems to doubt whether the present population of New England is so puritanical in its descent. See the Report of the Essex Archæol. Soc. Meeting at Kelvedon, in the *Essex Gazette*, August 14, 1863.

'fled from England to escape the tyranny of my lords, the *bishops*, but I was glad to flee away again to escape the tyranny of my lords, the *brethren*.' And as a shilling was then the fine in England for not attending the parish church, *five* shillings in Massachusetts, or even *ten* at Plymouth, was the mulct exacted for not attending a meeting-house. So that if Rehoboam's little finger was heavier than the loins of a Solomon would have been in this case, yet the hand of Jeroboam carried with it the weight of five fingers, or even ten. No doubt much might be said in excuse of their enormous intolerance, when one of the fundamental principles of a settlement, Newhaven, was this, 'That all vicars, rectors, deans, priests, and bishops, are of the devil.' But the stern persecutions of the American Puritans were by no means eclectic in their character, nor confined to either Papists or Anglicans. Any person who has a taste for exploring the bye-ways of history, and of detecting the mode in which the world has been misled by stories of 'the Pilgrim Fathers,' and the Puritans' 'love of liberty,' may soon satisfy himself by studying Dr. Coit's '*Puritanism*.' There, in the last hundred pages of that curious work, he will see a distinct record of the way in which the American Puritans treated Baptists, Quakers, Papists, Presbyterians, and Indians—to say nothing of 'Episcopalians!'

The duplicity and credulity of these early Puritan settlers are well put forward by Mr. Caswall, not at all in a spirit of bitterness, but with a view to form an accurate conception of the character of those who have bequeathed so much of their own mingled character to their descendants. Everybody can recal to mind the executions for witchcraft, which certainly bear witness of the credulity of the New England Puritans, who even thought that they, 'a people of God,' had settled in what were once the 'devil's territories,' which disturbed this latter personage, 'and provoked him to plague them with witchcraft,' &c.¹ Of the duplicity of the American Puritans, one specimen may suffice. So late as in 1741, under Wentworth—who was the Governor, and a loyal Churchman—certain grants of land in Vermont were reserved for the Church and clergy. But the surveyors, being hostile to the Church, exerted themselves to render this property as useless as possible, by often placing, with perverse ingenuity, the Church's portion at the bottom of a lake or marsh, amid barren rocks, or on the side of a precipice.

It was not in the nature of things that the spirit which prevailed among the early settlers in New England and elsewhere, should continue to prevail from one generation to

¹ Caswall, p. 54, quoted from Cotton Mather.

another. Some witty writer has likened Dissenters to mules, which have no power of continuing their race.¹ And long before the general lapse of the remnant of the Puritans in America and elsewhere into Socinianism,² there was apparent a very great falling away from the original high assertion of low principles. As early as the beginning of the last century, not long after the establishment in England of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*, considerable numbers of the Puritans in New England actually began to turn to the Church. Their best men, after careful thought, began to wish to build on the old foundations which their fathers had despised. As usual, Aaron's rod beat the magicians even upon their own ground, and the pastoral staff of the Christian ministry commenced the work of devouring all the others; a work which it has slowly, yet surely, been accomplishing ever since. In Massachusetts, at the early period just mentioned, a large convention assembled to discover 'the most evangelical and effectual expedient to put a stop unto these or the like mis-carriages.' Whatever was the result of this conference, the day for actual violence and persecution was beginning to draw to its close, and the 'Lords brethren' were obliged to content themselves with keeping 'Lords bishops' out of the land, which they did most successfully. They also made the Churchmen, who kept increasing in numbers, pay heavy taxes for the support of Puritan preachers and for the erection of Puritan meeting-houses. And thus matters continued to go on, the Church labouring under every disadvantage that can be conceived, and yet surviving; while the boasted system of the Pilgrim Fathers was gradually becoming changed into Socinianism. But, at length, from political causes, which Dissent was too busy in aggravating, and the Church much too feeble to check or mitigate, the Revolution broke in upon the long calm that had prevailed in American society, and the Church escaped annihilation by a series of events almost miraculous. If ever there was a Church concerning which the hopeless question might well have been asked; 'Can these dry bones live?' it was the Church in the United States of America at the close of the revolutionary war, when American Independence was *un fait accompli*!

¹ The following is the remarkable witness of Mrs. Barbauld, the amiable and clever Socinian Dissenter: 'I believe it would be difficult to find an instance of families who for three generations have kept their carriages, and continued Dissenters.'—Works, vol. ii. p. 314.

² See this clearly proved by documents in Marshall's 'Catholic Episcopate.' The lapse of the author to Romanism does not at all detract from the fearful weight of his facts.

When the American Independence was finally recognised by Great Britain, the aid of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* was, of course, entirely withdrawn.

'The endowments in Vermont' [such as they were, see above p. 63] 'which the want of clergy had hitherto rendered unserviceable, were applied to purposes of education, and ultimately in Virginia an unjust sentence took away the remaining glebes and many of the houses of worship. Great numbers of people, who formerly were considered members of the Church of England, had forsaken it in its evil day, and attached themselves to the popular sectarianism. Many of the loyalists, laity as well as clergy, had gone to reside in England, Nova Scotia, or Canada. Thus, both in the north and south, the Church was fearfully weakened, and in some places almost annihilated. The churches were in ruins, or closed, or deserted; there was no centre of unity, and not a shadow of ecclesiastical government existed.'—*Caswall*, p. 117-8.

It would be out of place here to attempt even to trace the progress of the Church in America from this its lowest and most prostrate condition to its (comparatively) flourishing state previously to the recent political crash. The influence and example of the Church were showing their power even among the innumerable sects of America. Liturgies were coming into fashion. Colleges and learning were no longer inveighed against. Even 'clerical vestments' were, absurdly enough, coming into use. Crosses were sometimes erected on the spires of Puritan meeting-houses. And, lastly, as in the mother-country, a species of Dissenting 'Gothic' architecture was rapidly getting into vogue.

But, what was of far greater consequence, the Church, especially its clergy, were recruited in considerable numbers from the ranks of Dissent, even of that form of Dissent which had once been so bitter against them. In 1841, Bishop Griswold stated, that of 285 clergymen ordained by him, no less than 207 came into the ministry from the surrounding 'denominations.' Of the 1,800 clergymen ministering in the Church in America a few years since, it was estimated that about 1,200 had been gathered in from these external sources. The names of Bishop Hobart, Bishop Chase, Bishop Kip, and Mr. Choping, may serve as specimens of what sort of tribute the sects in America have thus been forced to pay to the Church. So marvellous, even under every possible disadvantage and discouragement, is the living power of Church principles! So unsatisfactory and unsatisfying the practical working of the Dissenting system, even where its range is unlimited, and its advantages extraordinary!

It may be worth while to pause for a moment here, and to lay before our readers, in Mr. Caswall's emphatic language, some of the facts which were held by those Churchmen in America who clung to the apostolical ministry, and which in

due time told with so much effect upon many of the best and most thoughtful men who had been born and bred in the ways of Dissent. The 'well-instructed friends of the first American Bishop Seabury firmly believed in a succession transmitted 'from a source coeval with Christianity itself.'

'They held that as truly as all men are descended from the first parents of mankind, so truly the bishops of the Church Catholic are descended from the original pastors of the Christian world. They knew that by the law of nature every man had his two parents, and that in order to prove a succession of men from Adam to the present time it was by no means necessary to trace every particular link of the chain. So, in like manner, they were satisfied that by the constant law of the Church every true bishop had his ecclesiastical progenitors in the bishops who consecrated him, and that the successive steps, connected as they are with various lines of descent, might safely be taken for granted.'—*Caswell*, p. 123.

And even as early as in 1785, when Bishop Seabury entered on his episcopal duties in Connecticut, he met with no disrespect; rather the contrary. For though the Puritan ministers seemed a little alarmed, yet their plan of neutralizing the new bishop's influence was to give one another the title of bishop, which formerly they had reprobated. And as politics were at first very adverse to the cause of the Church in America, whose clergy were often disposed to cling to monarchy, even when the crown scarcely hung upon a bush; so it became in some cases a recommendation to the episcopate, that the future bishop was a democrat. Bishop White was a favourable example of this; while so much cannot be said of Bishop Provoost, a man 'elected mainly because it was supposed that his ultra-democratic opinions would induce the people to tolerate him the more 'readily in his episcopal character!'

It was not the discipline only of the Church Catholic, but that of which the discipline is the mere fence and outwork—its doctrine, also, which was in jeopardy, when the yoke of England was shaken off by the United States. Before ever a bishop had been consecrated for America, and when Benjamin Franklin's sneer¹ had, no doubt, its weight even with Churchmen of a certain caste, one Mr. Page proposed to strike out the first four petitions in the Litany, on the ultra-Protestant plea that the word 'Trinity' is not found in Holy Scripture. It is well worth the pains to trace, with thankful heart, the marvellous way in which both the doctrines and discipline of the Church were preserved intact. And, although the American

¹ This shrewd but not very religious man said that 'men would one day learn not to be dependent upon other countries, but would make their own bishops for themselves.' Here we see the old easy-going form of Schism: 'It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem!' Yet seeing how the Apostolical Succession of bishops has thriven in America, it may fairly be asked, Would Dr. Franklin's bishops have done as well?

Prayer-Book still bears marks of its *revision*—quite as much for the worse, as for the better—yet, upon the whole, its escape in those days from material injury seems little short of a miracle. One remark, which Bishop White heard made during the sitting of the Convention, may be worthy even now of the attention of Lord Ebury and his wise compeers: ‘When I hear ‘these things,’ said the bystander, ‘I look back to the origin of ‘the Prayer-Book, and represent to myself the spirits of its ‘venerable compilers ascending to heaven in the flames of ‘martyrdom that consumed their bodies. I then look at the ‘*improvers* of this book in — and — and —.’ The consequence is, that I am not sanguine in my expectations of ‘your meditated changes in the Liturgy.’

Nor is this merely the opinion of an anonymous individual. For, as Mr. Caswall observes (p. 157):—

‘The history of American Liturgical Revision affords, on the one hand, a remarkable instance of the overruling providence of God; while, on the other hand, it furnishes a memorable example of the danger of hastily meddling with that which has been once settled by competent authority. The American Church itself is now so well aware of this danger that it has bound itself by stringent regulations not to allow of further alterations until the proposed changes have been discussed during three years at least, and have been duly considered by the Conventions in the several States.’

Of course, just as in England, the union between Church and State cripples and confines the energies of the former, so in America the general education of the people being conducted entirely upon republican principles, stands in the way, not of the Church only, but of all religious principles whatever. Washington’s decided opinion was, that ‘morality,’ even, ‘cannot be maintained without religion, and that national ‘morality can never prevail in exclusion of religious principles.’ But when all systems of religion are assumed to be equally true, or equally false, how can religious principles be taught to any purpose? Any particular system of religious teaching is nicknamed *sectarian*—even though it be the teaching of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church—and would not be tolerated in schools supported by the republic. Let Mr. Caswall describe the result of this system, a result to which England may be drawing nearer than some amongst us are willing to allow us to think:—

‘The mention of judgment to come would offend the believers in universal salvation, the doctrine of a personal God would irritate the Pantheists, and allusions to infant baptism or forms of prayer would exasperate the Baptists and Independents. Nothing favourable to either

¹ How easily could we fill up the blank spaces with the obscure names of some of our modern revisionists!

Sacrament could safely be inculcated in the neighbourhood of Quakers ; the English version of the Bible would not be tolerated by Roman Catholics, and Scriptures of any version would hurt the feelings of those who deny all revelation whatever, and whose "conscience," like that of all others, must be respected in a land where all are equal.¹

Thus catechisms, creeds, explanations of revealed truth, and even the Bible itself, have been banished from the public schools, and with what result ?

'The bulk of the population consequently grows up, if not in absolute unbelief, at least without the blessing of a true, definite, and hereditary religion. The tone of public conscience necessarily becomes relaxed, and the respect to law proportionately weakened. The solemn oath in courts of justice loses its awful sanctions, and responsibility to God is forgotten. This divorce of religion from education, says a New York paper, was unknown to our fathers.'

Again, Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, speaks out plainly enough in his primary charge. 'Often,' he says,

'The young who are just rising into manhood are *totally* ignorant of the nature and extent of their obligations as moral and accountable beings. They can give shrewd and intelligent answers to all questions concerning traffic and trade, and the value of various kinds of property ; but as to the nature and extent of those obligations by which man is bound to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God," they have been taught nothing, they know nothing, and oftentimes care nothing. The example of their parents has led them to regard money as "the chief good," and in its acquisition all advantages are to be taken which the law will allow, or which artful evasions of the law will enable them to compass. The social affections are swept away in this struggle for gain—there is no place for their exercise, and the kindly offices of charity and benevolence are unknown. The children of the country are thus in a measure trained up with feelings almost hostile to their species. The idea they have of *public* liberty is that *they* may do as they please, regardless of the comfort and even the rights of others. Reverence for age and character is unfelt, sympathy for suffering and distress is destroyed, and respect for law and authority despised as meanness. Effrontery is taken for manliness, rudeness for gentility, and impudence for easiness of manners. Is it any wonder that, under this hardening process, future heroes in crime are formed, and that we hear and read of deeds of daring villany and desperate wickedness ?'

It may, perchance, try the patience of our readers, but it is not, surely, an uninteresting subject to endeavour to trace some of the causes which have made the Americans, especially those of the Northern States, hitherto appear to so little advantage—so low in the scale of civilization and real liberality—as they have appeared in the present extraordinary civil war. We have just seen what, in the sober judgment of Americans them-

¹ Mr. Caswall, in a former work, 'America and the American Church,' says that 'it is quite common' in America 'to meet with persons who consider that the religious education of children is a sacrilegious interference with the work of the Holy Spirit,' p. 314. The 'public' education must not offend these men !

² See Caswall, pp. 193-198.

selves, the absence of dogmatic teaching in the public schools was likely to result in. The self-will, or self-worship, call it what we will, which such an education was almost sure to engender, has been encouraged and influenced by the peculiar political circumstances of the United States, and by the fierce spirit of democracy.

'The very principle of obedience seemed to have been subverted; and while men believed themselves to be simply getting rid of King George, they were, in fact, overthrowing the power which should of right belong to every magistrate, parent, pastor, master, teacher, and officer.'

Another bishop—Potter, of Pennsylvania—says (in 1849):—
'May we not tremble for the future of our land, when we see how the bands of parental authority and domestic affection are relaxed, and how much insolent contempt is expressed for the wisdom of the past?'

To us it is most gratifying to hear the bishops, the successors of the apostles of Christ, thus lifting up their voices against the popular tendencies to evil;—and that, too, in a land where the Church, like every other institution, depends for its support, under God, upon the people; in a republic where there is no national Church, and (comparatively) very few endowments. So, at the risk of overtaking the patience, and presuming too far upon the Episcopalian prejudices of our readers, we shall quote one more bishop, whom Mr. Caswall has cited. Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, in 1854, drew this striking picture, though admitting that it might be overdrawn—an admission of no great practical value, perhaps, considering all the circumstances:—

'It is well known that the wives of this age have no notion of submitting to their husbands, and that sons and daughters are accustomed to throw off the yoke of their parents, and to do precisely as they please, while the reverence for magistrates, ministers, and teachers, which marked the early days of the Republic, is generally exploded as obsolete. Democracy has extended from the public rights of the citizen to the private relations of the family and school.¹ The sacred² authority of the master and the father is merged in deference to the will of the majority of the family; and the political privileges which the constitution intended to be exercised by intelligent and virtuous men are practically assumed in every other department by fools and children.'

The existence of slavery, which hitherto has almost always followed pure democracy like a shadow, the keen appetite for gain, the imperfect moral and religious training already alluded

¹ One is tempted to ask, 'Why should it not do so, if it be a sound principle? The antagonistical principle of obedience to lawful authority permeates public and private relations alike.'

² Granted the sacredness of the master's and father's authority—can men consistently deny that of the king?

to, with other circumstances, will, perchance, explain sufficiently the strange and horrible characteristics which have marked the civil war between the Northern and the Southern States. The *colluvies* which have drained into the United States from other nations;¹ the proud spirit of discontented democracy which they have often brought with them; the ambitious spirit of conquest and proselytism which usually influences a successful republic;—these, also, are facts not to be lost sight of, when we try to explain some of the events of that struggle which has made the civilized world stand aghast.

Bearing in mind, then, the peculiarities of the case, we thus offer to the reader a few specimens of the way in which the Church, distinguished from other religious bodies, is acting in America; while the almost idolised institutions of the United States are undergoing a trial, and republican principles passing through a crisis, as formidable as ever the mixed constitution of England or the absolute monarchies of the Continent have had to endure.

The first impression made upon Churchmen, when, in 1860, the disruption between North and South commenced, may be seen from the following extracts from a sermon by Dr. A. Vinton, of Trinity Church, Philadelphia, given by Mr. Caswall more at large. Dr. Vinton thoughtfully and patriotically says:—

‘God has permitted in the American land a sublime and fearful experiment of self-government. It is a sublime thing for thirty millions of people to undertake the work of controlling themselves by their own sense of right and duty, with no power above them but that of their own laws, sworn to no allegiance but that of truth and justice, mutually conceived and universally acknowledged, and with no king but conscience. In such a government man approaches his sublime ideal, guided not by power but by principle. Every energy may be put forth to the utmost, with none other than a moral check, and liberty may run on, step by step with reason, until the whole humanity is developed in the dignity of its godliness. This is the theory of our government—sublime if successful, but awful in its failure. If passion, pride, envy, avarice, injustice, dishonesty, possess the people’s hearts, then comes the crash and havoc of a great force out of gear—the wretchedness of conscience perverted with passion, and the hopelessness of liberty run mad into licentiousness. . . .

‘In the days past so holy seemed the bond of fraternity that no Christian prayer was uttered with more assurance of acceptance than the prayer that

¹ We must again quote from an American authority, Col. Chester, who, in the able paper read by him at the meeting of the Essex Archæological Society at Kelvedon, in August last, says: ‘The natural history of America is chiefly that of hybrids. There is no country under the sun that has not contributed its *quota* to its magnificent census.’ . . . English, Scotch, and Irish, French, Dutch, and Spanish, Italian, Greek, and Turkish, Swiss, Austrian, and Russian, in their elementary constituents, have been gathered into a common crucible, and the extraordinary results of this still more unnatural combination, has been the Universal Yankee, a sort of ethnological monster.—See *Essex Gazette*, August 14, 1863.

God would preserve the Union, and the same pious breath that uttered the supplication was thought to be not less pious when it imprecated a palsy on the arm that should strike a blow, and scorching to the tongue that should utter a scoff or scorn, and a blighting of the mind that should conceive a plot against the brotherhood of States. But all this is past and gone.'—*Caswall*, p. 231-2.

Past and gone, indeed! Though, in truth, all this never was anything at all more substantial than a bright morning dream. For the theory of absolute monarchy would sound almost as agreeably, and probably work much better, if we could but secure perfection in our despot. Though, even were this assumed by Absolutists, we are not quite sure that they would wish to use—much less be justified in using—anathemas so strong as those just quoted against all who presume to meddle with the pet theory.

An unconcerned spectator—if any spectator of the events now taking place in the Western world can be unconcerned—might take the foundation of the Baptist sect in America as a type, or sample, of most of the political and religious institutions peculiar to America. 'Mr. Ezekiel Holliman, a layman, 'immersed Mr. Williams; and, in turn, Mr. Williams immersed 'Mr. Holliman.' Without being sour or severe, we might really take this as no bad specimen of the foundation on which stands the elephant who sustains the imposing fabric of civil and religious authority among a large portion of the citizens of the United States. And just as, probably, Mr. Williams and Mr. Holliman were none the less bigoted in favour of the efficacy of their immersion because it was, from first to last, wholly and entirely their own act and deed, so the very want of root, under which so many of the institutions peculiarly American labour, may be one reason why Americans are usually such fierce sticklers for their plenary authority. 'The weaker the cause, the greater the bigot that defends it!' is no bad saying. And where, amidst the distractions that now prevail, can a humble, sober-minded Christian look with hope and holy confidence? To *Spiritualism*? To *Secularism*? To *Mormonism*? To *schism* of any kind? No! One only hope, under God's providence, seems left of influencing for good the people of America. The Church alone seems able to do what she has done again and again in other quarters of the globe—to reunite or reconcile jarring fragments of nations, and to lead the people onwards in paths of, at least, comparative peace. This, at any rate, seems to be Mr. Caswall's view of the probable future; and in taking leave of his book—to which we refer the reader for much useful and interesting matter impossible for us to notice—we quote one most cheering prophecy from its last page: 'The Church in America will lose nothing by the present contest, and probably will gain much.'

ART. IV.—1. *State Papers, published under the Authority of His Majesty's Commission. Volume I. King Henry the Eighth. Parts I. and II. 1830. Volumes II. and III. Part III. 1836. Volumes IV. and V. Part IV. 1842. Volumes VI.—XI. Part V. 1849—1852.*

2. *Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series of the Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth. 1547—1580. Preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by ROBERT LEMON, Esq. F.S.A. under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1856.*

3. *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII. preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England. Arranged and catalogued by J. S. BREWER, M.A. under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State. Vol. I. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1862.*

4. *Calendar of the State Papers relating to Scotland. Preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Vol. I. The Scottish Series of the Reigns of Henry VII. Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth. 1509—1589. By MARKHAM JOHN THORPE, Esq. of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1858.*

5. *Calendar of the State Papers relating to Ireland, of the Reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. 1509—1573. Preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by HANS CLAUDE HAMILTON, Esq. F.S.A. Assistant-Keeper of Her Majesty's Public Records, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1860.*

6. *Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain. Preserved in the*

Archives at Simancas and elsewhere. Vol. I. Henry VII. 1485—1509. Edited by G. A. BERGENROTH. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1862.

THE original commission for printing and publishing State Papers is dated June 10, 1825. It was directed to Manners Sutton, at that time Speaker of the House of Commons, with whose name were associated those of the late Sir Robert Peel, Wilson Croker, Hobhouse, and Watkin Williams Wynne, and their instructions were to examine the papers and documents existing in the State Paper Office, with the view of determining which of them might be printed and published with advantage to the public and without prejudice to the Government. They were, moreover, authorized to print such as they should think it desirable to publish, in such style as should be approved by the Commissioners of the Treasury. The reason given in the instrument of Commission is, that since the establishment of the State Paper Office on its present footing in the year 1800 the Papers had been in great measure arranged and indexed, and that it had been found that many of them were of great value and importance, and such as were likely to throw great light on various obscure parts of the history of the realm. The announcement of the probable advantages to result from the publication, if compared with the actual revelations which have been made and seem likely to be made as the process of bringing these State Papers to light goes on, will be pronounced to be a very modest estimate of their value. The illustrations of history which they afford are far from being confined to the narrow field of our own country, but extend over all countries with which England has had diplomatic relations. Not only have they thrown a new light upon public affairs, but the history of individuals, families, and districts, have profited by the publication; and what is not the least important feature of the work, the current accounts of many transactions, which have been repeated from one historian to another without any examination, have been in some cases entirely overturned, and in very many instances extremely modified. It is of the greatest importance, when crude theories and absurd paradoxes abound, such, for instance, as the estimate of the moral character of Henry the Eighth, which appears in the first two volumes of Froude's 'History of England, from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth,' that literary men should have the utmost facility of reference to contemporary documents, in order that they may expose fallacies which have no foundation of fact to stand

upon, and refute theories which are established on partial evidence or the suppression of adverse testimony. An instance in point at once occurs in the history which Mr. Froude gives us of the divorce of Katharine of Arragon. The absurdity of the story that Henry VIII. married six wives, and divorced or executed four of them for the good of the nation, may be perhaps apparent to the most ordinary reader; but when, as was shown in a previous number of this Review,¹ contemporary papers are brought into contact, one of which was never meant to transpire in this country, and another which was intended for English eyes alone, which contradict each other in the most flagrant way, it is no longer a question of balancing probabilities. The matter amounts to a demonstration that, in the divorce of Katharine of Arragon, Henry was not actuated by the conscientious scruples which he professed, but by the desire of getting rid of a wife of whom he was tired.

It will be said, perhaps, that Mr. Froude's paradox was itself created by the publication of the State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII. and that such a theoretical performance never would have issued from the press at all, if it had not been that Mr. Froude's attention was accidentally directed to the State Papers published or unpublished. This is true; and it was the result that might have been expected, when the State Paper Office, after having been so long confined to a few, was opened without stint to literary inquirers if only properly introduced, that a host of writers should rush into print, hastening to enlighten the world on the subject of their newly-acquired knowledge. Such things are unavoidable, and are only the accidents necessarily attendant upon any such change as that introduced by the admission of readers to State Papers or the permission of their publication. We must be content with crude theories, if only we have the means afforded us of overthrowing them; and the value of State Papers is that they are facts. It is not so much that they contain facts as that they are facts in themselves. They cannot tell us in all cases what popes and cardinals, princes and ministers, thought and felt, but they give us what they wrote, and what they wished their correspondents to believe they thought and felt. They are the only facts upon which history can be built or remodelled, unless, indeed, we ought to make one reservation in favour of the views which appear in annalists and historians who are absolutely contemporary with the events they narrate. These sometimes possess a value far beyond what can be estimated by the amount of details that they contain. They and their works are a portion of the history which they describe, and what they say will frequently enable

¹ See the *Christian Remembrancer* for July, 1859.

a subsequent reader or writer to form a truer judgment than he could have done by merely using such documents as go by the name of State Papers.

The Commissioners seem to have been in no hurry to exercise the authority committed to them. It was not till February 7, 1829, that they came to any determination as to what should be printed; at least, it was only then that they announced their determination, which was to the effect that the letters of Cardinal Wolsey to King Henry VIII. and also the correspondence between that sovereign and his ministers, be forthwith printed, in the manner and form in which they are at present transcribed, and submitted to the Board. These papers were edited by Mr. Robert Lemon, and the execution of the work, though not faultless, is highly creditable to that gentleman's persevering industry, as well as to his acquaintance with the history of Europe in the first half of the sixteenth century.

The first volume, which was all that was at first ventured on, would be very unfairly described in the words of the order which was given for printing it. Of the two parts of which it consists, the first is so far from containing only Wolsey's letters to the King, that it is called on its half-title, 'Correspondence between the King and Cardinal Wolsey, 1518—1530.' But even this title gives a very inadequate idea of its contents, for, in point of fact, it contains a large mass of correspondence between the Cardinal and other persons in the service of the King—such as Pace, Wolsey, More, Clerk, and others; whilst the second part is as unfortunately described as the 'Correspondence between the King and his Ministers.' It really consists of the Domestic Papers, preserved in the State Paper Office, which belong to the last seventeen years of the reign of Henry VIII. A glance over the contents will show that the documents printed embrace a much wider field than a mere correspondence between the King and his ministers. There are many papers in which neither minister nor King is concerned, though all have some reference more or less direct to State affairs, or they would not probably have found their way into the State Paper Office. Thus we have inserted, 'Minutes for the Privy Council,' with 'Acts on the foregoing minutes,' 'Interrogatories administered to Bishop Fisher,' with 'his answers,' 'Matters treated in Council,' with various other documents, which can in no way be included under the head of 'Correspondence.' Besides which, the letters which are printed occasionally are such as would not be likely to be called State Papers, such as letters from private individuals to the King or a minister of state, or sometimes a correspondence between persons neither of whom were ministers.

We mention these instances simply with the view of showing from what small beginnings the publication of the State Papers has arisen, and how cautiously the work was carried on for many years.

Part III., occupying Vols. II. and III., was ordered for publication on the 18th of February, 1831, and Part IV., running over two more volumes, on the 16th of February, 1835. These parts relate respectively to the affairs of Ireland and Scotland, and before anything further could be accomplished the Commission came to an end by the death of William IV. Several other commissions were appointed, bearing the dates of 1837, 1840, 1842. It was that of 1840 which authorized the publication of Calendars of State Papers. The origin of this idea was as follows: In order to enable themselves to judge better which papers should be inserted and which should be omitted in their publications, the Commissioners had caused descriptive catalogues to be made of numerous documents of the nature of State Papers existing in various collections. And though there was no intention of publishing any abstracts of such State Papers, yet it appeared that so much valuable matter had been collected, besides what could be printed in entire documents in the series in hand, that it was desirable to give some publicity to their contents. The printing all the papers that were found at full length was out of the question. It would probably have involved not less than a hundred volumes for each reign; and as this was not to be thought of, a change of proceeding was adopted, and a Commission was granted, empowering the Commissioners to publish Calendars of the principal contents of the papers deposited in the State Paper Office. This Commission did not supersede or interfere with the work which was going on, and which was not completed till 1852; but it was considered expedient not to carry on the issue of a Calendar of the reign of Henry VIII. simultaneously with the printing of documents of that period at full length. Accordingly, the Calendars began with the following reign, and the first issued was that of the domestic series of the reign of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, from 1547 to 1580. The title of this volume has been placed at the head of this article, not because we intend to refer to any period later than 1547, but because Mr. Lemon gives us in his preface the account of the change of plan adopted by Her Majesty's Commissioners in respect to the mode of publication, and because it was the first volume that made its appearance under the new system. It was sent to the press in January, 1853, and the publication was delayed, owing to the death, in April, 1854, of the Keeper of the State Papers. By an Order in Council, dated March 5, 1852, the custody of

State Papers became vested in the Master of the Rolls, and the State Paper Office was henceforth a branch of the Record Department. This volume, as indeed most subsequent volumes of the series, contains no notice of papers other than those strictly belonging to the Office; and the editor very justly observes that such slight entries rather point out where information may be found than supply the information itself; and 'that for fully satisfying the purposes of study, recourse must be had to the originals.' It is much to be regretted if such brief abstracts were considered to be sufficient, that each reign was not made complete in itself. The whole of the papers relating to Edward's reign might easily at this rate have been included in a single volume; and the same may be said of those of the following reign. However, it is impossible to regret the change that seems silently to have come over these series since the year 1860. Mr. Turnbull's, Mr. Brewer's, and Mr. Stevenson's volumes no longer consist of mere abstracts, but give us nearly all the information that can be required, and in almost every instance quite supersede the necessity of referring to the originals. Besides which, such volumes as these will be interesting to the general reader, supposing him only moderately acquainted with the history of the time and the succession of events. But we return to the original issue of State Papers.

After many changes of resolution, it was at last resolved to publish all the diplomatic papers and correspondence of the reign of Henry VIII. between England and the Continental Powers in chronological series. These form the last six of the volumes of this series, and appeared during the years 1849—1852. No doubt the Commissioners experienced considerable difficulty in arranging the series, and perhaps the distinct nature of the subjects was a sufficient justification of the method adopted of separating the domestic from the foreign, the Scotch, and the Irish papers. As regards the arrangement, there is no fault to find; the Commissioners in printing wisely adopted a method which involved a departure from the traditional arrangement in the State Paper Office. There, we believe, the volumes are bound up according to the countries from which the letters came or to which they were addressed. Thus, there is one series of volumes for France, another for Germany, and, if we mistake not, a separate set for the Calais Correspondence. It seems as if the Commissioners at one time contemplated a similar arrangement, for there was an order issued in 1835 for the postponement of the correspondence between the Government of England and the Governors of Calais and other English dependencies in France; and this order was rescinded two years

afterwards by a subsequent resolution, which we have quoted above, that the Foreign Correspondence be printed in chronological order. We do not think any more judicious arrangement than this could have been adopted. If all the documents in the State Paper Office had been printed in exact chronological order, letters which relate to the same subject would have been separated from each other by an inconvenient distance; whilst a more minute subdivision of the Foreign Correspondence would have been equally troublesome for reference, as the transactions of two or three consecutive years, which are now comprehended in one volume, would have occupied several. It was a choice of difficulties, and we think the experience of writers and editors will amply justify the conclusion at which the Commissioners arrived.

Before we proceed to notice the contents of these volumes, or to comment upon the style in which they have been edited, we may, perhaps, with advantage, give some account of the repositories from which they are taken, as regards their past history and their present condition.

The origin of the appointment of Secretaries of State is, as might be expected, lost in remote antiquity. The office must have really existed, in some form or other, long before any distinct mention of actual secretaries in ancient records and annals; and there is distinct mention of Secretaries of State as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century. There are no direct records of their appointment, because they do not appear to have been created by letters patent for more than two centuries after this time. Neither does it appear that there was ever more than one Principal Secretary, or Secretary of State, so called, though there were frequently subordinate officers, who were called secretaries, and whose business was to interpret or write in a particular language. These were called secretaries for the French or for the Latin tongue, as it might happen; and these, as well as their chief, the Secretary of State, would, in most cases, naturally be taken from the ranks of ecclesiastics, who would, upon the whole, and speaking generally, be the only persons in the country acquainted with Latin.

It may be inferred from the Statute of Precedence, 31 Henry VIII. cap. 10 (see Statutes of the Realm, Vol. III. p. 729), that the office was usually, if not always, confined to a single person, as provision is made in that statute for giving precedence to the Secretary of State, if he should be of the rank of baron or bishop, over all other barons and bishops; and if he should be under the degree of a baron, and so not sitting in the House of Peers, assigning him a seat 'at the uppermost

part of the sacks in the midst of the Parliament Chamber.' This act received the royal assent, June 28, 1539, and it is remarkable that, as early as April of the following year, there must have been two Principal Secretaries, for there is extant a letter of Cromwell's printed in the first volume of these State Papers, p. 626, which is superscribed:

'To myn assured loving freende,
Mr. Sadler, Esquier, oon of the
Kinges Majesties two Principal
Secretaries.'

and dated from London this Wednesday night—i.e. as is evident from the letter itself, April 7th, not April 14th, as is erroneously stated in the note to the same volume, p. 623, and again in the preface, p. xi. And here we must, by the way, notice a remarkable instance of the carelessness of the writer of the preface to the first volume of these State Papers. The editor who arranged the papers, and who, as is well known, was Mr. Robert Lemon, the secretary to the Commission, very properly placed the warrant for the appointment of two Secretaries of State as No. cxxxiii. of this series. It is plain that this is its place; for, though without date, it must have been subsequent to the act of parliament which recognised but one such secretary, and must be prior to a letter addressed by Cromwell to Ralph Sadler, as one of the Secretaries of State. Mr. Lemon has fallen into an accidental error of dating the letter April 14, though he himself, in another note, proves that it must have been written on the 7th of that month; but the writer of the preface not only inadvertently adopts the wrong date, which is a matter of no importance, but adds the inexplicable piece of information 'that the alteration may be considered contemporaneous with the disgrace of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex,' and says that 'perhaps it may have grown out of that event.' The writer continues: 'When Cromwell fell under the royal displeasure, the King probably resolved not to admit another favourite to the same degree of ascendancy, and then saw need for employing two Secretaries of State, one of whom he usually retained near his person, when he was out of London, leaving the other to act with those of the Privy Council who remained in the metropolis.' The reader can judge how far the facts of the case bear out this hypothesis. The facts are all drawn from the volume which contains this remarkable statement. They are as follows:

Immediately after Sadler's appointment to his office, he addressed a letter to Cromwell, which is superscribed 'To the right honourable and his singular good Lorde, my Lorde

'Pryvye Seale, be this geven. In hast.' This letter was answered by Cromwell in the letter already referred to, and in the answer Cromwell ventures to differ from the King, saying, 'Under his Majesty's correction, I think it more mete,' &c. This letter is signed 'Thomas Cromwell.' The very next letter is from Sadleyr 'To the right honourable, and his singular good Lorde, the Erle of Essex, and Lorde Prevy Seale,' sending him a message from the King, implying such confidence that the King defers action in a particular matter till he can devise with Cromwell 'what is best to do.' It is plain, then, from the 'Correspondence,' that Cromwell, so far from being out of favour, was still in the very highest estimation with the King, and that he was in the interval created Earl of Essex, his elevation to the peerage having taken place on April 18th, 1540. No doubt the writer was led into so unpardonable a mistake by referring to some modern history of the time, instead of to the contemporary documents. For it is worth noticing that several writers have fallen into the mistake of supposing that Cromwell was created Earl of Essex in the preceding year. Cromwell's disgrace followed very closely upon his elevation; but the first appearance of estrangement from him on the King's part was on the following 9th of May, when the King appears to have finally resolved to part with Anne of Cleves. Even Burnet, though, as usual, he blunders about the day of the month, comments upon the short interval between the elevation and the fall, as showing that the true cause of Cromwell's fall must be found in some other thing than his making up the King's marriage, who, he observes, 'had never thus raised his title if he had intended so soon to pull him down.'

The appointment of the second Secretary of State, then, it can scarcely be doubted, had the full concurrence of Cromwell. It is, indeed, not unlikely that he may have himself suggested the arrangement, with the view of facilitating public business and lightening his own share of the burden. The advantage to the public service must have been considerable, for from that time forward there have never been fewer than two Secretaries of State, though occasionally there appear to have been three during the century and a half that elapsed before Anne came to the throne. From 1708 to 1794, the office of a third secretary was twice constituted and abolished. Since 1794 there have been constantly three, until in our own time the number has been enlarged to four.

As may be supposed, the mass of correspondence relating to affairs of State must have begun to accumulate very fast from the times of the Tudors; but there was no adequate repository for the State Papers till 1578. The want of provision for their

safe custody, as well as of proper appointments for the Secretary, in whose keeping they were, is ludicrously illustrated by the following letter from Sir William Paget, at that time ambassador in France, to Sir William Petre, dated Nov. 24, 1545:—

‘I pray you move Mr. Carden or Mr. Denny, for my lodging, and that I may have another chamber instead of that his Majesty hath taken. For you know that the chamber over the gate will scarcely receive my bed and a table to write at for myself. The study you know is no mete place to be trampled in for diseasing his Majesty. I must needs have a place to keep my table in. They said I should have the lodging over the gate where Mr. Baynton lay, which I much want. I have no place, neither for my own clerks nor such others as must serve his Majesty, as the Latin Secretary, the French Secretary, the Clerks of the Council, the Clerks of the Signet, to write in; and his Majesty’s affairs be not to be written in every place but where they may be secret, and where I may resort to see the doing of the same. I speak not so much for mine own self as for his Majesty’s service, as both I and such as must serve him may be ready at his hand. And his service at this present is greater than it hath been of many years before, and requireth many hands. I pray you rather than fail to move his Majesty in it, whose pleasure, reason is be accomplished in every thing. If I had no more but my chamber-keepers, and three or four of mine own men, the two little rooms were big enough; but you know what a number we have always, both of necessary ministers and also of suitors to be despatched in them.’

From the year 1578 there has been a constant succession of keepers of the State Papers, who have frequently also held the office of Secretary of State or Under-Secretary, until the present time. The last keeper before the present was the Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse, one of the Commissioners for the publication of the State Papers, and the one we shrewdly suspect who wrote the preface to the eleven volumes of State Papers.

The non-existence of any State Paper Office till the middle of Elizabeth’s reign will fully account for the loss of so many early documents, as well as for the mutilated condition of many of the papers of Henry the Eighth’s reign, and of some of earlier date. This, we say, affords an adequate account of the disappearance, but it goes a very little way towards explaining how such a vast number of them found their way into Sir Robert Cotton’s Library. Both he and Sir Joseph Williamson were great collectors of such papers: the collection made by Williamson was presented to the State Paper Office; that of Sir Robert Cotton, after various vicissitudes, and having narrowly escaped entire destruction by a fire which broke out on the 23d of October, 1731, in the house in Little Dean’s-yard, where they were kept, have at length found their way into the British Museum. The third great repertory of State Papers is the Chapter House at Westminster. This last collection consists principally of bundles of correspondence wrapped up together, with the initial letters of the writers’ names placed outside. Thus

in this collection will be found tied up together in one bundle—all the letters addressed to Cromwell by any person whose name happened to begin with a P, and similarly of the other letters of the alphabet. The Commissioners notice that a few State Papers have found their way to Lambeth, to Cambridge, and the Harleian Collection. They might have added the Collection in the Tower, the Bodleian, and many private libraries. It is, perhaps, not very easy to define the exact limits within which the term State Paper shall apply; but certainly, if all the documents that at present exist in the Public Record Office are entitled to that name, there is a vast collection of MSS. in private hands which may lay claim to the same designation.

Till the time of James I. the State Papers were kept in chests, but upon this monarch assigning some rooms for them at Whitehall in 1618, the keeper took possession of the two rooms, three closets, and three turrets which were appropriated to them. It seems to be the peculiar fate of documents of this kind either to be burnt or narrowly escape burning. These records fortunately escaped when the greater part of the palace at Whitehall was destroyed by fire on the 12th of January, 1619; but it is impossible to say whether some of them were not lost in the confusion of being thrown into blankets to keep them from the fire, before they were removed. In the following reign many papers were seized by the rebels, and many others were destroyed to prevent their falling into the rebels' hands. Besides this, considerable losses were sustained by thefts, of which Bradshaw, Thurloe, Scobell, and Milton, were guilty. All these papers are of a period with which we do not propose to deal in the present article. We shall only briefly, therefore, allude to more recent transactions which affected this office.

In 1705, there was a Committee appointed to inquire into the method of keeping Records and Public Papers, and upon the report of this Committee an apartment was added to the office. On the subsequent removal of the Papers in 1750, it was found that they had greatly suffered from vermin and wet. The same story was repeated in 1819; and we suppose most people will easily understand the moderate statement of the Commissioners of 1830, that 'the various casualties to which they have been thus exposed have led to serious loss and injury.' To most people it will appear a wonder that any considerable number of Papers has survived such chances and changes. At the time these volumes were published the plan which had been approved in the preceding session of Parliament was being carried out, and a new fire-proof building for their reception was in process of erection at the north-end of Duke Street; and the Commissioners express their hope that these historical treasures

will be secured from further devastation. This building was undoubtedly very commodious, and there are many literary inquirers who will bear witness to the courtesy with which they have been admitted to the perusal of all papers of an earlier date than 1688, as well as to the facilities afforded them for making copies and extracts from these papers. But within the last three years a change of plans has been adopted, and all these documents have been removed to the Public Record Office, which is no doubt their proper place, though it is much to be regretted that so little space is afforded there for the accommodation of literary inquirers.

We do not know why the Commissioners, in their notice of the different receptacles of State Papers, should have omitted all notice of the Augmentation Office, which at the time of their publication still existed at Carlton Ride. It has been, with all its valuable contents, transferred to the Public Record Office, where it is much to be wished, though, we fear, scarcely to be hoped, that all other public documents may, as occasion offers, be removed.

Some of our readers may, perhaps, require some explanation of the meaning of the term Augmentation Office. This office was erected by act of parliament in 1536, at the time when the lesser monasteries, with incomes under the clear value of 200*l.* a year, were suppressed. Burnet's account (*History* i. 194) is taken from the Statute, and is to the effect that all these houses, which were to be suppressed, including also all such as had been dissolved within a year previous to the passing of the act, were thereby given to the King, and his heirs and successors, and for the gathering of the revenues that belonged to them a new court was erected, called the Court of the Augmentations of the King's Revenue. This court, which consisted of a chancellor, a treasurer, an attorney and solicitor, ten auditors, seventeen receivers, a clerk, an usher, and a messenger, continued in existence during the following reign, and had full power and authority to dispose of the lands belonging to the suppressed monasteries, as might be best for the King's service. Thus we find an entry in King Edward's Journal (*Burnet* ii. 2—76) that commission was given to Sir John Gates, Sir Robert Bowes the Chancellor of the Augmentation, Sir Walter Mildmay, and Sir Richard Cotton, to sell some part of the chantry lands, and of the houses, for the payment of the King's debts, which the young King observes amount to at least 251,000*l.*

The papers in this office have suffered considerably from past neglect. In 1846, the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records reported, under the head of Augmentation Office Charters, that they 'have been roughly sorted into their respective classes, and

‘to a certain extent rendered accessible, but the final arrangement is far from being complete.’ We do not know what arrangements have been subsequently made with reference to these papers, but the absence of any official catalogue of the documents belonging to this portion of the Public Records is a very serious obstacle to historical inquirers. Improvements have been gradually made since 1816, when the new edition of Dugdale’s ‘*Monasticon*’ was published by Messrs. Caley, Ellis, and Bandinel. But the confusion in which the papers of this office at that time lay may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Caley allowed the whole of the account of the surrender of the monastery of Tewkesbury to be printed in the ‘*Monasticon*’ from Burnet, with all its errors, when the original volume from which Burnet printed was in his own keeping. It is a volume of very large folio size; and if such a volume escaped his notice it seems likely that but little attention had been paid to the rest of the contents of the office. In the same report, Sir Francis Palgrave announces a change in the arrangement of the Surrenders. It is really scarcely credible, unless it had been reported officially, that ‘these documents had been arranged by the late Mr. Caley in small round wooden boxes; but the boxes not being of sufficient size have occasioned the crushing and crumpling of the documents.’ They were at the time undergoing the process of restoration, and accordingly the next report, published in the following year, has an appendix, in which are contained the names subscribed to the Surrender, the words of the resignation being omitted as they are very nearly the same in all, being, in point of fact, a form dictated by the Commissioners appointed to take the surrender. These are 278 in number, and the catalogue is extremely valuable, though there are several mistakes made, which, perhaps, are inseparable from such a publication. We may notice, for instance, the carelessness of representing Furness Abbey as having surrendered in the 37 Henry VIII. The real date of the suppression of this house was 1537; *i.e.* 28 Henry VIII. This is not the only mistake we have noticed, in the very slight comparison we have had an opportunity of making between the originals and the printed copy. We do not mention this with any desire to invalidate the authority of the Deputy-Keeper’s copy, which is upon the whole very well done, but rather with the view of showing what difficulties are involved, not only in the keeping, but in the describing of ancient documents. Certainly, there was no one living at the time more competent for the task than Mr. Hunter. He observes of himself, ‘I am, perhaps, more employed than others in recovering to public use documents previously unknown, or in such a state of confusion as to be all

'but inaccessible, all kinds of documents being intermixed, and 'no kind of calendar existing to guide to any of them.' And though this state of things has been partially remedied, we can bear personal testimony to the difficulty still involved in finding not only detached papers, but large bound volumes which are deposited in this office.

We have, perhaps, somewhat wandered from our proper subject, but we have at least said enough to show that the care which is at present bestowed by the Master of the Rolls, both in keeping and calendaring the State Papers, is worthy of the highest praise.

We now return to the history of the calendaring of the State Papers. It appears that, in 1764, a memorial was presented to Mr. Grenville, at that time one of the Secretaries of State, representing the bad condition of these papers, and their want of indexes and calendars. The memorialists—Sir Joseph Ay-liffe, Dr. Andrew Coltée Ducarel, and Mr. Thomas Astle—proposed to undertake this labour, and accordingly they received a commission to perform these duties from the Crown. There does not appear to have been much done under this commission, which was revoked in 1800, when an establishment of clerks was allowed to the keeper to carry on the work under his control; and to the value of their labours during the quarter of a century which elapsed before the granting of the Commission, under which the eleven volumes were published, the new Commissioners bear their testimony, though they remark upon their comparative neglect of the earlier papers of the reign of Henry VIII. and his three children.

And now that the reader is in possession of sufficient information as to the subject upon which the Commissioners had to work, and the previous labours that had been expended on the same work, we may proceed with our purpose of criticising the manner in which they have performed their task, in which we shall not scruple to intersperse remarks upon the historical value of the actual contents of these volumes.

We have already implied that we have no fault to find with the mode of division adopted. Indeed, the Commissioners, instead of adhering in any bigoted spirit to their own preconceived notions, have in the course of their work been obliged to change their projected arrangements; and probably the very fact that they set out with one intention, and were compelled to adopt another system, is in itself a sufficient guarantee for the advantages of the arrangement which they finally adopted. No one, we think, will regret that they sacrificed the fifth portion of their projected work, and incorporated the Calais Correspondence with the other foreign papers. Still less will any one be inclined

to find fault with them for dismissing the seventh portion, which it was intended should consist of Miscellaneous Papers. They also appear to us wisely to have varied from their original determination of having a separate subdivision under Portion VI. of the Correspondence between England and each of the foreign courts.

In order to judge of the difficulty experienced in arranging the State Papers of the sixteenth century in chronological order, it must be remembered that there is scarcely any instance of a document earlier than 1528 in the State Paper Office bearing the date of the year in which it was written; the day of the month and the address of the writer, or the day of the week only, and in some cases without the addition of the writer's address, being given at the conclusion of the letter. Brian Tuke, Wolsey's secretary, is a singular exception to this rule. Most of his letters have the date of the year; and the first letter that appears amongst the Domestic Series, which occupies the first volume of the State Papers, is from him to Wolsey. Of the whole series of correspondence, published in the first part of this volume, amounting to two hundred and two documents, two only, both of them by this writer, have the date of the year added to them; whilst very many, even of Wolsey's letters, have no date of any kind, and in some instances no address of the writer written on them. Even in the period contained in the second half of this volume, counting from 1530 to the King's death, there are not more letters than about one in ten so dated. Later in the century the practice becomes more common; and it is remarkable that, during the earlier part of the century, letters addressed to England from foreign parts have more frequently the dates of the year inserted than those which were written in this country, whether addressed to persons at home or abroad.

This absence of date from nearly all the correspondence of the period was only one of the difficulties experienced by those who attempted to arrange these papers. It is, however, perhaps the most considerable difficulty, and it will take most readers by surprise, to find it stated in the preface to the first of these volumes, that 'there is not now in the office a single paper of Henry's reign which is not arranged, both chronologically and according to the subject to which it relates.' This statement will, we say, naturally surprise any reader who is not sufficiently acquainted with the State Paper Office to judge for himself of its truth, and who has sufficient experience in Public Records to know how hopelessly uncertain as to date many of them are. Unwary persons, in fact, may be taken in by it. We hasten, therefore, to inform our readers that it is neither true, nor anywhere near the truth. Even under the present searching

scrutiny which Mr. Brewer and his assistants are giving to these papers, many are still undecided, and many must remain doubtful for ever, because their contents are not of a sufficiently public nature to give any clue to the date of their composition. It would be absurd to accuse any of the gentlemen connected with this publication of deliberate falsehood in making such an exaggerated statement, but we do not hesitate to say that the statement itself is a gross falsehood. For, in the first place, there are several letters which are subjects of dispute amongst historians as to their date, the internal evidence, which is all there is to go upon, seeming to one writer to point in one direction, whilst another perhaps has no doubt that the point must be decided in an opposite way. Secondly, there are others whose contents reveal nothing of their own date, for which the calendarer has to guess by the colour of the ink or the character of the handwriting. It is possible that hereafter a few of these dates may be settled as other contemporary documents turn up in private collections and elsewhere, but it is certain, or nearly certain, that the dates of many will never be discovered. The matter is of little importance in itself, because it will generally happen that a document which supplies no evidence of its own date is of little value or interest. But we only allude to the case to correct the misconception which such a statement is likely to lead to, and to draw attention to what we suppose to be a fact—viz. that the hand chiefly concerned in executing the work was not the same with that which wrote the preface to it.

The next point noticed by the Commissioners in their preface is the orthography; and here we are entirely at issue with them. They determined to preserve the ancient orthography, and, accordingly, they have caused the eleven large quarto volumes to be printed with all the words spelt exactly as they found them in the original documents, with the single exception that they have not attempted to represent the abbreviations.

The very fact which the Commissioners allege in justification of this procedure tells against them with unmistakable force. They urge, and any one conversant with the writings of the period will endorse the statement, that the plainest grammatical rules were perpetually violated, even on the holograph letters of the most eminent men and of those who affected the greatest scholarship, and that it is frequently impossible to distinguish between the design and the error of the clerk. If this argument had been valid for the preservation of the ancient method of spelling, it would have been equally good for printing the documents with the same punctuation, or absence of punctuation, which appears in the originals. But the Commissioners have

been inconsistent enough to retain the spelling and modernize the pointing. Of course there is a difference between papers which are produced for philological and such as are printed for historical purposes. It is of manifest advantage that we should have a number of documents of this age exactly transcribed, if we are to judge of the education and capability of the writers, and the usual mode of spelling and punctuation adopted at a given period by persons of different degrees of rank and education. Many considerations may justify the producing of a facsimile of any individual's composition. It is of great consequence, or at least it is interesting, to know how far Anne Boleyn was acquainted with grammar, what style of French the Princess Mary wrote in, or how far advanced in learning Edward VI. was when he composed his Journal. The comparison of the spelling adopted by ecclesiastics and laymen would help to decide the respective amount of information and the quality of their education; whilst the variation of spelling in the same letters would enable us to judge of the accuracy and tone of mind, generally, of its composer. But surely a very few specimens would suffice for all these and similar purposes; and we venture to think that a sufficient number had been presented to the world in Ellis's three series of 'Letters,' and other works of the kind, before the publication of the State Papers was thought of.

There are two reasons why we object to this copying of the exact spelling of words; first, because it seems to us a waste of labour both in the transcription and in the setting of the type. It may be estimated that the time of copying is increased by one half, and that of setting the type by one third; and this expenditure of time, of course, involves a proportional addition to the expense of editing and printing, which would, no doubt, be unobjectionable if any greater advantage were to be gained by it. But the adoption of this method but acts as a hindrance to the diffusion of such works, and, therefore, is undesirable, unless it can be shown that the advantages on the other side are greater. The other reason is akin to the first. It is the difficulty, it might almost be called the impossibility, of reproducing documents of the sixteenth century exactly as they were written. We do not allude to the difficulty, though that is considerable, of deciding about the spelling—whether, for instance, there is a final *s* or a final *e* added to the word—but to the double chance that exists of varying from the original by the weariness of the copier or the carelessness of the compositor. Such papers as these cannot be sent straight off to the printers; they are too precious to be allowed to incur any such risk as that; they must, therefore, be transcribed, and the copy sent to the press: and it requires a very skilful hand, in both these cases of risk, to avoid falling into

numerous errors. We confess that we do not remember having ever found a single instance of a document which has appeared in print, after surviving these two processes, exactly as it was in the original. We do not profess to have had any large experience in this way, and it is possible we may have been unfortunate in the instances we have selected; but the question has before now come before us for practical decision, and we have no hesitation in saying, that it is absurd to attempt to reproduce an exact copy of the original of the sixteenth century, for purposes of history. The matter need not be judged of by such a statement as we have just made, which may be thought exaggerated, and which represents, perhaps, an extreme case. Granting that exact accuracy has been attained in certain cases—granting, also, what may fairly be granted, that the deviations from accuracy, in many cases, have not been considerable—the decision of the question may fairly be rested, we think, on the amount of accuracy which is usually and commonly attained in such a process; and we will give an instance which we think must be held conclusive of the matter. We will not take our instance from an ignorant transcriber or an inferior printer. We will refer to such eminently skilful copyists as Mr. Caley, one of the editors of the ‘*Monasticon*,’ and Mr. Wright, the editor of several volumes of the creditable series of originals issued by the Camden Society. Again, we repeat, let it not be considered an argument of the form *Crimine ab uno, disce omnes*. Both these works were printed by the very best London printers, so that there seems every guarantee for the correctness of copying and of printing, and in inviting attention to a single instance of incorrectness we by no means intend to blame any one. Rather, we want to exculpate others by showing that, from these eminent instances, the thing is next to impossible to be done. We will, then, ask such of our readers as are interested in forming a judgment upon this question to compare two letters printed in Dugdale’s ‘*Monasticon*,’ vol. iv. p. 359, with another reprint of the same from the same MS. in the Camden Society’s ‘*Volume for the Suppression of the Monasteries*,’ pp. 225—227. The result of the comparison will be this, that there will appear a variation, on an average, in every line throughout the letters. We need scarcely say that this proves to demonstration that one or other of the copyists made this number of mistakes, and leaves room for conjecture that there may probably be some errors in which both editors coincided. We do not mean that there is even one important mistake. The only mistake is to attempt to do that which, if it is worth doing at all, is worth doing much better than it is ordinarily done. And having said thus much against the method in general, it is but fair to Mr.

Lemon to add, that his are by far the best transcripts we have had an opportunity of comparing with the originals. Rymer's transcripts are upon the whole faithfully executed, though he fails occasionally in proper names. Mr. Lemon's are extremely carefully done; yet we venture to say, that a collation with the originals would exhibit some thousands of variations. The expense and the trouble of producing these sumptuous volumes, and the necessarily high price at which they were in the first instance sold, we fear led to the discontinuance of the series; for nothing on a similar scale has been attempted for the subsequent reigns of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. And much as we have said against the expediency of printing in this style, we cannot find it in our heart to say that, now it has been done, we are sorry it was done in the manner which we have been condemning so unsparingly.

Our next concern is with the selection of papers made by the Commissioners; and here we cannot but think they wisely exceeded the limits of their commission. Their instructions appear to have been such as, liberally interpreted, would have bound them to confine their attention to the State Paper Office. But their work would have been far less complete than it now is, if they had omitted the large number of papers printed from the Cotton Collection in the Museum and the Chapter House at Westminster. Why they did not still further enlarge their work by the insertion of several most important documents, the originals of which exist in other places, is not explained. Probably the increased labour likely to be involved in travelling to the different places where they at present exist, and the difficulty of obtaining access to the libraries of private individuals, may have been the main causes. But we confess we should have been glad to have seen these volumes still further enriched by contributions from Holkham, Hamilton, Hatfield, and other private libraries, as well as by documents preserved at Oxford, Cambridge, Lambeth, and elsewhere. The Commissioners have saved a little space by the omission of such documents as have appeared in print before. They observe, that Lord Herbert, Bishop Burnet, Strype, and Lord Hardwick had all successively access to the Office, and that such papers as had been previously published by them have, with a few exceptions, been omitted. They say, 'This rule has not been adhered to where the first publication has been incorrect, or where the document forms part of a series, or throws light on some other papers selected for their work.' Here, again, is a slight discrepancy between the work itself and its preface. In point of fact, the Commissioners have omitted many documents, both of those published by Strype and Burnet, which throw light upon papers

which they have printed; whilst, as regards the incorrectness of the latter of these historians, they seem to have been but partially informed. Upon the whole, these omissions are much to be regretted. The transcripts made by Burnet are shamefully incorrect, and the insertion of the more important of them would not have materially increased the bulk of the publication, whilst it would, perhaps, have superseded the necessity for a new edition of the celebrated '*History of the Reformation.*' Few people are aware—certainly the publishers of the eleven volumes of the State Papers were not aware—of the corrupt state of the three volumes of Records belonging to Burnet's '*Reformation.*' It is understood that the edition just coming out from the Oxford Press has corrected about ten thousand mistakes in this part of the work alone. It was natural that the Commissioners should have avoided interfering with the new and enlarged edition of Rymer's '*Fœdera*;' but, alas! these volumes have never reached the period upon which the Commissioners commenced their labours, and the publication of the remaining volumes of the series has been indefinitely suspended. With regard to the general execution of the work, the historical knowledge displayed in the few and judicious notes which have been appended to the text, the indices, the glossaries, &c., we are bound to speak in the highest terms of approbation. It is a lasting memorial of the industry and skill and knowledge of the compiler; and we can only regret that we are not likely to see the succeeding reigns treated in the same fashion.

There is one other point which calls for notice. The Vatican Transcripts in the Museum would have furnished several valuable documents for this Collection; but we are not sure that they had been completed in time for the publication. Before we conclude our notice of what may be called the exterior of these volumes, it may be well to call attention to the table of errata at the end of the last volume. From it, it will appear that the number of misprints in the first volume is considerable. We observe, also, that there are two instances of documents said not to be in the State Paper Office which had been discovered previously to the publication of the last volume. We have no doubt the gentlemen at present engaged in calendaring the State Papers of this reign will, before long, have discovered a considerable number of missing papers. Lastly, we have one fault more to find with this publication, and that is, that it should have commenced at least nine years earlier. The first document printed belongs to the year 1528, whilst there is a very important mass of materials in the State Paper Office, beginning with this King's reign, which has been neglected, apparently for no other reason than that Wolsey was not concerned in it.

From what has been already said, it will be easy to see that there has been a great want of consistency on the part of the Government, or their officials, in regard to the mode of publishing Records. There is nothing like uniformity in the publications themselves. Some series have been begun and have been entirely discontinued; others have been brought to a termination, as in the instance of the State Papers of Henry VIII.; but no attempt has been made to carry out the system on a more extensive scale: and in what we have yet to say, it will not appear that matters have been much mended.

The publication of the State Papers *in extenso* was completed in 1852; and probably the long period of twenty-two years which the publication occupied was sufficient to convince all parties concerned that the continuation of the series on so gigantic a scale was hopeless. The present Master of the Rolls originated a scheme which promised better, and accordingly, since 1856, there have issued from the press in quick succession a considerable number of handsome volumes of Calendars of State Papers, reaching from the death of Henry VIII. to the reign of Charles II. Most of these volumes, which are divided into Domestic, Scotch, Irish, Foreign, and Colonial, consist of very brief accounts of the contents of the various papers, with the dates and addresses; whilst some of them, as Mr. Turnbull's volumes, contain a tolerably complete analysis of the letters and other documents described: and an entirely new plan seems to have been adopted in 1862, when Mr. Brewer's first volume of the Calendar of Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII., made its appearance. The old plan does not seem to have been abandoned altogether; indeed, we have reason to think it is still being debated at head-quarters, whether the brief account of these documents given in the greater number of these Calendars is for the future to be adhered to, or whether the fuller analysis, such as appears in Mr. Turnbull's volumes, and still more in Mr. Brewer's, shall be adopted. We have had some experience both in consulting these volumes and in referring to the originals in the State Paper Office and in the Public Record Office, and we earnestly trust that no considerations of economy will induce the Government to give their consent to the less laborious and more economical plan. No doubt the most meagre description of a document to which an author has not personal access may be of some value, but it is of the greatest importance, for the purpose of facilitating future historical inquiry, that writers should have the fullest opportunities of knowing the whole contents of a document, and so judging for themselves whether it is worth their while to inspect the original. And much as we are in-

debted to Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Hamilton and other editors—amongst whom the name of Mrs. Everett Green should not be forgotten—for their excellent Calendars, yet we must be permitted to say, that Mr. Turnbull's volumes have been to us of far greater use than all the other volumes of the series together. And here again we must say, that Mr. Turnbull's being allowed to retire from his office, because of the utterly unfounded attack made upon him by a set of ignorant and malignant fanatics, reflects the greatest disgrace on all the parties who were concerned in it. Mr. Turnbull has since died, and it is said his death was hastened by the cruel persecution from which he suffered.

What we have said of Mr. Turnbull's volumes applies with still greater force to Mr. Brewer's. When completed—and how many years will have elapsed before that time arrives we do not mean to venture to prophesy—it will be a valuable history of the reign. But the volume which is already issued is done on so extensive a scale, that it must be classed apart from all the rest. The difference is not one of degree, but of kind. In the rest of the volumes of the series it was only a question of how much or how little should be detailed. We have already implied that Mr. Brewer has adopted the method of giving a full analysis of every important document. He has even gone the length of inserting the very words of the original in cases where the document has been defaced or mutilated, so that this calendar will be of considerable use in enabling the reader who is consulting the original to decipher it.

But the grand difference between Mr. Brewer's volume and all that have preceded it consists in this, that whereas the other Calendars are strictly confined to the documents in the State Paper Office, and are moreover restricted to a particular class of those documents, under the head of Domestic, Foreign, &c., this publication alone attempts to place all the documents in their strict chronological order, and, besides that, embraces all existing papers so far as they have been discovered. The title-page sets forth that it contains 'Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII. preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England.' The title, however, gives a very inadequate idea of what has been done. 'Elsewhere in England' is a somewhat vague expression; and when it comes to be interpreted by the contents of the volume will be found to mean Lambeth, Oxford, Cambridge, and a number of private libraries. The expression, moreover, does not imply what Mr. Brewer in his preface tells us he has done. It is a calendar not only of documents the originals of which exist in England, but also of those copies from

foreign archives which were made by the Record Commission for the new edition of Rymer's 'Fœdera.' It contains an account of printed letters when the originals could not be found, and extends so far as to include an account of several letters of Peter Martyr and Erasmus which throw light on English affairs. Mr. Brewer tells us that the volume contains four original letters of Erasmus, now in the Record Office. We must confess that we were a little disappointed on referring to the volume to find that these letters are not given *in extenso* in the language in which they were written, but only in an abridged form in English. Perhaps we ought not to find fault with Mr. Brewer for not committing so great a breach of uniformity, but we think we have reason to blame him for having wrongly described this part of his volume in his preface.

We have already said that we will not hazard a conjecture as to the time which will be occupied in completing this splendid series of Records for the future historian of the reign of Henry the Eighth, but, to enable our readers to form some approximate judgment on the subject, we may mention that the first volume, which extends to near 1,200 imperial octavo pages, supplies the materials for the history of the first five, and by far the least eventful five, years of this monarch's reign. When it is considered how greatly the mass of documents increases as we approach nearer our own times, it is certainly a modest estimate of the probable dimensions of the work if we say that we think it will not embrace less than ten volumes of the same size. We trust Mr. Brewer may have strength and life enough to complete the work he has so auspiciously begun. We had almost forgotten to mention one other important addition to this volume. There will be found inserted in it an index and summary of the French, Scotch, Patent, and Parliament Rolls, the Signed Bills, and Privy Seals, together with the accounts of the army, navy, ordnance, and wardrobe of the period included in the volume.

It will perhaps be thought that a volume which mainly consists of calendars and indices must necessarily be a very dull composition. It would be impossible to defend the large majority of these Calendars, issued under the authority of the Master of the Rolls, from this imputation. They are mere brief abstracts, with dates, the only use of which, speaking generally, is to direct people to the originals. But it would be considerably to underrate Mr. Brewer's volume to class it as a mere catalogue. Even a person unacquainted with history to any greater extent than is implied in an ordinary education would find matter to interest him in the details of these papers: whilst to persons who have made this portion of history their study,

there is a flow of information and amusement which pervades the whole volume. We open it at random to illustrate this position, and light upon p. 504, and our eyes are at once caught by the heading, 'Election of Pope Leo X.' It is a document written by Spinelly on the 11th of March, 1513, and it is so very interesting that we make no apology for inserting it at length:—

'Wrote on the 10th that the Cardinal de Medici was elected. Had already written of all that took place before the entry of the cardinals into the conclave. The election lasted eight days;—would have lasted longer, but the seniors were beaten by the juniors, who were unanimous in their determination, and thus a young cardinal of thirty-seven was elected. Some of the candidates were known to be suffering from disease. The proceedings were as follows:—The deacons and the younger priests resolved on the election of De Medici for his gentleness, innocence, and virtue. There was an inclination to the Cardinal of St. George, but the seniors could not agree among themselves. After four days the seniors began to give way. Some talked of breaking up the conclave, but did not attempt it. The Cardinal of Volterra, whose brother was deposed at Florence with most of the Soderini, though an enemy to De Medici, greatly assisted the election. Seeing how it would go, he made a private arrangement with De Medici, and supported him. His example had great influence, and drew over Cardinal St. Vitalis. Sion always took the same side. Cardinal Hadrian, who had stoutly opposed him, fearing [the election] of St. George, exclaimed, "Si hic pontifex creatur, ultra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet."

'The writer had sent his secretary, a servant of Sion, to the conclave, to induce them not to elect a Frenchman or Venetian, and to see that no simony was practised. On the first scrutiny Cardinal Arborensis obtained thirteen votes; with three more he would have been elected, contrary to the intentions of those who voted for him. At last it fell upon De Medici, who was carried with great rejoicings to the church of St. Peter. *Honores mutant mores*;—it is thought they will have no effect upon him, except for the better, as he is a prelate of great mildness, and his election was free from all pravity. He is under great obligations to the late Pope Julius, who fostered him, and passed a law against simony. He addressed the people, expressed his resolution to abide by the league, and hoped other Christian princes would be compliant. He spoke highly of the Emperor, and of his restoration to his country by Gurk. Spoke much to Carpi to this effect, and of his anxiety for a universal peace. He has written to the Kings of Arragon and England and to the Swiss, stating that he will abide by the conditions of the league. Has informed the King of France of his election. At the intercession of the Cardinal of Arragon he has removed from the Duke of Ferrara the Church's censures for two months. Has given him and the Bentivogli a safe conduct to Rome. The Colonna dislike the election, because of his affinity to the Orsini.

'The disturbances in the city are extinguished. Julius has left less money for the Church than was expected—only 213,000 ducats to be found in the treasury, two triple tiaras adorned with most exquisite jewels, and two single tiaras, many silver vessels, a few of gold,—in all 500,000 ducats. Above 80,000 were spent upon his funeral, in payment of his soldiers, his debts, and in peculation of officers. Not a penny would have been left had not the governor of St. Angelo opposed the greed of the cardinals; for these good fathers had resolved, under one pretext or another, to divide the money among themselves; but the governor showed them a brief of the late Pope, appointing him to deliver St. Angelo and the treasury to the newly-elected Pope. They

did not desist, but called him a rebel; but he remained firm in his resolution, unmoved by threats or bribes. Thinks the new Pope will not be fond of war like Julius,—will favour literature, oratory, poetry, music, employ himself in building, will not neglect the dominions of the Church, but not enter on any war except from compulsion, except, perhaps, against the infidels. *Tamen homines mutantur in horas.* If he observe the articles of the conclave, to which, however, he is not compelled, he will be but half a Pope. Yesterday he was consecrated, and on Saturday received the triple crown. Nine days after he will proceed to the celebration of Easter, and receive the diadem at the church of the Lateran. The old cardinals are exceedingly mortified, not so much for the loss of the papacy as for the green age of the new Pope. “*Spem tamen vultu simulat, sed premunt altum corde dolorem.*”

Amongst other interesting pieces of information included in this volume, we may mention the diary of John Taylor, clerk of the Parliament, commencing June 25, 1513, and reaching to near the end of October of the same year. It was written in Latin, and occupies sixty-four pages in the original; and we wonder much that it has not been inserted in the list of documents to be published under the auspices of the Camden Society. Mr. Brewer's epitome extends to four pages and a half. The value of this record consists in its being the work of an eye-witness, describing the preparations for and the completion of the sieges of Terouenne and Tournay, and descending into minute particulars which historians do not condescend to notice, such, for instance, as the Bishop of Winchester (Fox) being hurt by a kick from his mule, and being unable to stand or sit for some days. Again, it is interesting to see, by a contemporary diary, what state of intelligence different parties were kept in as to the events which were going on in distant parts. Thus we have the intelligence reaching the English before Terouenne, of the projected invasion of the Scots, and soon afterwards a letter from the Queen announcing the defeat of Flodden Field, followed, a few days later, by the intelligence of the coronation of James the Fifth of Scotland. Mr. Brewer has, we believe, extracted everything of importance from this and other papers. And we cannot but think that there will be many readers who will be inclined to rejoice at the fact of there being so many half-destroyed papers in the Museum and Record Office, as well as at the number of letters written in cipher. In both these cases the document is presented entire; and when it is remembered that letters written in cipher are more likely to reveal historical secrets than other documents which were meant for the perusal of a large number of persons, it will be seen that the intrinsic value of this volume is very much enhanced by their being inserted entire.

Of this kind are some very long communications from John Stile to the King, all whose letters we believe are in cipher. And

these decipherings are amongst the most valuable parts of the volume, if value is to be estimated by the amount of trouble which future inquirers will be saved. These letters from Stile to the King appear at intervals throughout the volume, the first being within a few days after the death of Henry VII., to whom it is addressed from Valladolid, before the news of his death had arrived there. It introduces us to the first scene of the tragical story which ends with the death of Katharine of Arragon, and certifies the English monarch that Ferdinand, King of Arragon, was pleased with the proposal of marrying the prince, his son, to the princess, his daughter, adding that there had been delay in appointing the ambassadors to go to England to arrange about the princess's dowry. The subject of the marriage, and its preliminary and attendant circumstances, will probably catch the eye of most people who turn over the leaves of this volume. Several documents are headed 'Katharine of Arragon,' and contain the renunciation of the dowry of 200,000 crowns, the successive acknowledgments of Henry VIII. of the payments of portions of the dowry, the grant of lands to the princess, the espousals, the coronation, the letters of congratulation, the strict union between the King of England and the King of Arragon, the expression of the love the King bears to Katharine, being such, that, if he were still free, he would choose her in preference to all others; and these are rendered doubly interesting by the knowledge the reader possesses of the *dénouement* of that eventful drama, which may be read at length in the other series of State Papers. In particular, this last expression will recall to those who are familiar with the history the speech which Henry made twenty years afterwards, almost in the very same words, when he professed to be actuated only by conscience in his endeavour to get rid of the wife of whom he was tired. In the midst of these documents, we come upon two more of John Stile's lengthy epistles, the first detailing his views of the principal European powers, and dwelling especially on the great friendship between the King of England and his noble father, the King of Arragon; the second, indicating a probable rupture with the King of France. In due time, we come to the 'Tourney on the Birth of a Prince, Feb. 12, 1511,' the first-fruits of the ill-fated marriage. On the 30th of September, in the following year, Wolsey informs Fox that the Queen is thought to be with child; and, soon afterwards, we fall upon a document of a different nature, showing how far matters had progressed towards war by the bull of Julius II. granting plenary indulgence to all who, for six months, serve under Henry VIII. against Louis XII. of France, as well as to those who aid, by prayers and pilgrimages, or con-

tributions, the expenses of the expedition. This is followed by other letters of Stile, announcing that the King of Arragon had adopted the title of King of Navarre; then, by the Holy League of April 5, 1513; followed, a month afterwards, by a treaty between Henry and his father-in-law for the recovery of Aquitaine, the defence of the Pope, and the Lateran Council. Amongst other interesting documents is a Signed Bill, of June 6, 1513, appointing Katharine to be regent and governess during the King's absence in his expedition against France, for the preservation of the Catholic religion and the recovery of his rights, &c. Here, too, may be seen the gradual steps by which characters afterwards distinguished in history rose to importance. Thus we have Longland's first presentation by the King to the Church of Lifton, in Cornwall. This is the person who first heard, in confession, the King's scruples about the marriage with his brother's widow; and in the next page we have the pension assigned to Reginald Pole, a student in the University of Oxford. On the 26th July, 1513, we have an affectionate letter from Katharine to Wolsey, saying, that she will never have any rest unless she hears constantly of the King's health, now that he is approaching the enemy; and another soon afterwards, addressed to Margaret of Savoy, requesting her to send a physician to attend the King; and again, another, rejoicing at the great victory, and attributing it to the King's piety. On the 30th of July, 1514, we have the instrument by which the Princess Mary renounced her compact of marriage with Charles, Prince of Spain, followed immediately by her marriage with Louis XII. of France, a man more than three times her age, and the treaty of peace between the two kings. The description of the mock consummation of the marriage is curious but not unique in history. 'Last Sunday the marriage was concluded *per verba de presenti*. The bride undressed and went to bed in the presence of many witnesses. The Marquis of Rothelin, in his doublet, with a pair of red hose, but with one leg naked, went into bed, and touched the princess with his naked leg. The marriage was then declared consummated. The King of England made great rejoicing, and we at Abbeville did the same.' The very same ceremony had been gone through, on behalf of the Emperor Maximilian, by his ambassador, with Anne of Bretagne, more than twenty years before. Lord Bacon observes that the ceremony was 'at that in time these parts new.' And the next two documents relating to this affair, are a letter from Louis to Wolsey, saying that there is nothing in the world he so much desires as to see the Queen his wife; and another from Mary, saying that there is nothing she so much desires as to see him. Alas! for such

royal marriages of convenience. The first that is heard of the bride after the ceremony was complete is a complaint, repeated both to the King and to Wolsey, that she is left alone without any of her English attendants. Happily, the Queen was soon released from her engagement, by the death of her diseased and miserable husband, and in her next marriage followed the bent of her own inclinations. But we are anticipating Mr. Brewer's second volume, which will, no doubt, give us a great deal of useful information on a more important period than the first five years of the married life of Henry and Katharine of Arragon.

Enough has been detailed of the contents of this volume to show that it is by no means a dry catalogue, made for mere purposes of reference, which, we must admit, most of these volumes are. Carefully as they have been arranged, and conscientiously as the work has been done, Mr. Lemon's, Mr. Thorpe's, and Mr. Hamilton's papers cannot be pronounced to possess much interest for common readers. Their sole value is for historical inquirers, and for these they will only serve the purpose of directing them to the place where they may find the originals. Mr. Brewer's volume takes a far higher rank, and will be read by many who are not engaged in literary work. It must not, of course, be supposed that the whole volume is readable. It is not; for a large portion of it consists of mere names and dates of documents, such as commissions, gaol deliveries, grants, payments, &c. And, indeed, in order to read the rest of the volume with profit, it will be advisable to have first read Mr. Brewer's preface.

The preface is written in a style which will convince any one that a chronicler of State Papers does not necessarily reflect the dull character of the work on which he is engaged. The sprightliness with which it is written is equal to the knowledge of the subject which the writer has gained by some years' familiarity with the documents of the period.

Of the difficulties of the task, probably no one who has not worked in the Record Office can form any adequate conception: but we will attempt to give a sort of outline of the proceedings. It is taken for granted that the calendarer is perfectly familiar with all printed books relating to the period, and all collections that have been previously made for publication from the State Paper Office, the Museum, and other repositories. He must know with tolerable accuracy the names of the births and deaths of persons alluded to, and must be quite familiar with the historical sequence of events, before he can begin such a Calendar as this. He must be scholar enough to be perfectly familiar not only with Latin and Greek, but with French, Spanish, Italian,

and German ; and must be acquainted not only with these languages as they are at present spoken, but as they were written by people who lived more than three centuries ago. He must be able to refer with ease to all the catalogues, MS. and printed, of collections of MSS., such as the various collections in the British Museum, known by the name of Harleian, Lansdowne, Cotton, Sloane, Additional, &c. ; and know where in all these collections, there is likely to be anything to suit his purpose ; and he must be in communication with the Librarians at Oxford, Cambridge, Lambeth, &c., to say nothing of various private collections. When we have supposed all this, we proceed to the actual work he has to do. The mass of materials was mainly made up of 328 miscellaneous volumes found in the Rolls House, 242 bundles and books in the State Paper Office, and numerous documents and fragments placed in portfolios and boxes, gathered up in the searches made by the officers at the Chapter House, Westminster. This number, Mr. Brewer tells us, has been further augmented by additions from different quarters, such as 118 sacks of unsorted documents transferred from the Chapter House at Westminster to the new repository. We have already alluded to the difficulty of arranging documents when there exists no date of the dominical or regnal year annexed to them. A difficulty of another kind is thus alluded to by Mr. Brewer :—

‘The entire diplomatic correspondence of the reign was originally deposited at the Chapter House, Westminster, in Her Majesty’s Treasury of the Exchequer ; but among the documents deposited there, relating to the political history of the times, many letters and private memoranda were preserved, detailing the most secret history of the King’s ministers. Not only the property of Wolsey, Cromwell, Lord Lisle, and other noblemen, but their papers and correspondence, were confiscated, on their disgrace, to the King’s use. No distinction was observed between official and private documents ; between drafts, despatches, memoranda intended for the Council Table, and letters on personal matters and domestic expenditure. Even the escritiores of the ladies were not exempted from this legal confiscation. Whatever in the opinion of the law officers of the Crown might possibly furnish matter for the impeachment of their husbands, was inexorably seized to the King’s use,—consequently bills for ribbons, shoes, and millinery, receipts for apple pies, salves, and medicated waters, are sometimes found in grotesque juxtaposition with papal bulls or instructions to plenipotentiaries.’

The history of the confusion in which these papers existed till they were arranged for the Calendar is given by Mr. Brewer without the slightest exaggeration, though manifestly with the view of representing, as far as possible, the difficulties of his task. It has been shown in an earlier part of this article that the Commissioners, who published the eleven volumes of State Papers, had formidable difficulties to encounter ; and we should have been glad if Mr. Brewer’s labours had reached far

enough to enable us to institute some comparison of his difficulties with those of his predecessors. But, in point of fact, even the forthcoming volume can hardly be expected to proceed so far as the date of the earliest document published by the Commissioners. And though we have reason to know that a large portion of the papers connected with the divorce is already arranged, yet we are at present obliged to institute only an approximate comparison, by enumerating the bare number of documents belonging to a given number of years. But some idea may be formed of the increase in labour demanded, when it is said that the Commissioners published between two and three thousand papers relating to the reign of Henry the Eighth, whilst, in Mr. Brewer's first volume, which refers to five years of that reign, there are catalogued and epitomized no less than 5,790 documents. Neither is the additional labour at all to be estimated as proportional to the additional number of papers to be sorted, for it is evident at once that the investigator, who has to catalogue a number of miscellaneous papers, which, being without date, refer to minor matters, and matters of no great political importance, lies under much greater disadvantages than one who has merely (so to describe it) to travel the high road of history. The difficulty of arranging such papers is just in proportion to their want of value. In other cases of difficulty, such as that of discovering one half of a letter in one collection and the other half in another, the discovery is the reward of the labour bestowed; but, with regard to many of the State Papers, it cannot be doubted that Mr. Brewer is quite correct when he says 'that long and tedious researches had to be made for obscure names, and events not less obscure, often without any successful result—often where the success bore no proportion to the time and labour spent upon it.' Whilst even as regards matters of more public interest, as he says, 'events frequently repeat themselves with extraordinary likeness in the various political combinations of those times.' 'Nothing,' he observes, 'seems more easy or obvious after the true order has been discovered—nothing is more perplexing before.' The task was begun by separating the papers of uncertain dates from those which, by bearing a date, or from some other internal evidence, might be considered certain. These uncertain papers had to be indexed, in the hope that, as the work went on, fresh evidence might turn up to fix their date. We have already alluded to the difficulties attendant upon the fact that many papers, especially those in the Cotton Library, have been extensively mutilated by fire. But, independently of the difficulties involved in calendaring a document which never was dated, or one which has unfortunately lost its date by the edges of the

leaves being destroyed by fire or damp, or any other cause, there is a fruitful source of error in the dates themselves.

Every one is aware of the variation in dates of the first three months of the year, according as the writer counted the commencement of the year from January 1 or March 25. And the modern method of affixing both years—as, for instance, February 23, 1713-14—remedies all dispute about the date, as it is plain that the latter of the two years expresses our present mode of computation; but it is not always easy to determine which was meant by a writer of the sixteenth century. For it was not till 1751 that the old commencement, from the 25th of March, was abolished by Act of Parliament, when it was enacted that the following January 1 should be reckoned as the beginning of 1752, instead of waiting for the beginning of the year till March 25. The same Act adopted the New Style, instead of the Old, by omitting eleven days after the 1st of September following; but we need not say more about this, as this does not affect any period earlier than 1582, when Gregory XIII. reformed the Julian Calendar. We are only concerned now with the different methods of dating the year commonly used by the different European nations at the beginning of the sixteenth century. There were at that time four commonly received modes of reckoning the commencement of the year. The four initial days were Christmas, the Circumcision, the Conception, and Easter. In England the year was reckoned to begin on Christmas-day; and though the abolition of this custom in the twelfth century may be thought to have rendered it unnecessary here to allude further to it, it has to be mentioned that German and French documents of this reign, in some instances, count the year from Christmas. We will quote but one instance of this. There will be found in Bishop Burnet's *Collection of Records*, part iii. book iii. number 44, p. 103, of the original folio edition, a document entitled 'Propositions made to the King by the German Princes,' dated Christmas-day, 1536. Burnet's entire ignorance of the mode of calculation and his extreme carelessness have led him into several mistakes. He has in the text of his *History*, part i. p. 196, assigned the right date to their proceedings. When, after an interval of thirty-three years, he came to revise his work, and added a supplementary volume, he tried to make it fit into the year 1536, the true date being Christmas, 1535. In the answer to this document, there is an allusion to the death of a woman, which the author ridiculously enough explains to mean Queen Anne Boleyn, who was executed in May, 1536. The allusion really is to the death of Katharine of Arragon, which took place Jan. 8, 1536, a few days only after the reception of the proposition of the

German Princes, and probably only a few days before the King gave his answer. This is an instance in point to show how easily a writer, tolerably conversant with his subject, may be misled by not attending to the meaning of a date.

The difficulty of fixing a date is greatly enhanced by not attending to the circumstances under which the writer penned his despatch. Thus an ambassador who at home would have used the English method of dating his letters, will, when at a foreign court, conform to the practice of those around him; or, on the other hand, a writer at home will adopt the method of his correspondent; whilst in one instance, viz. that of the Emperor Maximilian, the capricious variation of his style of dating will submit to be classed under no law.

We wish we had space to give large extracts from Mr. Brewer's masterly description of the state of England at the commencement of the century, his character of Henry as a young man, and the hopes that were entertained of him. It will be curious to notice the changes he will have to depict when he comes to the publication of his fifth or sixth volume, whichever it may be that will detail the trickery of the divorce and the relations of the King with Anne Boleyn. He has wisely abstained from prophecy, but we cannot but think that whenever it comes the blow will fall like that of a sledge-hammer upon Mr. Froude's first two volumes, and absolutely annihilate the hypothesis on which they were founded. At present his view, though undeveloped, looks very much like that taken by the Roman Catholic historians, that Henry's life was in the main decent and tolerable, if indeed it does not rise to a higher level, when compared with that of contemporary sovereigns, whilst he remained the dutiful son of the Church, and preserved communion with Rome. Whether Mr. Brewer will treat his defection from that communion as only accidentally contemporaneous with or as the real cause of his fearful fall into the lowest depths of wickedness, remains to be seen. We shall not anticipate, but we must say that on this account, as well as for many other reasons, we long to see the Calendar of State Papers proceed a little faster.

We have little space for the notice of the other volumes whose titles are placed at the head of this article; neither is there any reason why we should waste words on Calendars such as those of Mr. Thorpe, &c., however meritoriously executed. On a future occasion we may perhaps recur to the period of the three succeeding reigns, with the view of noticing the new information contained in the Calendars of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, as published by Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Stevenson; for the present we do not wish to go beyond the reign of Henry

the Eighth, though not excluding from our notice the only volume yet issued which belongs to an earlier period.

There is one point on which we should have been glad if Mr. Brewer had given us some information, upon which he has been entirely silent. He has, as we have observed above, printed some deciphered papers at length, but he has not informed us as to the method of deciphering, or whether it was attended with any unusual difficulty. Probably his silence indicates that he found the process comparatively easy. In fact, the ciphers he has had to deal with as yet have not been numerous. With the exception of John Stile's letters to the King, we do not find many others in this volume that were written in cipher; and some even of these appear to have been previously deciphered. Many readers will think, perhaps, the deciphering a document the hardest task imposed upon the calendarers of State Papers; but, in reality, the labour involved will be found to be of very various kinds. Some despatches will easily yield their meaning up, whilst others resist all efforts at complete detection, though the meaning of the greater part of them has been ascertained.

The editor of the Spanish series of State Papers of the reign of Henry VII. has given us a very interesting account of the ciphers which occur in Spanish despatches of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. He says that the direction usually given is to attempt to discover what signs occur most frequently, and to judge from that whether they represent vowels or consonants. Of the various kinds of ciphers, the most simple is that in which Arabic numerals are interspersed with ordinary writing; and probably no document written in this style contained so many as a hundred different signs. Another kind is where Roman numerals are employed in this way. This method was adopted later, and was more complicated than the other, and in process of time became very intricate, as may be supposed, from its having had some thousands of different signs, a cipher sometimes representing a whole word or an entire sentence. Letters written entirely in cipher first appeared in 1495, but in the very next year M. Bergenroth found a changed system of cipher introduced; whilst, to render the despatch still more bothering to the decipherer, there will be inserted, perhaps even in the middle of a word, a quantity of signs without meaning. One instance will suffice to illustrate the difficulty of the task. The single word *enviando* (sending) is written 'DCCCLXVIII b N o γ malus ζ'. The *malus* has no meaning. To most people the detection of such a complicated system would appear altogether impossible, and M. Bergenroth describes his success as owing more to accident than to method.

Such cases as these, however, where the ciphers represent single letters, are comparatively easy. Where the sign represents a whole word it is more difficult. It is very curious to observe how the cipher has to be discovered, not by the mere inductive process of finding out each word separately, but by guessing at the principle or principles of selection in the mind of the composer; for no one can proceed entirely at random in inventing such a cipher.

M. Bergenroth might certainly have spared his argument to prove that he is right in his system. If ever the proverb, that the 'proof of the pudding is in the eating,' applies, it is in such a case as this. In one observation the whole case is concluded. The decipherer cannot himself be deceived. Either he is right or he is an impostor; and the discovery of De Puebla's key or of the draft of a ciphered copy could scarcely, we think, have afforded him any additional satisfaction, after he had once had the pleasure of seeing a document reveal its meaning at the application of the key he had invented or discovered for it. M. Bergenroth gives an instance which is sufficiently ludicrous; whether it is a fictitious or of real occurrence he does not say. He supposes the combination Cox Ω MDCIX Δ . If Ω signifies *d*, according to a key already known, and Δ signifies *s*, and Cox always stands for *river*, and MDCIX always stands for some great personage, it is probable that most readers will be just as much at a loss as ever; but M. Bergenroth tells us the river must be the Po, the great personage the king, *rey*, and the word will then run, after making the proper substitutions, *podreys*, (you will be able). No other interpretation, says he, is possible. That, we confess, seems to us a little to overstate the matter. No doubt it is true that no other interpretation is possible, when it is taken into consideration that the same method applies more extensively, or if this word *podreys* fits harmoniously into any given sentence; but taken by itself it seems to stand on something like the ground that Copernicus's system of the universe did before the observation of the phases of the planet Venus. It is known that Copernicus, when it was objected to him that if his system were true Venus ought to exhibit phases, admitted the truth of the allegation, and replied that she would do so if they could be seen by the human eye. The telescope subsequently revealed them; and the truth of the hypothesis of the planets moving round the sun may be said to have been established even before the discoveries made by Sir Isaac Newton.

Whilst we are on the subject of ciphers, we may mention another source of difficulty in discovering the cipher, though it can scarcely be said to afford any difficulty in applying the key when found; that is, the mistakes made in the despatches by

the writer accidentally using the wrong cipher. Thus, the cipher will sometimes give the King of England when the King of France is meant, or, again, when the key is new to the secretary, he is liable to confound one set of signs for another. Thus, the column of signs expressing the letter *c* may be mistaken for that which means either *b* or *d*, &c. Sometimes, again, too great familiarity with a cipher will lead a person to trust to his memory, and so make a mistake. M. Bergenroth's account of his style of deciphering is most interesting. If we have failed to give any idea of it, we refer the reader to the volume itself. We proceed to say a few words about other circumstances connected with the publication of the Simancas Records.

Simancas is a little village near Valladolid, at a great elevation above the level of the sea. Owing to the latitude, some ten degrees south of London, the sun is extremely hot, whilst the climate is rendered still more trying by the very cold winds to which the place is exposed. Nothing but sheer necessity or the great love of records will ever reconcile a student to the hardships he has to undergo in his investigations. It may most truly be said to be the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. He must live in a peasant's hut, supplied with food such as, if he were at home, he would never venture to taste, and he must make up his mind to be cut off from all social intercourse and even the commonest appliances of civilized life. Unlike the literary inquirer in London, who, however poorly lodged, is entertained in the most sumptuous style of comfort the moment he puts his foot inside the reading-room of the British Museum, the reader at Simancas is obliged to sit in a room with a northern aspect, where no fires are allowed, and where the ink sometimes becomes congealed from the cold; yet here the editor of the Spanish papers remained for two whole years, working almost day and night at his favourite subject. M. Bergenroth informs us that the documents at Simancas amount to about 10,000,000, distributed in 100,000 bundles. Of these, however, comparatively few belong to the last quarter of the fifteenth, and the first quarter of the sixteenth century. The editor says that he spent whole days over the first few lines of the despatches of Alvarez, and this must have been sufficiently discouraging; and he seems to have been specially unlucky in lighting first upon this minister's despatches, as his successor, Almazan, wrote much more intelligibly. Here, however, the cipher difficulty began: it was Almazan who first used cipher. M. Bergenroth must have been but ill informed beforehand of the nature of his task, as he himself says he had never attempted before to decipher any despatch; and great indeed must have

been his dismay when he found before him several hundred ciphered despatches, in which not a single word of any common writing occurred—despatches, too, of whose subjects he knew nothing, and of which, as regards the language they were written in, he was entirely in the dark. He tells his own story, and it is so naturally told that, though he is our only informant, we gather from it that his success must have been owing to the most undaunted perseverance. He relates his success without the least appearance of boasting, and from his account it appears that there was only one set of ciphers that he failed to detect; and these were employed only in one short despatch from Ferdinand and Isabella to their ambassadors in England. After having made out his ciphers, a doubt arose whether he was to be allowed to copy; and for some time it seemed as if his labours would all be lost. On appealing to the Government, he obtained the required permission, on the condition that he should leave a copy of all his decipherings and keys in the archives. The subsequent discovery of one complete, and two other incomplete, keys at Simancas came too late to be of much benefit to the writer. He had only to regret time and trouble wasted in discovering what was really close at hand, if he had only known where to find it. The editor subsequently found his labours much lightened by the discovery that the same ciphered despatch existed in as many as four, five, or even six copies, so that the number was reduced from what appeared some hundreds to about fifty. After completing his work at Simancas, the editor next proceeded to Barcelona, thinking that, in all probability, the blanks in the correspondence at Simancas would be filled up from the archives of the crown of Arragon; but, though full of information as regards European politics in general, little light was thrown upon history by any papers relating especially to England. The same observation applies to the Spanish documents, which are still retained at Paris, where there are five boxes relating to the reign of Henry VII. In addition to these sources of information, the volume is made up from documents at Lille and Vienna, together with a considerable number from the Public Record Office in London, and from the British Museum.

We have extracted from Mr. Brewer's volume such passages as had reference to the life of Queen Katharine. Perhaps we shall interest our readers by furnishing them with some particulars of the early career of the same lady when known by the title of Princess of Wales.

The first proposals for a marriage between Arthur, eldest son of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon came from England in the year 1487. The first document relating to the subject is

without date, but belongs to April 30, 1488. It is the commission to De Puebla to conclude a treaty of marriage, and to agree as to the marriage portion and the amount of the jointure to be given by Henry to the Princess Katharine. Negotiations were going on for a whole year, and at last a treaty between England and Spain was ratified by Ferdinand and Isabella, one of the terms of which was that the marriage was to be contracted *per verba de futuro*, as soon as they attain the necessary age, and that the marriage shall be contracted *per verba de præsenti*, and consummated as soon as they attain the necessary age. At this time the prince was nearly three years old and the princess nearly two years younger. The right of succession to the crown of Castile and Arragon is reserved to the princess, and her marriage was to take place one month after her arrival in England, which, it was subsequently stipulated, should be when she had completed her twelfth and the prince his fourteenth year, and the marriage portion was fixed at 200,000 scudos, each scudo to be worth 4s. 2d. The marriage is constantly alluded to in several despatches running over the following years, until the 14th of November, 1501, the day of its actual solemnization. And this volume furnishes the facts which are summarily disposed of by Lord Bacon, when he observes, in his history of this reign, that 'the marriage was almost seven years in treaty, which ' was in part caused by the tender years of the marriage couple, ' especially of the prince. But the true reason was, that these ' two princes, being princes of great policy and profound judgment, stood a great time looking upon one another's fortunes, ' knowing well that in the meantime the very treaty itself gave ' abroad in the world a reputation of a strict conjunction and ' amity between them, which served on both sides to many purposes that their several affairs required, and yet they continued ' still free. But in the end, when the fortunes of both the ' princes did grow every day more and more prosperous and ' assured, and that looking all about them they saw no better ' conditions, they shut it up.'

The archives of Simancas abundantly confirm the sagacious remarks of Lord Bacon, but they enable us to supply corrections of some minor *errata*. Thus, for instance, for nearly seven years that the marriage was in treaty, we are bid to read twelve or thirteen years; whilst, as regards the ages of the young couple, historians unanimously speak of the princess as three years older than the prince, whilst the records as invariably imply that she is two years younger. At least we can affix no other meaning to the often-repeated words that the princess is to be sent to England when Arthur has completed his fourteenth year and the princess her twelfth.

The treaty of marriage was concluded a second time, October 1, 1497; the princess landed October 2, 1501, and the marriage ceremony was performed six weeks afterwards; and exactly six months from that date Prince Arthur died. And here commences one of the most extraordinary revelations made by the Simancas Records. It was well known that avaricious considerations mainly induced the proposal for the marriage of the princess with her husband's younger brother, the new Prince of Wales. But it is entirely new, though unquestionably true, that Henry VII. proposed himself as the husband of his daughter-in-law. Little light is thrown upon the events of the four months' married life of the young couple. There is a letter from Arthur a fortnight after his marriage, expressing the joy he felt at the sight of his bride, and another which implies that the prince was in good health up to December 20th; but the documents of this period, from November to the following May, proceed at the rate of two to each month; and it is remarkable that proposals for the second marriage with Henry, Prince of Wales, came from Ferdinand and Isabella eight days after the date of Prince Arthur's death—as soon, that is, as they could have heard of it. Very soon afterwards Queen Isabella appears to be pressing the new marriage urgently, alleging the virginity of her daughter as a reason for it. Afterwards she did all she could to hurry on this matter by urging the withdrawal of the princess from England, a piece of diplomacy which was invented for the occasion. Meanwhile, Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII., died, and from a despatch of Isabella to the Duke de Estrada, it is plain that the proposal for the marriage of Katharine with her father-in-law was on the *tapis*. The Queen of Spain would not for a moment listen to the overtures, and proposed the Queen of Naples as a new wife for Henry. The affair seems to have been quickly dropped, for on the 23d of June, 1503, a treaty is signed between Ferdinand and Isabella and Henry VII., by which both parties are bound to use their utmost influence with the Pope to obtain a dispensation for the marriage of Henry with his brother's widow, which marriage, it is stated, was consummated. It is probable this was intended to cover all contingencies, as it might involve an awkward proceeding if any doubt should afterwards arise on this point. The dispensation, if made for a marriage in all respects complete, would cover the other supposition of its not having been consummated, whereas a dispensation granted on a supposition of a fact which would be difficult of proof might hereafter perhaps be called in question. The marriage was undoubtedly not consummated, and the words of a formal document stating that it had been are only words used *ex abundanti*. This is not only palpable on the surface

of matters, but was actually stated as the reason by Ferdinand to his ambassador at Rome on the following 23d of August, when instructing him to procure the papal dispensation.

The Pope died during these transactions, and the celebrated dispensation which caused the Reformation in England was granted by his successor on the seventh day before the kalends of January, 1503; *i.e.* the 26th of December, 1503, with the words, 'notwithstanding that the marriage has, perhaps, been consummated.' The actors in this singular drama were gradually dropping off. Isabella died in November, 1504, and though no bull of dispensation had even then reached England, yet a copy had been sent to Spain to comfort Isabella on her deathbed. The next document relating to this affair is not new, nor is it printed from the archives of Simancas, which naturally enough contain no copy of it, but which is well known, because it is given by Lord Herbert, Burnet, and Collier. It is the protestation of Henry, Prince of Wales, made June 17th, 1505, that he will not ratify the marriage contract. M. Bergenroth makes use of the protestation, as he reasonably may, in evidence that Henry never entirely abandoned his intention of dissolving the marriage whenever circumstances should permit. But he throws unnecessary suspicion on the genuineness of the document, and that because he has overlooked two sources of information, one of which was ready to his hand. We have spoken of the document as well known, though it does not, as far as we know, exist entire in manuscript. M. Bergenroth tells us that Collier gives a reference to the Cotton MS. Vitellius D. xii. (it should have been Vitellius B. xii.) from which so many other documents relating to the divorce have been printed. Now, if M. Bergenroth had collated the three copies, he would have seen that two are independent; the variations in the spelling of proper names and small words not allowing the supposition that Collier took the document from Lord Herbert. But, further than this, the protestation was printed also by Burnet, with a reference to the same MS. Whether or not Burnet's copy is independent of Lord Herbert's, we will not undertake to say. The evidence is pretty equally balanced, but there exists a remarkable evidence of the fact of there having been such a protestation. There is at present in Mr. Brewer's divorce box of the year 1529 half this protestation, in a contemporary hand; the other half appears to have been lost; but the existence of this half plainly proves that Lord Herbert is right when he alleges that this protestation was made use of in the trial for the divorce. If Lord Herbert saw the same paper from which Collier printed, it was no doubt at that time in its proper place in the State Paper Office. How it ever found its way into Sir

Robert Cotton's Collection we make no conjecture. Mr. Brewer plainly thinks that stealing State Papers was carried on to a great extent, and that this was the method by which the Cotton Collection became so rich.

The next complication was caused by the death of Philip, King of Castile, and the proposed marriage of Henry VII. with his widow Juana, another daughter of Ferdinand, and sister of Katharine. And it was not till the last year of his life that Henry became convinced that there were no hopes of his gaining in marriage the hand of the insane daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, who was still, in 1508, carrying about with her the unburied corpse of her deceased husband. In 1509 Henry VII. died, and the long course of ill treatment to which the Princess of Wales had been subjected came to an end. Soon after the accession of Henry VIII. she was married to him, and so became Queen of England. M. Bergenroth's volume concludes with the death of Henry VII. We look forward with much interest to the publication of the second, and we suppose concluding volume, which will in all probability throw a great deal of light on the relations of England and Spain in the succeeding reign. Perhaps it may furnish additional papers on the all-important subject of the divorce of Katharine.

ART. V.—*The Clergy List, &c. &c.* London, 1863.

ABOUT two years ago, the Bishop of London sent forth a circular to the chaplains abroad holding his license, in which he required them to give him information on various matters, and in which he divided the clergy ministering abroad into three classes—viz. those under the Foreign Office only, those also holding his license, and those acting without either State or Episcopal sanction; characterising these last, in a somewhat unwarrantable manner, as men who disgrace their profession. Doubtless it is unhappily the case, that some of those who thus minister, unaccredited by any authority, are men not worthy of their office; but there are also others who deserve no such slur as the Bishop has thought fit to cast upon them, who minister without State or Episcopal authorization on principle, and who would feel themselves obliged to decline a licence if it were offered to them. There is much to be said in behalf of their views; for on what does this jurisdiction of the Bishop of London rest? what is it? and how did it grow up? There can be little doubt that the present Bishop of London regards his jurisdiction and licence as a reality, for a bishop could hardly send forth in his own diocese more authoritative Articles of Visitation than those forwarded to the chaplains abroad. But the Bishop's own view of the matter of course is no settlement of the question.

When this chaplaincy question was agitated in Madeira some fourteen years ago, we believe that the Episcopal claim was founded by the chaplain on an arrangement made in the reign of King Charles, by which he considered that the Crown conferred the jurisdiction in question on the Bishop of London. But this foundation was so weak, that another chaplain felt it necessary to rest nothing upon it, when defending the claim to jurisdiction; and he was consequently obliged to plead in its favour custom alone, and to suggest hesitatingly the idea of an inherent jurisdiction in bishops, whereby there would be no need of mission in their case. We need hardly say that such a theory cannot be substantiated, and that such examples as can be drawn from early Church history in favour of a bishop's unauthorized interference beyond his own diocese, belong to a wholly different state of things. Again, we believe that it was argued, that the mission supposed to be conferred upon the

Bishop of London was much the same as that conferred upon some of our colonial bishops. Admitting for a moment, that in form the mission in either case is nearly the same, there still remains this difference; that in the case of colonial bishops the Crown is merely exercising its just prerogative in founding new sees within its own dominions; and the sending of a bishop to such sees by the Primate of the English Church is as regular as his sending a bishop to any see within England itself. But in the case of foreign countries, where neither the Crown nor the Primate can have any jurisdiction, the circumstances are wholly different; and that which makes the one a right and necessary act, wholly fails to justify the other. Hence some have further modified the claim, and called it jurisdiction over *persons* only, and have thought in that manner to escape the difficulty, and still uphold the claim of jurisdiction. We may remark by the way, that even this modification appears in a fair way to be forgotten, as a pretence has been made in some instances of consecrating or licensing the *buildings* used for worship by British subjects abroad.

However, all these parallels and modifications are useless in order to form any claim on this alleged grant in the reign of King Charles, for there is evidence, of a much later date, that neither the Crown nor the Bishop was aware of any such right of jurisdiction in the see of London. We have been favoured with a view of the opinion once given by one of our most eminent and most learned prelates, in which he distinctly and emphatically denies the alleged jurisdiction of the see of London, or any supposed right of the Bishop of London, "to say what priest may or may not minister the Word and Sacraments in" such places; "in other words, give, refuse, or revoke a licence so to minister;" and this on the express ground that the Bishop of London has never received any mission for this exercise of jurisdiction. In support of this opinion, he quotes from a life of Bishop Kennett by Newton, published in 1730; in which life there is an account of the appointment of a chaplain of the factory at Leghorn. From this account it is clear "that the whole was founded on the Commission of the Crown, and that nothing was recognised in either the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London, beyond a recommendation of the chaplain at the royal request." No such jurisdiction was supposed to belong to the see of London then, nor has any been conferred since. And the late Bishop of London himself is known in some instances to have characterised his licence as only equivalent to testimonials. The very arrangement which he at last made with the Foreign Office, when he agreed to give his licence to those who wished

for it, and thus to let those who did not wish for it go without it, shows how little he believed in any right of jurisdiction over foreign chaplains.

In truth, it must be admitted that the Bishop of London has no more authorization for giving licence to foreign chaplains than those chaplains have for ministering without one. In either case there is irregularity. The chaplains who minister on their own authority, act irregularly both in ministering without Episcopal mission, and in ministering without leave of the Bishop of the diocese in which they are. The Bishop acts irregularly by giving licence to minister in another bishop's diocese, and by giving it without himself having received any mission to do so. Even looked at from this point of view, we think that it would be generally admitted, that the former is a far more excusable act than the latter. Irregularity in a bishop is far more glaring, and productive of much more serious consequences, than irregularity in a priest. Moreover, in the latter case both are involved; for, though the priest might plead that he has mission for what he does, he cannot free himself from the charge of acting without the leave of the Bishop of the diocese wherein he is. This is not the whole case. The ministrations of the Bishop or priest, such as baptising, confirming, consecrating the Holy Eucharist, although performed under irregularity, yet all things essential being observed, are valid. It may be that *feri non debet*, yet *factum valet*. But this is not true of mere acts of jurisdiction; then *factum NON valet*; the irregularity makes such an act *ipso facto* null and void. Tried by this rule, the confirmations of the Bishop of London, or any other of our bishops abroad, may be valid, yet his licence be mere waste paper, his jurisdiction a baseless usurpation and a sham; and the priest's ministrations may be perfectly valid, but any claim to authority over those to whom he ministers, as though of a pastor over his flock, and as though specially authorized to minister to them, utterly without foundation. It was an essentially different state of things which justified the interference of S. Athanasius and S. Epiphanius beyond their own proper jurisdiction. Then the disorders were so grave as to require and justify irregular interference; yet even in such a case the interference was not of a permanent, organized character, but passing and special, and the Church required the interference to be explained, defended, and justified.

As then the ministering to English churchmen abroad involves irregularity, is it necessary that they should be left without the means of grace? To this we should suppose that but one answer would be given, were it not that we have seen opinions

stated, to the effect that we are bound to communicate with the Church, within whose jurisdiction we are residing, or to go without the Sacraments altogether. This would be reasonable enough, if it were through the fault and error of our own particular Church that we are separated from that part of the Church within whose jurisdiction we may be staying. But this is not our belief. English Churchmen, although acknowledging the Roman Church, are hindered by that Church herself from receiving at her hands the Sacraments. They can only do so, at the cost of being disloyal to their own Church, and by accepting terms of communion which they cannot accept conscientiously. Hence the fault is not on the side of themselves or of their Church, but of the Church of Rome, that they cannot receive from her ministers the essentials to salvation. In such a case surely the irregularity is fully justified by necessity: and the priests who minister to them, and they who use these ministrations, may surely do so in all good conscience, justified by the necessity of the case, and satisfied not only that the ministrations are valid, but also that they are offered and accepted without incurring guilt or blame. Rather, we think, that if persons staying abroad could obtain the benefit of such ministrations, and were to neglect so to do,—or if any priest were able and should refuse to give to such persons the benefit of his ministrations, serious blame would lie at the door in either case. Necessity justifies and demands this much; but it justifies nothing further, and cannot be pleaded either to justify that which is not necessary, or to give validity to acts of jurisdiction, which are *ipso facto* null and void by their irregularity. The ministrations of foreign chaplains are valid, not because they are backed up by an irregular and invalid licence, but because they are rightly and duly performed in all things essential, whilst they are free from blame, and convey blessing, because they have the justification of necessity.

But the matter has been taken up with zeal and vigour in Convocation, and committees have been appointed to consider and report upon the subject. We suppose that every churchman would be thankful if any plan could be devised by which these chaplaincies could be placed on a more regular and satisfactory footing. But we must confess that we are not sanguine on the subject. There is the same old objection *in limine*. By what right can any branch of the Church claim to give its bishops jurisdiction within the dioceses of another branch? What custom or what canon of the Church Catholic has ever invested particular Churches with this power. The English Church is as much wanting in mission, and would be as open to the charge of

irregularity, in this matter, as the Bishop of London: and as the irregularity of the Bishop would be worse in itself and in its consequences than the irregularity of the priests, so would the irregularity of this particular Church be worse and more hurtful than the irregularity of the Bishop. And after all, would not its unauthorized act of irregular jurisdiction be as absolutely null and void as the similar act of the Bishop? And would it not be likely to bring reproach upon our Church, as though through ignorance on such a point or through disregard of the Church's law, she were become an imitator of the 'Papal Aggression,' without having the same principle to go upon? For the Roman Church in that act was consistent. Ignoring all Churches not in communion with herself, she, according to that theory, acted in a regular way by supplying bishops where only schismatical and heretical bishops were considered by her to be then in existence. But the English Church would be invading dioceses, the Bishops of which she acknowledges, however much she may in some points dissent from their teaching. It is scarcely worth while to lay ourselves open to such a taunt for the sake of setting up an irregular and invalid jurisdiction.

But very probably there are persons to whom this view of the invalidity of the jurisdiction will appear merely theoretical, and who will wish to look at the practical advantages to be gained. Let us therefore consider these.

At the very outset comes the question, What is the authority of the Bishop to be? and how is it to be enforced? We presume that the authority to be exercised, and the obedience to be rendered, are canonical; or, as nearly as may be, the same as in England itself. No one would wish to see the Episcopal authority merely nominal—confined simply to giving a licence, and some occasional advice. On the other hand, we have seen enough in certain instances at home, which should make us equally cautious how we give unlimited authority to the Bishops chosen for the office in question, if we wish to secure either fair treatment for the chaplains themselves, or any guarantee that they will be obliged to set forth the system of the Church, instead of the particular views of the respective Bishops for the time being. In a word, we should neither desire to see the Episcopal office degraded to a shadow and a make-believe, nor exalted to an autocratic and irresponsible tyranny.

But whatever the amount of authority conferred and obedience to be rendered, how is it to be enforced? The Bishop of London appears to suggest that an arrangement between the Bishop and the Foreign Office would be sufficient. We may refer again

to the Madeira case, in illustration. The chaplain attempted to carry out the Bishop's recommendations; the people objected and appealed to the Bishop; the Bishop, in the main, supported the chaplain; the people appealed to the Foreign Office, and the Secretary of State sided with them against the Chaplain and the Bishop: then arose a schism; one chaplain being supported by one portion of the people and the Secretary of State in opposition to the Bishop, the other supported by the rest of the people and the Bishop. Then there was the spectacle of two chaplains and congregations, with their respective chapels, arrayed against each other in bitter hostility under the opposing banners of the Bishop and the Secretary of State. So much for the value of an agreement between the State and the Bishop. This would be valueless, unless some Act were passed, carrying out the views of Convocation, settling the authority of the Bishop and the position of the chaplain, and requiring the Foreign Secretary and the Bishop to see that the provisions were duly carried out. Then it would be requisite that some court should be decided upon to settle such disputes as might arise amongst the many parties concerned. But supposing all this to be duly arranged—what if, after all, certain chaplains and congregations should decline having anything to do with the Bishop and the Foreign Office? Who is to compel them to submission? And this is not a very unlikely case. Those who decline the benefit of Foreign Office aid and Episcopal jurisdiction, would probably for the most part continue to do so. There would be both clergymen and laymen of lax principles, who would prefer their present freedom; there would be both clergymen and laymen of rigid principles but 'low-church' views, with little regard for Episcopacy and still less for Convocation; and there would also very probably be clergymen and laymen who, though holding 'high-church' views, would consider that Convocation had over-stepped its powers, and usurped an authority to which it had no right, and who, out of principle, would still, as they now do, decline placing themselves under a jurisdiction which they would deem invalid. And once more, if dissensions should arise in those chaplaincies which submit themselves to the Bishop, would there not be then, no less than now, persons willing to withdraw from the Episcopal jurisdiction, and priests considering themselves justified in ministering for them? What remedy can be devised for all this? If there is no remedy, then all we can say is, that practically, the plan will not work; that we should be worse off even than now, because the scandal would be greater, and would be far more likely to attract the eyes of the world. Now, such as it is, it is attributed to circumstances; *then* the English Church will

have taken the responsibility of it upon herself, and she will become a laughing-stock throughout the world, through having attempted to impose upon her priests a jurisdiction which they feel themselves justified in refusing to recognise, and to which she has no means of enforcing submission.

Some have spoken enthusiastically on this subject, under the high hope of setting the English Church before the world in all her glory. But it is quite as likely that she may incur the danger of being set before the world to her shame. Now, when foreigners see bare and meagre services, frequent variations of ritual, not to say of teaching, more or less marked, according to time and place, and manifold irregularities, they can ascribe it to the unorganized condition of those chaplaincies and the pressure of circumstances; but then they will lay them all at the door of the Church herself, and attribute them to her want of consistency, order, and authority—in a word, to the faultiness of her system.

We need not enlarge on the strife and heart-burning likely to result. Although probably few persons would endorse the sweeping censure passed by the Bishop of London on all chaplains ministering abroad independently of himself and the Foreign Office, or the extreme views of those who regard as unlawful all ministrations of English priests abroad; yet we suppose that there are many who even now think and feel decidedly and strongly on both sides of this jurisdiction question. But how will they think and feel and speak and act, if the proposed scheme should ever be put in force! in which case one party will be horrified at what will seem to them a flagrant breach of all Church order, and the other no less horrified at what they will think a grievous outrage against the jurisdiction set up over them. Surely we ought to consider well, before we create a new element of strife, or a new opportunity of setting our disagreements before the Church at large.

We must admit that these are weighty evils. But let us see what advantages may be looked for under the proposed plan to counter-balance them; always bearing in mind that we are now regarding the question only in its practical aspect.

The *present* arrangement with the Foreign Office is considered to be unsatisfactory, and experience has shown that *any* such arrangement is uncertain; and for both these reasons we can well imagine in many clergymen an unwillingness to become licensed consular chaplains. Such an arrangement as we have supposed, fortified by Act of Parliament, will remove to a great extent these difficulties, and enable the chaplain to know better, and be more sure of, his real position. The Bishop will also reap the same advantage. And there will probably be less tempta-

tion to an unruly congregation, and less inclination to set themselves against the chaplain, if they know that he cannot be arbitrarily dismissed. At the same time, this advantage is somewhat lessened by the fact, that when the chaplaincy is placed under the Foreign Office, it necessarily becomes a *British* chaplaincy, exposed to the intermeddling of any British subject, whether churchman or not, who may choose to give the necessary qualification—liable, in fact, to all the evils of a vestry meeting in its worst form. Of course, moreover, there would be nothing to hinder an unruly congregation from making the chaplain's position unbearably disagreeable, or even from withdrawing their chapel from all connexion with the Foreign Office, and so freeing themselves from both Bishop and chaplain. The main safeguard against this would be, that they would thereby lose the Foreign Office aid—a consideration usually somewhat weighty with people of that kind.

On the whole, it might be hoped that the arrangement would establish, and at the same time control, the Bishop's authority; that it would bring more chaplains under the Episcopal authority, wheresoever admitted; that it would strengthen their position, and give greater weight to their authority in the eyes of their people: and so far as any chaplaincies, now independent, might happen to be placed under the Bishop, that there would be a better guarantee against a choice of chaplains unfit for their office. But we think, for reasons above stated, that no great numbers of these chaplains would place themselves under the Bishop, and that, so far as they are concerned, the arrangement would be a failure, unless, indeed, some punishment should be devised which might eventually reach them, and by fear of which they might be reduced to submission.

There are then, we think, sundry practical advantages to be gained by the proposed arrangement, so far as chaplaincies in connexion with the Foreign Office are concerned, but no further. And perhaps we might hope that the influence of irresponsible societies over some of these foreign chaplaincies might be in some degree checked and lowered. But the present evils would be at the utmost only modified, not done away with; whilst others, which we have already endeavoured to point out, would be created, of a serious character, and highly injurious to the Church herself. Moreover, the advantages to be gained would principally and directly affect, not the Church, but individuals, viz. the Bishop and the chaplains; whereas, the evils would directly and mainly affect the Church. Practically, therefore, we think the idea, on the whole, objectionable; whilst on the ground of principle, we consider that it ought never to be entertained. Practically then, as well as theoretically, we believe

that Convocation had better leave things as they are, however unsatisfactory such a state may be. And the Bishops and priests of our Church, without making any false invalid claims of jurisdiction as pastors of either order, and without making themselves responsible for a permanent and organized intrusion into strange dioceses, must be content to minister, as occasion serves, for those who from time to time require their ministrations. It might perhaps be well if Convocation were to express its approval of their so ministering, as this might be a satisfaction to some consciences, and check some misgivings and murmurings.

ART. VI.—1. *The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.* 1760—1860. By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY. London: Longmans. 1861—1863.

2. *A History of England during the Reign of George III.* By WILLIAM MASSEY, M.P. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1855—1863.

3. *History of England during the Reign of George III.* By JOHN GEORGE PHILLIMORE. London: Virtue Brothers. 1863.

ONLY within the last few years has any detailed narrative of the times chronicled in the volumes now before us been possible. The heat of party contests, the bitterness of personal strife, the memories of successful machinations and of disappointed intrigues, have been till within a short time too recent to allow the publication of any history which attempted to portray events and characters to the life. Hence, the only stepping-stones hitherto available for the student who endeavoured to explore this portion of our annals—a time as full as any of great events, as much embellished as any by the mighty deeds of great men—besides 'Annual Registers,' 'Parliamentary Debates,' and the like, have been meagre epitomes, such as Aikin's 'George III.' or mere party memoirs like Walpole's; and even these aids to the inquirer, few, incomplete, and treacherous as they are, almost entirely fail when approaching the commencement of the present century. From that date to the present time few now living, who have been born within the last quarter of a century, have had any safer guide than the traditions of their elders; and these unwritten narratives, though from their nature far more vivid in their portraiture of particular events than any written record, are of course, though doubtless to a great extent unconsciously, coloured by the personal bias of the narrator. Without intentional untruth, without deliberate fraud, facts become distorted, motives are imputed where none, or possibly the reverse of what was believed, existed, and the mighty stream of history is not only narrowed to the thread forced through a particular and private channel, but coloured by contact with the crumbling banks of fable.

The three histories which we have named above endeavour, each in its measure, to fill up this deficiency. But though all three treat of the same period, they are very different in design, and, we must add, in merit. Mr. May's careful, scholar-like

volumes, as their title imports, portray the epoch mainly from a constitutional point of view. Mr. Massey's work includes more of the general events—the wars and alliances, the contests within and the conflicts without—which marked so large a portion of the era. Mr. Phillimore's at present is but a fragment; but from the volume he has already published, we conclude he intends to go over the same ground as Mr. Massey, only with a great deal more gall in his pen.

Mr. May's book claims precedence, if for no other reason than that in the preface we are distinctly told that its object is to take up the thread of the narrative where it had been left by Mr. Hallam, cut short there, not by any of the causes which have conspired of recent times to render so many of our modern histories incomplete fragments, but by the deliberate choice of the author,—‘admonished,’ he says, ‘as I have frequently been ‘in writing these last pages, to break off from subjects that ‘might carry me too far away from the business of this history, ‘and content with compiling and selecting the records of the ‘past, to shun the difficult and ambitious office of judging the ‘present, and of speculating upon the future.’

Mr. May has, however, shown himself able to tread in the course thus worthily traced out before. The circumstances of present times, as he is careful to mention in his preface, have justified him in dealing more freely with recent events than would have been possible had he written thirty or forty years ago; and the most vehement partisan must admit that he is warranted in the conclusion that ‘the policy of our laws, as ‘determined by successive Parliaments, is so far accepted by ‘statesmen of all parties, and by most unprejudiced thinkers of ‘the present generation, that I am at liberty to discuss it historically, without entering upon the field of party politics. ‘Not dealing with the conduct and motives of public men, I ‘have been under no restraint in adverting to recent measures, ‘in order to complete the annals of a century of legislation.’

Few monarchs, it has frequently been observed, ever ascended a throne under more favourable auspices than George III. He commenced his reign at a time when the spirit of faction was nearly extinct, when the domestic enemies whose plots and insurrections had disturbed the peace of his two immediate predecessors, even one might say of the four monarchs who had ruled before him, had subsided into a quiet acquiescence in the representative of a Protestant succession. The first two Georges had been foreigners—aliens in language, thought, and manners from the great body of their subjects—monarchs who reigned by sufferance as the incarnation of a great principle, towards whose actual rights and personal qualities it was impossible for the

most ardent supporter to feel the slightest devotion. And now, at the very moment when party divisions were less rancorous, when the expiring flame of faction could no longer keep simmering the cauldron of political discord, the arrival of a new prince, in serving whom all parties could centre, on whom no one important section of his subjects could look otherwise than with hope, appeared to set the very key-stone to the edifice of social stability. The telling phrase in his first speech on meeting his Parliament, which perhaps more than any other words of any British monarch has been treasured up in the hearts of his people, 'Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton,' added, as is now well known, by the King's own hand to the original draft prepared by his ministers, was the very expression then most desired by all, and struck a chord in harmony with the universal feeling of the nation. It would have been well had the education and training thus referred to been more in keeping with responsibilities of the high position of the monarch; but the maternal advice, 'George, be king,' still rang in his ears, and influenced his conduct to the latest moment that he held the reins of power. The first division of Mr. May's work, the chapters on the influence of the Crown, show how large a share George III. personally bore in the government of the country. Naturally indolent in earlier years, a strong love for power, which soon developed itself, caused the youthful prince to struggle successfully against this defect in his character. Lord Waldegrave, one of his governors, early remarked both his deficiency in application and the probability that he would overcome it as years passed on. 'When the prince,' he says, 'shall succeed to his grandfather, he will soon be made sensible that a prince who suffers himself to be led is not to be allowed the choice of his conductor. His pride will then give battle to his indolence, and having thus made a first effort, a moderate share of obstinacy will make him persevere.' The result bore testimony to the discriminating shrewdness of the observer. The King shrank from no toil in his self-imposed task. It was an undertaking which, carried out by a monarch of the highest ability, might have produced vast results; as it was, the effort greatly deepened the darker shades in the chequered fortunes of a reign protracted far beyond the ordinary span of human life. This task on the monarch's part was nothing less than a fixed endeavour to break down the power of his ministers, and to govern the country through their assistance, not according to their advice. The same causes which rendered the political atmosphere so calm at the King's accession, aided by his personal popularity, greatly assisted this design.

With the fall of Sir Robert Walpole the great Whig party

had become divided, and the Ministry in power when George III. ascended the throne was a coalition between the Duke of Newcastle and the elder Pitt. In a Cabinet so formed jealousies were sure to arise which the 'King's Friends' secretly fanned. Pitt was the first to yield to these influences. The Duke of Newcastle, provoked by the slights put on him, also resigned shortly after; the object the King had set his heart on was obtained, and Lord Bute was placed at the head of the Ministry. Then commenced the humiliation of the chief Whig members of the aristocracy, who for nearly half a century had possessed the ascendancy in the Councils of the State—of the party to which the House of Hanover owed both throne and power. The Duke of Devonshire was compelled to resign his office of Lord Chamberlain, treated with personal rudeness by the express order of the King when he presented himself at the palace, and his name struck out from the list of Privy Councillors by the King's own hand. The Marquis of Rockingham and the Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton were dismissed from the lord-lieutenancies of their counties. The proscription, for so it might fairly be termed, was not confined to the heads of the Whig party: all placemen who had voted contrary to the wishes of the Court were dismissed; and even in lower ranks still, unfortunate clerks in public offices, and persons in inferior stations in the Customs and Excise, were dismissed for the same cause. Meanwhile the greatest efforts were made to obtain a majority in Parliament by bribing those who could not be conciliated or coerced by other means. Yet such was the temper of the times, that all this was submitted to with scarcely a murmur; and had not the King himself, from private feelings, found the Ministry unbearable, there is no knowing how long it might have continued in power. The King, having negotiated fruitlessly with Pitt, preferred turning again to the obnoxious Whig aristocracy to enduring the odious Grenville as minister, and a fresh Cabinet was formed, with the Marquis of Rockingham at its head. But when the new premier desired to carry out those measures which he considered necessary for the well-being of the State; when, first and foremost, he proposed repealing the American Stamp Act, which his predecessors had (in obedience to the King's wishes) reluctantly imposed on the still more reluctant colonists, his Majesty himself opposed his ministers by his 'Friends' in the Council and in Parliament, and encouraged members of the House of Commons to vote against them, both then and after this most salutary measure was carried, marshalling (in Burke's words) an opposition of placemen and pensioners against his own ministers. This ephemeral Government, the mere creature of the royal pleasure, having been soon

dismissed, the last Administration which included the great Chatham, was formed under the nominal lead of the Duke of Grafton. But failing health and failing friends reduced the power of the great earl to a mere wreck of what it once had been : he found himself at the head of a Ministry formed of the King's 'Friends' who thwarted him, and discordant associates whom he was powerless to control. Hence it actually happened that while Chatham, whose memory will always be associated in this country with his constitutional opposition to the laying imposts on our American colonies, was nominally in power, his own colleague in office, Townshend, proposed and carried in a listless House of Commons the second plan for taxing imports into America—the measure, in fact, which led to the ultimate rupture between the colonies and the mother country. Lord Chatham's resignation was followed by the miserably inefficient Ministry under Lord North, during which the Government was in great measure really conducted by the King, who stretched his personal influence to its fullest extent, and watched the votes of individual members of parliament as keenly as any 'whipper-in' of the House of Commons ever could have done. The unpopularity of Lord North's Government compelled the King to treat with the Opposition, but fruitlessly ; as it was a part of his programme that ministers only, not measures, should be changed. It was at this time that, backed up by increasing discontent out of doors, Dunning contrived to carry his celebrated motion, 'that the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished,' by a majority of eighteen in the Lower House. When a somewhat similar measure was debated in the House of Lords, the King marked his defiance of his subjects' opinion by dismissing from their lord-lieutenancies Lords Carmarthen and Pembroke, who voted for it. The complaints of the people continued to increase, affairs in America continued to become worse, and Lord North was eventually compelled to resign. The King felt this as such a personal slight, that he even desired the royal yacht to be prepared, and talked of returning to Hanover. He submitted, however, though very reluctantly, to see Lord Rockingham again assume the premiership ; but this Ministry was shortly after irremediably weakened by the death of its chief ; and Lord Shelburne, who succeeded him, was out-voted by a coalition formed by Lord North and the party which adhered to Fox. The King again discussed the idea of his retiring to Hanover, and yielded more reluctantly than ever to a Ministry forced upon him, though one of the principal actors in it was Lord North, who had formerly been one of his closest friends. And not long did this Government remain in power. The King, con-

triving skilfully to make the hostility to Fox's India Bill (which he considered a measure particularly pointed against himself) a weapon to be turned against his own minister, dismissed them, and appointed William Pitt, who took office at a time when there was a majority of forty against him in the Lower House. Perhaps there is no instance whatever, among the many cited by Mr. May, of the manner in which the King's influence was exerted, more striking than this. William Pitt, nearly alone, without a single minister to back him in the House of Commons, was supported almost solely by the knowledge that he possessed the confidence of the King and a majority in the House of Lords. Addresses of want of confidence were passed, but Pitt still stood firm; the Opposition attempted to extort a promise that Parliament should not be dissolved, but this was indignantly refused. They repeated their efforts to drive ministers from office, but in vain; holding his ground steadily against them, availing himself most skilfully of every mistake on their part, of every error in judgment into which the impetuosity of Fox could lead him, Pitt manfully fronted the surges of hostile feeling;—gradually the court influence prevailed; gradually members came to the conclusion that a new and powerful minister had arisen; the Opposition, which on January 12th, 1784, had a majority of fifty-four votes, by the 8th of March, in the same year, had so dwindled that they had then but a bare majority of one. Pitt's courage had triumphed. Parliament was dissolved, the rancour of opposition had exasperated the nation, the spectacle of Pitt's firmness had conciliated many opponents, and on the assembling of the new Parliament the majority was greatly in favour of the Ministry. Pitt, who had been sustained during the early part of this struggle by the royal prerogative, was now naturally inclined to lean on it, and to desert his former predilections, forgetting the times in which he had been as loud as any in declaiming the 'injurious, corrupt, and baneful influence of the Crown.' It is true the King now no longer governed personally, yet he and his minister together raised the power of the Crown to a higher point than it had ever previously attained. The supremacy of the minister in Parliament was complete, but the King was prepared at any time to use his own personal influence against him, if he proposed any measure to which his Majesty objected. The story of the fall of this great minister is well known; like his rise, it was owing to the King's personal will. After years of authority, on the occasion of the union with Ireland, he desired to make concessions to the Roman Catholics. The King announced that he should consider any one who supported this measure his enemy, and desired the Speaker of the House of Commons (Addington)

to 'open Mr. Pitt's eyes on the danger arising from agitating this improper question.' Mr. Addington undertook this commission, but Pitt was too deeply impressed with the necessity of the measure to withdraw it, and he determined to abide by the advice which, as a responsible minister, he was about to tender to the King. The King being resolved not to permit any alteration in the law as it then stood, Pitt resigned, and an Administration was formed under Addington. The King was delighted with his new minister. But in less than three years, Pitt, who had in the meantime pledged himself against bringing the Roman Catholic question again forward during the King's reign, was once more called to power. Pitt's death was followed by the well-known Grenville and Fox Ministry of 'all the talents;' but this Administration, like so many of its predecessors, was compelled to resign in consequence of a difference of opinion with the King on the Roman Catholic question. The next Ministry was under the lead of Percival. The King's conduct, in requiring a pledge from their predecessors that they would not revive the hated Roman Catholic question, was severely commented on in both Houses; but the monarch's personal will had again prevailed. The close of his sway, though not of his life, was, however, near at hand, and his mental diseases reappearing, his power was at an end.

'The King's will had prevailed, and was not again to be called in question. His own power, confided to the Tory ministers who were henceforth admitted to his councils, was supreme. Though there was still a party of the King's friends, his Majesty agreed too well with his ministers, in principles and policy, to require the aid of irresponsible advisers. But his rule, once more absolute—after the struggles of fifty years—was drawing to a close. The will, that had been so strong and unbending, succumbed to disease; and a reign, in which the King had been so resolute to govern, ended in a royal "phantom," and a regency.'—*May*, vol. i. p. 98.

We have thus endeavoured to give a slight sketch of one of the most interesting portions in Mr. May's work. In a subsequent chapter, he has traced the influence of the Crown through the reigns of the three successors of George III. It has been a far more agreeable task to point out how, in more recent times, this power, which during the latter half of the last century was, by the manner in which it was exercised, the cause of deep-rooted discontent and continued discord, has, under happier auspices and more constitutional counsels, become one of the most powerful bonds of union in the State.

'From this time,' says Mr. May, 'no question has arisen concerning the exercise of the prerogatives or influence of the Crown, which calls for notice. Both have been exercised wisely, justly, and in the true spirit of the constitution. Ministers, enjoying the confidence of Parliament, have never claimed in vain the confidence of the Crown. Their measures have not been thwarted by secret influence and irresponsible advice. Their policy has been directed by

Parliament and public opinion, and not by the will of the Sovereign, or the intrigues of the Court. Vast as is the power of the Crown, it has been exercised, throughout the present reign, by the advice of responsible ministers, in a constitutional manner, and for legitimate objects. It has been held in trust, as it were, for the benefit of the people. Hence it has ceased to excite either the jealousy of rival parties or popular discontents.

'This judicious exercise of the royal authority, while it has conduced to the good government of the State, has sustained the moral influence of the Crown; and the devoted loyalty of a free people, which her Majesty's personal virtues have merited, has never been disturbed by the voice of faction.

'But while the influence of the Crown, in the government of the country, has been gradually brought into subordination to Parliament and public opinion, the same causes which, for more than a century and a half, contributed to its enlargement, have never ceased to add to its greatness. The national expenditure and public establishments have been increased to an extent which alarms financiers; armies and navies have been maintained, such as at no former period had been endured in time of peace. Our colonies have expanded into a vast and populous empire; and her Majesty, invested with the sovereignty of the East Indies, now rules over two hundred millions of Asiatic subjects. Governors, commanders-in-chief, and bishops attest her supremacy in all parts of the world; and the greatness of the British Empire, while it has redounded to the glory of England, has widely extended the influence of the Crown. As that influence, constitutionally exercised, has ceased to be regarded with jealousy, its continued enlargement has been watched by Parliament without any of those efforts to restrain it, which marked the parliamentary history of the eighteenth century. On the contrary, Parliament has met the increasing demands of a community rapidly advancing in population and wealth, by constant additions to the power and patronage of the Crown. The judicial establishments of the country have been extended, by the appointment of more judges in the superior courts—by a large staff of county-court judges, with local jurisdiction—and by numerous stipendiary magistrates. Offices and commissions have been multiplied for various public purposes; and all these appointments proceed from the same high source of patronage and preferment. Parliament has wisely excluded all these officers, with a few necessary exceptions, from the privilege of sitting in the House of Commons; but, otherwise, these extensive means of influence have been entrusted to the executive government, without any apprehension that they will be perverted to uses injurious to the freedom, or public interests of the country.'—*May*, vol. i. p. 135.

Besides this very interesting chapter on the influence of the Crown, Mr. May has traced, with equal research, the history of the past changes in the constitution and character of the other two branches of the Legislature. Nothing, as he truly remarks, is more remarkable in the history of the constitution than the permanence of every institution forming part of the government, while still undergoing continual and sometimes very great changes in its powers. Thus the House of Lords continues to hold its high place in the State, while in its members and composition it is difficult to recognise 'its identity with the "Great Council" of a former age.' Yet these very alterations have been the source of additional strength to that body. Had the House of Lords remained what it was at the death of Queen Elizabeth, when only fifty-nine temporal Peers received writs of

summons—or even what it was in the reign of Queen Anne, when the number, before the addition of the sixteen representative Peers of Scotland, was only 168, it could not possibly have been that power in the State which it is now. Changed as the peerage has been, in character and composition, since the days of the Tudors, it nevertheless exerts far more power than might have been expected after the great revolutions in British society, which have taken place during the last three centuries. From being formed mainly out of the great possessors of vast landed property, it has been recruited in more recent times not merely from this class, but the most distinguished men in diplomacy, in war, at the bar, and, in later days, in business, have been added to its ranks, which have thus acquired almost more of a representative than of a hereditary character; and to this change in the constitution of that Chamber its strength has been owing. Had the number remained fixed, as proposed in the reign of George I., when a bill restraining the Crown from the creation of more than six beyond the then existing number of peerages had been agreed to by the King, and passed through the House of Lords, it would have been impossible for that body to have expanded as it has since done in proportion to the requirements of the State. The close aristocratic council which would thus have been formed might have been, indeed, for a long time formidable from its privileges, and respected on account of its possessions; but unless it had been actuated by a wider spirit than such close bodies are usually possessed of, it would probably, sooner or later, have come into such vehement collision with the other powers of the State, that its own destruction or theirs must have been the consequence. From this danger the Peers were saved, not by their own act, as they had passed the measure in question, but by the prudence of Walpole and the constitutional sense of the Commons, who rejected the bill by a large majority. Since that time, no attempt has been made to fasten the jealously-watched gates of the highest chamber in the Legislature;—and to the fact that this has never been done—that our British roll of nobility, unlike the ‘*Libro d’oro*’ of Venice, has never been closed, we must ascribe it that our peerage still exists in undiminished vitality. Not that, as is well known, the power of the House of Lords has never been exposed to rude shocks, and sometimes to great dangers. This risk arises the more readily from the circumstance that every successive Minister, in adding fresh peers, has naturally favoured his own adherents. Hence, after a long lease of power to one or the other of the great parties in the State, that party slowly, but surely, comes to be possessed of a majority in the House of Lords, at a time when the House

of Commons, which far more readily reflects the current phrase of public sentiment, may be of a contrary opinion. Thus, at the accession of George III., the House of Lords was mainly Whig; when William IV. ascended the throne, mainly Tory. At a later date, as is fresh in the memory of all, the House of Lords opposed the demand for Reform, at a risk which filled the minds of many with dread. Their compliance, however, at that time, with the expressed wish of the Sovereign, and the demands of the people, has been followed since by the exact reverse of what many confidently predicted. Instead of being deprived of their influence, a mere mass of showy reeds bowed by every breath of popular clamour, planted on a tottering foundation, ready to be swept away by the least rise of the tide, they have steadily maintained their position. Again and again, on various questions, they have opposed the expressed opinions of the Lower House, and compelled them to withdraw or to modify various measures which did not meet with their approval. But, as Mr. May says:—

‘These examples of independence are thrown into the shade by their proceedings in 1860, when—treading upon the forbidden ground of taxation, they rejected a bill which the Commons had passed—as part of the financial arrangements of the year—for repealing the duties upon paper. The controverted question of privilege involved in this vote will be touched upon hereafter; but here it may be said, that the Commons have ever been most jealous of their exclusive rights, in matters of supply and taxation; and that their jealousy has been wisely respected by the Lords. But finding a strong support in the Commons—an indifferent and inert public opinion, much encouragement from an influential portion of the press, and a favourable state of parties—the Lords were able to defy at once the Government and the Commons. There had been times when such defiance would have been resented and returned; but now the Lords, rightly estimating their own strength, and the causes by which retaliation on the part of the Commons was restrained, overruled the ministers of the Crown and the Commons, on a question of finance, and by their single vote continued a considerable tax upon the people. The most zealous champion of the independence of the Peers in 1832 would not then have counselled so hazardous an enterprise. Still less would he have predicted that it would be successfully accomplished, within thirty years after the passing of the Reform Act. In short, though the Lords were driven, in 1832, from an indefensible position, which they had held with too stubborn a persistence, they have since maintained their independence, and a proper weight in the Legislature.’—*May*, vol. i. p. 265.

If the character of the House of Lords has undergone great changes during recent times, that of the Lower House has received greater alterations still. It is curious to observe of what very remote standing some of the defects and anomalies in its constitution have been. As far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the influence of the great Peers was discussed and deprecated by the Commons. Under the Stuarts, the unwise exercise of the prerogatives of the Crown in creating

fresh boroughs, mainly of inconsiderable places, only made these defects more glaring. William III., Queen Anne, and the first two Georges had other business on hand than a reform of the representation; but it is a thing much to be regretted that the subject did not receive due consideration when, in 1766, in one of his most celebrated speeches on American taxation, Lord Chatham called attention to the borough representation—‘the rotten part of the constitution’ as he called it—‘which,’ with foresight far beyond his generation, he said, ‘cannot continue a century. If it does not drop, it must be amputated.’ But these remarks fell unheeded on the ears of men occupied with the vehemence of colonial contests and party struggles. Nor was William Pitt successful when, in 1782, he proposed an inquiry ‘into the best means of carrying into execution a moderate and substantial reform of the representation of the people . . . to restore that beautiful frame of government which had made us the envy and admiration of mankind; . . . and which has so far dwindled and departed from its original purity, as that the representatives ceased in a great degree to be connected with the people.’ And again he was foiled in his attempt to bring forward a similar measure when in office in 1786; a measure which he introduced by stating, that ‘though he had twice failed in his endeavours to effect this salutary purpose, he was not discouraged.’ To this last attempt the King was personally adverse, and an indifferent or unfriendly House of Commons rejected the plan. There were great and evident objections to the plan as proposed, which included a scheme for compensating the owners of borough property, and purchasing the exclusive rights of various close corporations. Yet, had some ‘sober and practicable scheme of reform,’ to use William Pitt’s words, been carried at that time, some endeavour made to remedy the ‘defect in the frame of representation which it was not innovation, but recovery of constitution to restore,’ it is more than probable that the waters of bitterness which were dammed up and restrained by this and subsequent acts of repression, till they threatened to swallow up all semblance of authority in their poisoned and accumulated depths, might have been so far drained off by this cleansing and improvement of the channel, that those convulsions might have been avoided which followed when the flood-gates were at last burst open, and the vast current driven onwards by the irresistible pressure of the times. There is no occasion here to advert to the details of the Reform Bill of 1832; by it, though the representation still remains theoretically incomplete, the Lower House has been brought far more into harmony with the interests and sympathies of the

people, till it practically comes nearly up to Burke's standard, according to whom 'the virtue, spirit, and essence of a House of Commons consists in its being the express image of the feelings of a nation.'

The examining into the working of the House of Commons naturally led Mr. May to a careful consideration of the kindred subjects of government by party, and the influence of public opinion by which the different parties in the State are formed and maintained. In a free country, these combinations are inevitable; and while it is impossible not to deplore the factious length to which such connexions have sometimes been carried, the bitter strife stirred up between the fellow-subjects of the same monarch, yet, on the whole, we may well feel with Mr. May, that though there is much in these disputes to deplore and condemn, there is more to approve and commend. By these contests, the relative importance of particular measures is frequently ascertained; in these preliminary debates, the necessity of yielding somewhat to the opinions of others becomes too clearly manifest to be altogether refused:—

'We find that government without party is absolutism; that rulers without opposition may be despots. We acknowledge, with gratitude, that we owe to party most of our rights and liberties. We recognise in the fierce contentions of our ancestors the conflict of great principles and the final triumph of freedom.'—*May*, vol. ii. p. 93.

We may hope, also, that if we are spared a pressure like that which marked the early years of the century, the internal condition of the land,

'Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent,'

will be less subject to vehement contests than in the days of our fathers. We fervently echo Mr. May's hope that the framework of our constitution will not, in years to come, be tried with 'the perpetual wear and tear' which characterised former years. The struggles he has narrated 'marked the transition from old to new principles of government—from exclusion, repression, and distrust, to comprehension, sympathy, and confidence. Parliament, yielding slowly to the expansive energies of society, was stirred and shaken by their upheavings. But with a free and instructed press, a wider representation, and a Parliament enjoying the general confidence of the people, agitation has nearly lost its fulcrum. Should Parliament, however, oppose itself to the progressive impulses of another generation, let it study well the history of the past, and discern the signs of a pressure from without, which may not wisely be resisted. Let it reflect upon the wise maxim of Macaulay: "The true secret of the power of agitation is the obstinacy of rulers,

, and liberal governments make a moderate people." Nor we may add, is Mr. May insensible to the dangers which inevitably attend a government like ours. Free institutions have their drawbacks, chief among which we may reckon the difficulty of obtaining the enactment of any law, however desirable, which is opposed to the current prejudices of the times, or would militate against the individual interest of any considerable body in the State. Still, we may thankfully accept the vast benefits of our privileges, and, gathering confidence from the past, look on with hope to the future. There is much else in Mr. May's volumes to which we should desire to advert if space permitted. They contain a thorough summary of the progress of legislation as well as that of society during the century of which he treats. In no point has a higher condition of public opinion been so marked as in the alteration of the criminal code of the country, and yet this has been done in such comparatively recent times, that the whole of it lies within the last fifty—the greater part within the last twenty-five—years. No portion of the touching memoirs of Romilly are more interesting than those in which he chronicles his vain efforts, session after session in the House of Commons, to introduce some amelioration into the vindictive code of laws then existing. Vain efforts in the main, for very few were the crimes then punishable with death towards which he was able to extend any remission. Picking pockets was then a crime held to deserve capital punishment, and Romilly gained a remission of this cruelty. In one or two other instances also he was able, though with difficulty, to prevail on an unwilling Legislature to show the like clemency to other kindred misdemeanours. Yet, though little came of it in his time, in one sense, his labours were not in vain; for his example roused others to follow in his steps, and a gradual and, in later years, a rapid amelioration of the laws has followed. That further measures of improvement in the doubtful lottery of criminal legislation and the treatment of our convicts are yet required, it is impossible to deny; but on the whole, though much remains yet unperformed, the spectacle of what has already been done is some assistance in nerving the present generation to fresh efforts.

Mr. Phillimore's work, as it at present stands, only brings the history as far as the year 1766. The volume which he has already published is distinguished by considerable research, by great vigour of style, and, we must add, by very hard language against all those with whom he chances to disagree. We regret that he has not at all times been more temperate in his expressions, as it is impossible but that he must thus deprive his work

of much of the weight which it would otherwise have possessed. We may, however, feel obliged to our friendly critic for reminding us how much we stand in need of being continually warned of our national defects, and thank the hand which probes our sores to the quick from a desire to expedite the process of recovery. We make one extract which gives some idea of Mr. Phillimore's style. After claiming the right to be heard in the cause of truth, he goes on to say:—

'Fully convinced that our balanced constitution—that is, a limited monarch, an *hereditary* peerage, and a fairly chosen House of Commons—is better adapted to us, and more likely to promote the good of the commonwealth, than any other form of government, I have not abstained from expressing my admiration for republican energy, or from pointing out the particular evils to which our monarchy, however limited, is inevitably exposed, from the habits of courts, the intrigues of courtiers, the servility of peers, and, above all, from the corruption of those who elect and those who are elected to the House of Commons.

"*Nam variæ illudunt pestes.*"

They require incessant vigilance. Grossly and most stupidly do we flatter ourselves, if we suppose our age is free from them; for, whatever we may imagine, the complete triumph of mediocrity, and almost total extinction of taste and genius, are no security against time-servers and hypocrites. Great improvements in machinery, enormous shops, and the most intense study of entomology, are quite consistent with the decay of all public spirit, and entire apathy to the motives that animated the men who gave England her rank among the nations; nor will incessant and boisterous panegyrics on ourselves, and on the worst and coarsest parts of the national character, which are as disgusting to men of refinement as they are captivating to the herd of readers, avert any one calamity we have to apprehend, or remedy one single evil under which we suffer.'—*Preface*, p. viii.

The history itself is brought so little way in the volume now published, and so large a portion of that is occupied by a survey of the state of the country, that we shall best do justice to the work by deferring any more extended remarks on it till it is continued to a later date.

While Mr. May has devoted himself on the whole more to the political than to the social history of the last hundred years, Mr. Massey has, we may say, supplemented his labours with a work which takes a more general view of English society during a portion of the same time. We must say a portion only, for the original intention apparently, announced in the title-page and preface to the first volume, of illustrating not only the 'Political and Military, but the Social History of England,' during the reign of George III., has been so far cut short, that the fourth volume, instead of bringing us to the close of that reign, only goes as far as 1802. We have vainly endeavoured to extract from internal evidence any certainty whether Mr. Massey intends to continue his labours to the full extent of the period promised, not less by the title-page of the fourth than by that of the first volume; but the ominous words 'The End' are printed on the

last page of vol. iv. in so peremptory a manner, that we are compelled to believe, though reluctantly, that the narrative will be continued no further. We must sincerely say that we regret this decision. Mr. Phillimore's work, with its hasty conclusions and crude opinions, even if he accomplishes all that he has started with the intention of performing, will be far from filling the place which Mr. Massey's better-matured history may well take even in its incomplete state. The plan of Mr. May's book, a treatise on the constitutional History of England, necessarily breaks it up into detached chapters on each branch of the government and other kindred subjects. Mr. Massey, on the other hand, has supplied for the period that he treats of a continuous narrative, handled in a broad and intelligible manner. We may perhaps consider that the picture given at the commencement of the second volume of the habits and manners prevalent among our countrymen in the earlier portion of the eighteenth century is too highly coloured; we do not doubt that Mr. Massey could bring authorities for what he has stated, and furnish a long list of proofs, if such were required, for all the dark shades in the picture; yet it would not be difficult to extract from our newspapers at the present time traits of morals and character, if not as sombre, at least sufficiently dark, to justify a future historian a century hence in producing a portrait of the England of this period which we should unhesitatingly reject as a caricature. We regret the more that the promised review of the progress of manners and laws up to 1819 which Mr. Massey contemplated has not been given us, as it would have been the more interesting to compare it with the earlier picture. To attempt any summary of all the four volumes, the shortest of which contains close on 500 pages, while the longest exceeds that bulk by nearly 150 more, would be in great measure to go over the same ground that we have surveyed in our notice of Mr. May's work. We propose, therefore, to consider Mr. Massey's description of Pitt as minister, both before and during the war with France. Of the former of these periods, Mr. Massey's narrative gives a clearer delineation than any we possessed before, and we make this selection the rather, because, in any history of the central and later portion of the reign of George III., William Pitt, the minister who served that monarch so long, and would have served him so much better had he only been allowed to do so, must be one of the most prominent figures.

William Pitt is so generally known in this country as a war minister, and his memory is so closely associated with the taxes required to maintain defence without, and the repression required to keep down the ever-growing discontent within, which

the raising those heavy taxes engendered, that we are apt to forget that there was, so to say, an earlier Pitt, who had endeavoured to accomplish other things—to reform the representation, and improve the system according to which the customs were levied—and who, had he lived in happier times, would have been remembered for other ‘works’ than the closed windows, the frequent suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and a general system of repression. As early as 1784 he endeavoured to remove the heavy restrictions which then fettered trade between England and Ireland. The speech in which he introduced this measure exhibited a broad and liberal view of the relative positions of the two countries. Instead of coercion he desired conciliation; instead of a captious fear lest Irish products might, in some instances, drive English industry out of the market, unless restrained by protective duties, he exhorted his unwilling hearers to lay aside these petty jealousies, and to remember that the advantage of one portion of the empire was the gain of the whole.

‘Pitt was of opinion that Ireland had still grievances to complain of, and that until these were redressed it was hopeless to expect tranquillity, or to establish a Government in that country. His plan of policy comprehended Parliamentary Reform, and the adjustment of the commercial relations of the two countries on an equitable footing. Although aware of the complicated difficulties which beset any attempt at a reform in the representation—difficulties far greater than any which have prevented the settlement of the question in this country—Mr. Pitt still strongly urged upon the Irish Government the propriety and expediency of devising some means by which the scandals and iniquities of the House of Commons should be redressed. The idea of a complete union between the two kingdoms, which he carried into effect sixteen years afterwards, in the only manner in which such a scheme was practicable, was, at this time, present to his mind; and he indulged the hope that it might be worked out through the agency of a Reformed Parliament and a free trade. The first was soon given up as impracticable. It was on his commercial policy, therefore, that Pitt was forced to rely, for establishing the relations of the twin islands on a friendly footing.’—*Masey*, vol. iii. p. 275.

Nor did he less manifest the higher qualities of a statesman when he proposed the commercial treaty which he negotiated with France by the assistance of Lord Auckland:—

‘An article in the late treaty of peace between France and England had provided for the negotiation of a commercial intercourse between the two countries. This was now happily effected by a treaty based upon the most liberal terms, and conceived in a spirit which recognised the mutual interests of the great contracting parties. Prohibitory duties on the products of either country were to be repealed, with some few exceptions. A moderate tariff, mostly for revenue purposes, was to be fixed on certain commodities. A great concession was made to France, by abolishing the differential duties in favour of the wines of Portugal, and thus abandoning the famous Methuen Treaty, which had been so long considered a masterpiece of British diplomacy. The treaty was calculated to be highly beneficial to the trade, commerce, and manufactures of both nations, and to ruin the contraband traffic, which, in spite of repressive laws and a revenue fleet, had long infested the channel. But above all, it was valuable in its tendency to allay the barbarous animosities which had

subsisted for centuries, and to introduce relations of a more humane and generous character, between two great and enlightened communities.'—*Massey*, vol. iii. p. 307.

Meanwhile he rendered a most useful service to trade by the plan for consolidating the customs' duties, abolishing a great number of vexatious, uncertain, and unintelligible imposts, and in their stead substituting specific duties—an arrangement which, while it facilitated the collection of the revenue, added considerably to its amount. By 1792 the surplus revenue was little short of a million; and Pitt, while applying a portion of it to the reduction of the National Debt, expressed a confident hope that this most desirable object was in a fair way to be realized—unconscious, alas! that this was the last peace budget which it would be in his power to bring forward. Lord Stanhope is surely justified in saying, 'The benefit of these measures is by no means limited to the period thus described, since it was mainly the sap and strength imparted by them which enabled the country to sustain, and finally triumph over, the perils of the conflict that ensued.' We can the less doubt, from the terms of the French Treaty, and the hopes Pitt expressed of laying by it 'a foundation for a free and amicable intercourse between the two countries,' that he was the more reluctantly driven to a war with the people he had thus immediately before endeavoured to conciliate. England, under Pitt's guidance, had no share in the first attack on the French Republic, which was the act of the Austrian and Prussian Governments; and, notwithstanding the excitement caused in this country both by those who admired and those who abhorred the principles then in fashion at Paris, there can be no doubt that Pitt was reluctantly forced into the war by the French invasion of Holland, and the breach of treaty thus involved:—

'The War in which England became thus involved was unlike any former war in which any civilized power had been hitherto engaged. It was not a war of ambition, of self-defence, or of national rivalry. The elements of those quarrels which had aforetime involved this country in "just and necessary" warfare with her mighty rival were, indeed, still extant; but at this time, there was no struggle to retain or acquire some distant possession more burdensome than useful to either party; there was no question about the balance of power; there was no dispute, to serve as a pretext for the indulgence of military emulation. Our ancient rival was no more. That famous house of Bourbon, whose aggrandizement it had up to this period been the leading policy of English statesmen to restrain, was levelled with the dust; but in its place had uprisen a power more terrible than the French monarchy, at the height of its insolence and vigour. A country without a government, denouncing all regular Governments, dispersing the missionaries of anarchy throughout Europe, and inviting all nations to cashier their rulers, to level society, to confiscate property; in a word, to dissolve all the bonds by which civilized communities had hitherto been held together. Such was France—and France had declared war against England.

'England had simultaneously declared against France; nor was it possible that peace could have been maintained between the two countries. The ministers of the Crown, rashly accused of provoking a rupture with the French democrats, were the last to admit the necessity of war. They desired only to guard this country against the contagion of French principles; they gave no encouragement to the rash aggression of the German Powers; they used their influence to prevent the States General from joining Austria and Prussia; and proposed, for the first time in the history of England, to maintain a strict neutrality in the conflict between France and the Continental States. The policy of the first minister, during a lengthened administration of unrivalled prosperity and success, had been essentially the policy of peace.'—*Massey*, vol. iv. p. 1.

When war was once commenced it was no longer possible to conclude it at will. The spirit of the French nation was so entirely roused, and kindled into fury by the general coalition formed against them, and their military ardour so encouraged by the tide of conquest, that it was long before they again desired peace. The abortive attempt at pacification in 1796 was persisted in by the English Government long after the French had made it perfectly clear that they were by no means prepared to accept the terms offered. The negotiation which had been unsuccessful at Paris was renewed in the following year at Lisle; and Pitt, for the sake of peace, was then perfectly willing to allow the Austrian Netherlands (which had been the principal bone of contention at the previous conference) to remain French territory, as well as to give up all the possessions taken from the French during the war. After these terms were rejected nothing remained but to continue the bitter struggle.

It has always appeared to us unfortunate for Pitt's reputation as a statesman, that his efforts for the improvement of the condition of the country during peace are so little remembered, while his fame is usually associated with his acts as a minister during the war. In this capacity his conduct has been so frequently discussed, that there is the less occasion to relate here the long list of efforts, failures, and successes which chequer the narrative. It is a period which, though an Englishman may well contemplate with pride, he must likewise remember with sadness. The ill-concerted measures, and incompetent generals of the earlier portion; the vast subsidies, and assistance, disguised as loans, to the Governments of Germany, to persuade them, to bribe them, on any terms, to continue a war as necessary to them as to ourselves; the great suffering these efforts entailed on this country;—are brightened up with the sunshine of occasional brilliant success both on sea and on shore, and the remembrance of ultimate victory. The means employed to repress opinions which the Government disapproved—opinions far more likely to have died away unnoticed and

unimportant, had they not been forced into notoriety by indiscriminate prosecution—seem to us now unworthy of a great minister. The only excuse that can be offered for these acts is, that the temper of the times threw even the firmest minds off their balance. The effect on Burke is well known. This feeling was doubtless shared by many others alarmed at the slightest disturbance, doubting whether any riot might not expand into a complete revolution. Some reflection of these fears may have actuated Pitt both in instituting the State prosecutions and during the Irish rebellion, the revolting history of which will be found at some length in Mr. Massey's pages. Yet here we find Pitt more fortunate in his choice of Lord Cornwallis as Lord Lieutenant—a man whose clemency was only equalled by his courage, whose arrival in Ireland brought the first hope of peace to that desolated country. The moment, also, that the supremacy was gained, and the victory assured, we find the Ministry in England far from vindictive in their punishments, and thankful to be able to cease from the hateful task of severity. Had Pitt been able to carry out the measures he desired, we may well believe that these horrors might have been spared, and Grattan could never have uttered the bitter rebuke, 'Instead of buying foreign aid with subsidies, buy your own subjects with kindness.' On all the main features of Pitt's character we find the stamp of a great mind. Those qualities, however, will best be remembered which are the more prominently brought forward in Canning's celebrated song. You do not ask whether the pilot who has directed the ship during great dangers has not been compelled to acts which might have been unnecessary in a fair-weather voyage—whether he may not have been reduced to cut the crew down to short allowance, to put a refractory seaman in irons. Even if he has mistaken loud grumblers for mutineers, he may be forgiven; it is enough for him that he has guided the ship into safety. And this was Pitt's merit. Though his reputation would, we doubt not, have stood far higher had he been able to carry out the peaceful programme of his earlier days, he will be remembered as the man who imparted a portion of his high spirit to the nation in a time of unwonted peril—he will be known as the pilot 'who weathered the storm' during the greatest dangers that ever assailed the country. It was greatly owing to him that, in the noble words of the latest speech he ever made, 'England saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example.'

Though much of what is chronicled in the pages of the works we have been surveying passed in the lifetime of many still among us, yet the period is in many respects so unlike the

present time, that it is separated from us by a gulf greater than that which the comparatively few years which have elapsed since would of themselves have created. The language of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and of Sheridan, is far more akin to our own times than the system they administered, or the laws which they enacted. Hence we seem so close to them while we read their burning words, that we are scarcely conscious of the continuous alteration which has gone on ever since—the reconstruction, piecemeal, of the old edifice of the constitution, and the vast changes in the social arrangements of society. When we read of the long list of questionable practices—the abuses in the Pension List, the wholesale smuggling, the atrocious severity of the laws, the turbulent coarseness of manners—we turn from the unattractive picture of the past to the smooth demeanour of the present, and complacently allow ourselves to assume that we are in all respects better than our fathers. But we must not plume ourselves that the improvements we have inherited and continued are all due to our own merits. In bodies politic, as in organic bodies, reconstruction is one of the conditions of life, and that reconstruction is grounded, in some degree, on the previous condition of the corporate system. The changes of late years have frequently been for the better; but let us ever strive to strengthen the weak portions of the social frame, or a disintegration more rapid by far than this gradual and by no means progressive amelioration may result, even as ‘*corruptio optimi pessima*.’ We look back with astonishment, not unmingled with contempt, to a House of Commons of which the members were bribed. Yet there were high qualities even in those days which we may well regard with reverence. Let us remember what, in 1830, Earl Russell—not too favourable in his judgment of the past—said of the Parliaments of George II. —applicable, too, we entirely believe, both to the present day and to the period we have immediately been surveying:— ‘The Parliament of that day was, at all events, the faithful guardian of the public purse; and although the members of it might be pensioners and place-holders, they acted more faithfully in watching over and guarding the expenditure of the public money than we do at present. Indeed, I think I have shown pretty well, that much as we boast of the times in which we live, yet, as faithful guardians of the public purse, we are not entitled to all the praise we so abundantly claim for ourselves.’ And if, in a point where one might have supposed their venal judgment was the weakest, their conduct receives so much praise from so high an authority on such points, we may well believe—what indeed a closer study of the times in question will assure us of—that they were more practically

useful than we permit ourselves to allow. And even if the record had presented but what was degraded and base, are we, even in the present age of advanced knowledge, so completely perfected in every degree, that we may rest content without endeavour for improvement? Are there no sores in our social state yet festering deeply, scarcely concealed, yet unprobed, unsalved? Are all our institutions so faultless that nothing is left to be desired? As fresh complications arise, as fresh difficulties and dangers beset the State, it is well that we may pause, and, looking backward to times of great doubt and great discouragement, strengthen ourselves for the struggle by the remembrance of the high deeds of those who have endured, striven, and conquered before. Especially now, when it is so much the habit of the time to assume an indifference to anything that does not interfere with our comfort or trench on our indulgences, it is a refreshment to turn over again the fast-fading leaves on which are inscribed the great names of some who will ever stand confessed among the noblest of England's great men, who were in earnest because their heart was in their work, and successful because they were earnest.

ART. VII.—*Addresses delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Exeter, at his 11th Visitation, A.D. 1863, by HENRY, Lord Bishop of Exeter. To which is added a Sermon preached by him in the Cathedral Church of Exeter, on Whitsunday, 1863.* Compiled and published by permission, by Rev. CH. CH. BARTHOLOMEW, Vicar of Cornwood, and Rev. REGINALD BARNES, Vicar of Mary Church, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter. London: John Murray, 1863.

2. *The Prayer-Book Unveiled in the Light of Christ; or, Unity without Liturgical Revision. Letters for Nonconformists, expository of the Church's Teaching, &c., addressed to the Rev. T. Binney.* By the Rev. R. AITKEN, Incumbent of Pendeen, Cornwall, and Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Seafield. London: William Macintosh. (Preface dated May, 1863.)
3. *Clerical Papers, by one of our Club.* Oxford and London: J. H. and Jas. Parker, 1861.

As a general rule, a Bishop's triennial Visitation of his Diocese is an event calculated to excite no high degree of public interest. To the chief pastor himself indeed, and to the clergy who attend his summons and render him their canonical obedience, such periodical meetings must needs be salutary, as silent mementos of the flight of time, and the changeful nature of earthly things: it is our own fault if these rare opportunities for mutual intercourse between the several orders of the sacred ministry are ever allowed to pass by unimproved. For the outer world, unless the Bishop be on a Confirmation tour, it is much if any notice is taken of his presence, except by the few, churchwardens and others, whose duties call them to his Visitation Court. And so the Charge is respectfully listened to, and mildly criticised, and printed in course, and safely lodged on some upper shelf of the parsonage library; the parish priest meanwhile cherishing in his quiet sphere of labour a pleasing remembrance of his Diocesan's kindly sympathy; and, in most instances, we trust, the cheering conviction that God's Providence has set over him a spiritual father from whom he can hope to receive counsel and encouragement in his hours of disappointment and perplexity.

Now and then, however—once or twice at least within the compass of the last eventful quarter of a century—a Bishop's Visitation Charge has been looked forward to or received by Churchmen in a widely different frame of mind. We have all

known seasons when, deserted by the leaders we trusted and honoured most, the boldest among us were growing anxious what the end might be; the hearts of the timid utterly misgave them; when even thoughtful men looked forward to the forthcoming addresses of their Bishops for guidance and consolation and prudent advice. Most of us, too, can remember with thankfulness the Primary Charge of more than one earnest and eloquent man, fresh to his great office, solemnly impressed with the sense of his new responsibilities, who has seemed to pour forth his whole soul into the burning words he utters, for the first time, to his assembled Diocese. Such Charges there have been, which live yet, and long shall survive in the memory of those who heard, and even of the strangers who but read them.

The deep and peculiar interest which encompasses the little work whose title stands at the head of this article, arises from the fact that the extemporary addresses it contains were delivered, not on the occasion of a *first* visitation, but of one, the eleventh in order, which can hardly fail to be the *last*. They comprise, in fact, the farewell to his great diocese of that man who, as a champion of primitive truth, as a maintainer of the faith of Christ as taught in the English Church, holds in the estimation of all that love and all that hate her the very foremost place among her living Bishops and doctors; a place attained by none other since the close of the seventeenth century—by few, very few, before that date. The stormy voyage of his life has almost ended, and the haven is only not in sight.

That great old man is yet our own,
His voice is in our ears;
Ne'er doubtful is the trumpet's tone,
When that old man appears.
Like David's, his no tranquil life;
And yet, like David's son,
He doth the work, midst storm and strife,
Reserved for Solomon.
Most loved by those who know him best,
Dreaded, or loved, by all,
He bids the way-worn wanderer rest,
The stumbling not to fall.
So Athanasius propped the Faith,
When it was scorned by men:
And so have trod the self-same path
Our Wilson and our Ken.¹

On the recurrence of several preceding visitations, the Bishop of Exeter, mindful that his threescore years and ten

¹ We shall the more easily procure our pardon from the honoured writer of these vigorous lines, if we abstain from quoting the title of the work in which we found them.

were fast hastening on to fourscore years, instead of exhausting his powers by oral delivery of a Charge, had circulated among his clergy Pastoral Letters, treating of the perils and errors of the times. In 1860, if we remember right, when he had reached his eighty-third year, even the Pastoral Letter was dispensed with, and save that Diocesan and Clergy joined in celebrating the Holy Communion of the Lord's Supper, the visitation was purely of a formal character. In the early summer of 1863 the triennial period again came round, and the Bishop seems to have gathered up his strength, both of body and mind, for a solemn parting, face to face, with those who had loved and honoured him so long. The hand of time had pressed heavily upon his physical powers, but there yet abided the charm of that earnest and measured eloquence, which has so often held captive the House of Lords, and which, in persuasiveness, in power, and closeness of reasoning, was never surpassed even by the highest efforts of Lord Lyndhurst; it was once more to be put to the proof on an occasion the most trying and affecting that can be well conceived. At seven different places in his Diocese (unhappily still the most extensive in England), within the short compass of twelve days, Bishop Phillpotts delivered those extemporaneous addresses which he has permitted to be published, sanctioning the general accuracy of the reports without vouching for every single expression, and all who heard them will readily testify to the reverential care and faithfulness with which they have been preserved.¹ They are indeed memorials of a scene which none who witnessed it can soon forget. It was not till Morning Prayer was ended that the Bishop would enter the Church, his tottering steps supported by his Chaplains, and his voice was soon heard as he offered up the opening Prayers of the Communion Service. The sermon ended, the blessed Feast was celebrated by the whole body of clergy and many of the assembled laity. That Divine rite performed, the Bishop was led to his chair, which was placed immediately before the holy table, when, for a few moments, all were hushed in silent expectation. There stood around their Bishop, awaiting his valediction and his blessing, some who owed to his patronage all they had in life; many who had long looked up to him as the fearless champion of the truth in the midst of a gainsaying generation; yet more who had once been taught to hate and revile him, but whose enmity time had softened, and whose unjust prejudices had been corrected by experience. The speaker's first sounds were eagerly caught up by anxious

¹ Here and there (*e.g. Addresses*, p. 14) we seem to catch the very accents which, in mere weakness, trembled on the lips of the old man eloquent.

listeners; as he went on and gradually warmed with the interest of the subjects that he dealt with, his words, low but distinctly enunciated, flowing on deliberately without pause or hesitation, while they fell on nearer ears as if uttered in the tone of conversation, were yet clearly heard in remote corners of the great church of St. Andrew's, Plymouth. No one present, we verily believe, was cold enough to be wholly unmoved, while the unbidden tear flowed down many a cheek. For the Bishop's parting from his flock was couched in no form of conventional language, however fit or impressive; as every neighbourhood afforded to the Church and her clergy some work of peculiar local interest, or some special difficulty or perplexity, so are they severally met in these addresses by appropriate counsel and encouragement, prudent suggestion, and gentle rebuke. At Plymouth, more especially, as well from the importance of the place as from other well-known circumstances, this solemn visitation was deeply felt. Nowhere throughout England had the course of duty which the Bishop of Exeter has invariably pursued been met with opposition so virulent and unscrupulous. Even some of the leading clergy there had occasionally been betrayed by party zeal into the use of language which would do harm to the best of causes. They were now before him, more than one well stricken in years. As none could forget or dissemble the irrevocable past, let us mark with what mildness and dignity, not without some compunctious personal regret, a Christian Bishop can recognise and deal with it: the passage is long, but we do not think that any one would wish it shorter who is capable of receiving from it the admonition which, in these troublous times, every one of us so sorely needs:—

'But that there is one other subject that presses upon me, I should now take my leave, and that is in Plymouth and its neighbourhood—I may call it Plymouth, I mean the three towns together—I lament to say, as every Christian must lament, that there is much of spiritual discord, ay, among the clergy. I grieve for it. I will not ascribe the blame to any unless I do it to all; and if I do it to all, it is because it is hardly possible for any to be exposed to the danger of spiritual discord—however pure they may think their own intentions, however sound their own attachment to the duties of their high office, however zealous they may be for God's honour—it is hardly possible for any to have mingled in these scenes without having increased the danger which must attend, and has ever attended, spiritual discord amongst the ministers of Christ. Do not imagine that I am so visionary that I should expect all to have the same views in all parts of Christian truth. It has pleased God that it should be otherwise, and we must accept it as part of that mingled cup which He has given us to drain; but let us all remember rather that this is the trial of our faith, and that we cannot expect to escape from it, because we may otherwise flatter ourselves that the discord is not our fault, and that it is only our faithfulness that causes others to differ from us. *Depend upon it that difference has left its soil upon all it has touched.* But you must not therefore be less zealous in

'God's cause, but determine by His grace to value and assert His truth. It ought to make you more zealous to inform yourselves rightly, and then to think and act obediently to God and charitably to each other. It is difficult for those who are conscious that they are pursuing the straight line of duty, according to the doctrines of the Church, to think that those who they may be of opinion are going widely apart from its duties—it is undoubtedly difficult for them to think without censure of those they consider their *erring* brethren. Let them, however, consider them as *brethren*, and then let them pray to God to enlighten the minds, whether of themselves or their brethren, to see His truth, and above all to see the beauty and holiness of the exercise of charity. *I am not ignorant that during my long life I have been very much exposed to that very state of feeling which I earnestly hope you may pass by without sin. That I have been exposed to it and passed through it without in some respects a diminution of charity, I dare not say; I doubt not that I have suffered, and I doubt not that I have sinned, if with any vehemence or without knowledge I have fought, or unwisely acted towards my fellow-ministers in Christ. I trust in God that He has made me see how much better charity is than all else, and that He has made me to be more earnest in believing this than in remembering any instance of my life in which I may have fancied at the time that any one had triumphed; and that He has led me to believe and see that that triumph—if there has ever been a triumph—has been the defeat of him that fancied he had so triumphed. May we meet again where we shall all meet in love, for the sake of His dear Son, Jesus Christ, Amen.*'—*Addresses*, pp. 19, 20.

It was publicly said next day by one who was much moved by this touching address, that when the speaker thanked God for making him see how much better was charity than all else, he virtually passed sentence upon those acts of his own career for which he will be longest held in thankful remembrance throughout Christ's Church. We take the Bishop's meaning to be far otherwise. At no period of his life has he shown himself more convinced of the deep importance of definite views in regard to the faith once for all delivered to the saints. His anxious concern for this matter pervades the very passage we have quoted above; and on the close of his laborious and exciting visitation, the next Sunday being Whit-Sunday, he delivered from the Episcopal throne in his Cathedral a noble sermon, on Acts x. 47, 48 (which is seasonably appended to these addresses), wherein the high mystery of our *oneness with the body of Christ* is made the foundation of those very doctrines respecting sacramental grace, to the defence of which he has long devoted the best faculties of his mind. If, in the prosecution of this great warfare, his weapons have now and then been but carnal; if his adversaries have sometimes felt the lash of sarcasm moved to action by the sharp sting of wanton provocation; if their presumptuous ignorance has been exposed, or their folly put to rebuke by the practised controversialist with whom they have chosen to measure their puny weapons; for all severity uncalled for in the vindication of sacred truth, the Bishop

declares his hearty sorrow; and if he 'may have fancied at the time that any one had triumphed' (there would be among his hearers some who understood his meaning only too well), he would fain regard that triumph a defeat. Yet, even in the course of this very visitation, a portion of the old spirit is seen to return upon the veteran. Not indeed that, as with poor Edie Ochiltree, the frailties of the past cannot be recalled without a certain feeling of penitential glee; but rather on the old Horatian principle, that you cannot easily expel nature by force, least of all, perhaps, the inbred power and relish for calm and polished irony. A few days after this palinode at Plymouth, the Exeter clergy have to look as grave as they can while listening to the following criticism on the dealings of Convocation with the case of Bishop Colenso and his miserable books:—

'I have received the Report of the Committee of the Lower House; and that Report I speak of with sincere respect and thankfulness for the great pains taken; for the moderation, yet firmness, exhibited in it; and apparently for the great ability shown in dealing with the subject. It is now gone to the Upper House of Convocation, and what the result of their deliberation upon it may be, it is not for me even to guess. I have no special reason for knowing; I have had no communication with any one of them. But I rejoice in one thing,—I am perfectly sure that they must have ascertained, before they encouraged these discussions in the Lower House, and before they entertained the subject in their own, that they had a legal right to deal with it. I conclude that they must have had, in the list of matters commended to them by the Crown, the examination of books, and especially, perhaps, of Bishop Colenso's book, mentioned as one of the matters that their licence enabled them and empowered them to deal with. *I give them credit for that; for I am sure they are not rash men.* They are sober, discreet, as well as learned and able men; and they would not have rushed into such a danger of violating an Act of Parliament—the Act which relates to the supremacy of the Crown in these matters—without great caution, and being quite sure that they were right.'—*Addresses*, pp. 34, 35.

He then cites the precedents for the action of Convocation in the instances of Toland's and Whiston's publications, with the opinions of the Crown lawyers in the latter case. His further perplexities in reference to the question are put in the following perspicuous and characteristic manner:—

'The question in the present instance is involved in some peculiar difficulties, arising, not from the position of Bishop Colenso as a Bishop, but from the fact of his being a Bishop in a part of the Church, which, whether it be within the patriarchate of the Archbishop of Canterbury or not, I know not. What may be the effect of the proceeding in relation to his own Metropolitan, the Bishop of Cape Town, and from him whether an appeal is possible to the Archbishop of Canterbury or not, as I am told, has been a matter of question. These matters, however, must certainly have been settled on the knowledge and authority of the Crown lawyers before Convocation would have dealt with them. *Their having dealt with them is assurance to us that they have been advised well that they may so deal with them; and I am thankful for it.*'—*Addresses*, pp. 36, 37.

This knotty discussion is suitably enough reserved for the ears of the learned Clergy of the Cathedral. Country incumbents and curates are treated to plainer fare, but every word that falls from the Bishop's lips bespeaks lively sympathy with their difficulties, a full appreciation of their exertions and their sacrifices, an eager desire to promote every good work men's hearts have been moved to begin within the compass of his vast diocese. In the north of Devon, he speaks of peace and harmony throughout the district; the task of Church restoration engages many minds; he is thankful for the establishment of a middle school among them, where the sons of farmers and tradesmen may receive a better education than was hitherto within their reach, conducted on Christian and Church principles. The new institution reminds him of a similar one long before established at Probus, 'in a remote part of this diocese—in Cornwall,' with much success. The old fire of his indignant eloquence is kindled as he denounces the crying sin of Plymouth and our sea-port towns, its terrible consequences to its victims, the *unmanly* baseness and cowardice of the seducer: he rejoices over the Devon House of Mercy, founded by the Hon. Mr. Courtenay, Canon of Windsor, and the sister House in Cornwall, raised by the persevering zeal and devotion of that true servant of Christ, Mr. Everest, the Chaplain of Bodmin Gaol. Church Missions to Seamen on board the ships that fill our western harbours divide the thoughts of this large-souled man of eighty-six, with a care for the continued success of Training Colleges in the west, and for diocesan inspection of National Schools, and for the most effectual method of promoting among the pupils an intelligent knowledge of the Prayer-Book. Age may have bowed the outward frame, but has had no power over that free spirit: Bishop Phillpotts is no mere *laudator temporis acti*, even of those times when his intellect shone bright among the brightest: he lives in the present, he forecasts and provides for the future. Of the *practical* turn of his genius, we find no inadequate proof in the matter of these *Addresses*, which their editors have so happily published, in the just persuasion that 'the words then heard by the Clergy of the Diocese of Exeter were such as they would not willingly let die.'

It was no part of the Bishop's design to enlarge upon the present prospects of the branch of Christ's Holy Church by God's mercy yet living in England; or to dwell much on those mingled hopes and doubts and fears which must perforce fill every mind intelligent enough to discern the spirit of the age. At Totnes, however, he does not shrink from acknowledging that the younger clergy who surround him 'have come into

' the Church in not its most flourishing period, but at a time when ' their zeal and faithfulness will be most useful, and most blest, ' and rewarded by their Heavenly Father ' (*Addresses*, p. 12): as though the very hardships of their warfare as Ministers of the Lord need but enhance the glory of their future triumph. It must have been in Cornwall that the low and afflicted state of the Church—the alienation of a large majority of the population from all reverence for her services, or recognition of her character as their spiritual guide—would press most heavily on his thoughts. True, the evil is far from a new one; his first experience of it in all its intensity thirty years ago is said to have forced from him the sad complaint that *Methodism was the mother Church of Cornwall*. It is also an undoubted fact that in the chief towns and more enlightened districts Dissent has languished and the Catholic faith has signally revived within the last ten or twenty years: at Truro, Penzance, and Falmouth, the churches are crowded by constant and devout worshippers; in other towns, till quite recently very unpromising, such as Camborne and Liskeard, the tempered earnestness and diligence of the clergy have been blessed to an extent far beyond all reasonable anticipation. From the remoteness of its situation and some untoward circumstances, Cornwall is more destitute than any other part of England, except perhaps Lincolnshire, both of great resident landowners and of families of liberal training and cultivated intellect, whose very presence effects so much for the moral and religious well-being of a neighbourhood: yet those there are, are without exception attached to the Church; indeed, it cannot well be otherwise; no person of ordinary education or refinement ever attended a Dissenting service, in parts where Dissent is rampant, with any disposition to repeat the experiment. Yet while we thankfully hail these tokens and promises of better things to come, it is our painful duty to confess that in country parishes, especially in such as are far distant from the larger towns, and we must needs add in many of the mining districts also, the actual condition of things is deplorable. The little pamphlet which we name last at the head of our article contains four papers on the chief departments of parochial work, read to the Clerical Club of his Deanery, by one of the most hardworking, prudent, and liberal clergymen in the county: he stands well with Dissenters in his own parish and elsewhere, he has been sometimes known to yield to their claims when passive resistance would have been more seasonable. We say this to show that his account of what he sees and knows must be taken as the measured language of sobriety and truth, rather than as the ebullition of hot-headed zeal, without sense or discretion. 'Born and bred,' as he tells

us, 'and having spent a life of some forty or fifty years in the West of England, where Methodists abound;' addressing brethren who ought to be familiar with the topics he is discussing, he does not hesitate to speak as follows of the actual position of himself and his hearers in relation to most of the flocks they were sent to feed with the Word of eternal life:—

'Look at the majority of our country parishes in the districts of which I speak; the clergyman—is he not often the only Churchman in his parish? Of his small congregation, some come from habit, some from indifference to religion generally, some from interest, none from principle; and he stands *alone* as the representative of the Church, amongst his seven hundred, one thousand, or two thousand parishioners.'—*Clerical Papers*, p. 14.

The clergyman stands *alone*: scarce a soul comes near his pleasant parsonage without some interested motive, a favour to ask, or some perplexity in his ordinary business to solve, about which he would deem himself insane if he consulted the ignorant teachers, whom yet he thinks skilful enough to assume the direction of his soul and conscience. The clergyman may roughly estimate beforehand the number of such applications he will get in the week, by marking whether Farmer So-and-so pays him the compliment of attending church on Sunday. His pastoral visits are received much in the same way, sullenly, or with a welcome in proportion to the hopes and calculations of the visited. He seldom finds much difficulty in obtaining access to the sick and dying, but it is too often with a view to their imparting, not receiving, spiritual edification; Christ's messenger is lectured by the *professor* on the need of a sensible conversion, and has to listen in sadness, almost in silence, to rapturous anticipations of assured bliss, where the largest charity can hardly persuade him to stifle his misgivings. Of his scanty and irregular congregation, hardly one in twenty is a communicant; he is seldom so happy as to meet with one even in the fittest person he can nominate for his own churchwarden; and if he ever seems to himself to have made way enough for suggesting the Blessed Sacrament to some dying patient, he is put aside by some such language as was once addressed to the writer of this article:—'I know well my Lord's command, *Do this in remembrance of Me*; but I bless His Name that I have long since realized by faith more than a carnal ordinance can teach me. However, if it will do *you* any good, I will receive with you.' We return to the '*Clerical Papers*':—

'If any clergyman thinks or expects, as a clergyman, by any means to obtain or have ceded to him, by his people as at present constituted, at least in Dissenting districts, the position in his parish of chief spiritual adviser, to the exclusion or even to the prejudice of the tinker or the tailor, I cannot help saying, and I say it advisedly, that he is doomed to certain disappointment. He may thoroughly expose the tinker, and utterly defy the tailor, but to no

purpose, save that the dirt will stick only to his own fingers, and that the tinker and tailor, as objects of the parson's antagonism, will be raised to a higher position in parochial estimation. Nor supposing he essays another line, and fondly hopes, by adopting the popular opinions of these worthy gentlemen, to *win* his way to victory, and so beat them, as it were, at their own weapons, is he likely to meet with a better success? He will soon find that their weapons are too coarse for his handling—their secret means of carrying on the hidden warfare of far too unscrupulous a nature to suit his notions of propriety; and he will thus find a defeat awaiting him even more signal in this case than in the former, inasmuch as defeat here must carry with it an acknowledged superiority of the successful adversary, and a consequent complete cession of the ground.'—*Ibid.* p. 3.

This precious policy, the becoming a Methodist in order to win the Methodists, our Cornish friend tells us he has seen tried, 'and that, too, by able and energetic men, with wonderful effect at first—crowded congregations, Methodist preachers 'coming to church, the meeting-houses partially closed, to the 'infinite disgust of their proprietors.' But he has seen, too, the end of this line of policy, which we must candidly admit has met with as much success as it deserves. Of the several instances which he details, in a vein of quiet humour, we will find room for one, though we do not pretend to know the person to whom he refers with so much particularity:—

'First, then, A., well known in the religious world as a popular commentator and writer. He, then, adopted the line above alluded to. Well, A. drew crowded congregations to his church and week-day lectures, and made a great stir for about three years. At the end of that time his influence began visibly to diminish, and his congregations to fall off; until, at the end of another three years, his influence was entirely gone, his congregations had dwindled down to their pristine paucity, and, *still a prophet in every man's parish but his own*, his own had ceased to receive him. Self-respect compelled A. to seek another sphere.'—*Ibid.* p. 4.

The simple fact is, that the post of a clergyman in a Cornish country parish resembles nothing so much as an outwork like Fort Sumter, to be held by its beleaguered garrison against all odds, for the sake of their own honour and the general safety. When the Methodist prophet, John Wesley, early in his career (1734), was for declining the living of Epworth, so long held by his excellent father, on the plea that a life of contempt was better suited to his spiritual health, he was shrewdly told by his brother Samuel:—'What you say of contempt is nothing to the 'purpose; for if you will go to Epworth, I will answer for it you 'shall, in a competent time, be despised as much as your heart 'can wish.' At the present day, the social rank and education of the parish priest exempt him for the most part, among his own people, from that contempt which his Master was content to bear for our sakes; but he is only exposed the more to the worse calamity of being the most envied and best hated man in the

neighbourhood. Envy, perhaps, he might buy off by renouncing the moderate, so frequently the *very* moderate, portion of worldly goods assigned to him by our pious ancestors, who had heard that 'the labourer is worthy of his hire;' but so long as the church bell shall sound to prayer, and its spire point heavenward, and he himself is at hand to teach and to rebuke, he will not fail to experience the melancholy truth that pure intentions, a frank and friendly bearing, moderation in upholding Divine truth, gentleness towards them that oppose, sincere love for souls, are no protection whatever against the assaults of adversaries, open or concealed. If, indeed, a man can bring himself to give up the contest in mere despair, and rest satisfied with performing decently his routine duties, and amuse himself with his own occupations and pursue his own tastes, he will find himself let off rather easily. He will be abused in private, *as he richly merits*, for a careless, selfish, ungodly ministry. But he will be doing the enemies' work too well to be roused to action by sharp or open reproach. He has abandoned his charge to the stranger, and that is enough. He may live on in peace for many a year, and, if his own heart will let him, he may lay him down at the last in peace to die. But we are thankful to say that few indeed of the Cornish clergy (personally we know not one) are found willing to purchase quiet at so dear a cost; and so they find themselves irrevocably committed to an unceasing warfare with those who hate them for the commission they bear. Fortunate is the new incumbent who soonest understands the terms on which he must live; who never expects to win love by conciliation, or confidence by bestowing confidence. There is something in the spirit of Dissent, working as it here does on coarse and untrained natures, which expels from the breast all candour, gratitude, or reverence for truth; unless, as will sometimes happen, it shall itself be expelled by the virtues against which it arrays itself. The clergyman gradually learns to prepare himself for being regarded as the worst man in his parish; for knowing that the wildest calumnies regarding him will find ready credence, though they be founded on no probable cause whatever; for finding sentiments and expressions freely imputed to him the very reverse of the reality; and he will at length come to acquiesce in the conviction that *it must be so*; that if he be at the trouble of refuting a lie to-day, it will only be replaced to-morrow by another as false and even more absurd. Well may our Clerical Club member say that our foe's 'secret' means of carrying on the hidden warfare are far too unscrupulous 'to suit' honest, Christian men. It is only just to say that these remarks are true to a far less degree with regard to the older denominations of Nonconformists, such as the Independents and

the Baptists, than to the Methodist Connexion and the several yet lower forms of Dissent which have branched off from the parent society, mainly within the last few years. For ignorance, for vulgar turbulence, and utter recklessness about the means they employ, if only the end seem convenient, the bad pre-eminence must be assigned to a body which abuses the name of 'Bible Christians:' inasmuch as one great attraction they offer is the setting up women for public preachers, we may assume that such texts as 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35 are lacking in their Bible. Another of their ingenious schemes for keeping up excitement, which we found to be pretty general among them, first came upon us with something of the charm of novelty. We were once asked to sympathise with a Cornish rector's daughter in a matter about which she hardly knew whether she ought to be more vexed or amused:—She had taken some notice of a smiling, ruddy little girl of four or five years old at the national school, and had spent days and weeks in teaching her to recite a large portion of Keble's sweet Evening Hymn with simplicity and feeling. One Sunday the child was missing at the school, and the sly looks and nods with which her companions answered inquiries about her told too plainly that she had been led away captive by the Philistines; in fact, the fame of her hymn had reached the ears of the Bible Christian minister, the parish miller. On that luckless Sunday she was smuggled into his meeting-house, led up into his pulpit, and there were recited publicly (for the first time, we dare say, in such a place and to such an audience) the most touching stanzas contained in that glorious storehouse of Divine poetry, the 'Christian Year.' We had no better comfort to offer to the young lady, thus ruthlessly bereft of a favourite pupil, than that she now knew what her bees must feel when their honey is drawn.

We only wish that a keen eye to business never led these poor people to devices less harmless than we have just described. One of their practices, however, which proves a formidable obstacle to the clergy in the mining districts, is too characteristic to be left unnoticed. When a body of adventurers forms a company for opening and working a new mine, the superintendents, or *captains*, as they are termed, if there be no other meeting-house on the spot, or even though there be one, will often run up the four walls of an ugly barn, to be used as a place of worship, wherein they expect all persons employed in the mine to hire sittings. The labourers themselves have little or no choice in the matter; the captain or his subordinates puts the seventh day to profitable account, by turning preacher; the concern is a safe and sure investment, with quick returns; and it is really too much to expect that the miner, while the

opinions of all around him on these matters remain what they are, should trudge for miles to his parish church, while he has a conventicle at his own doors, for the support of which he must pay, whether he goes near it or not. In agricultural districts, again, some enterprising person is always at hand, who will venture his little capital in the same way, in the full security that the debt left on the building, after all donations are paid, will ere long be liquidated, principal and interest, by the familiar machinery of anniversary sermons, shilling tea drinkings, lectures and temperance meetings, bazaars and magic-lanterns. In more than one neighbourhood we can name, *Good Friday* is chosen as the best time to effect two worthy purposes at once: to catch the labouring classes when released from work, and to insult, by their noisy gathering, and their profane and hideous music, the slender congregation of Church people, who are met together in their Lord's name to keep in solemn remembrance His death and passion for us men and for our salvation. On one occasion, we know, an Independent preacher, no strict observer of days and seasons, manfully remonstrated with the "Bible Christians" on the indecency of thus dishonouring a day which not he, but others, regarded with reverence and awe; but the appointment was too convenient to be changed, and he remonstrated in vain.

The consequences of this fearful state of things on the ministrations of the clergy and the morals of the people need hardly be so much as stated. It is only by dint of sustained efforts and constant watchfulness that about *two* per cent. of the whole population (the proper average is said to be *four or five*) can be brought yearly into the Church for Holy Baptism; the custom of returning thanks for a woman's safe delivery in child-birth is 'fast falling into disuse, and, in many cases, pretty-nigh forgotten altogether' (*Clerical Papers*, p. 30); in country places, where there is but one burial ground, and that in the churchyard, Dissenters will come to funerals in crowds,¹ and the clergyman is called upon, and can hardly refuse, to administer the full rites of Christian burial to many of whose baptism, even by a layman, he has no evidence; of whose life-long estrangement from the Church he possesses abundant proof. Another evil—whose gravity no language can exaggerate—the inevitable result of this Carnival of Disorder and Misrule, was deplored by the Bishop in his Addresses both at Bodmin and Truro: the growing disregard to Holy Matrimony, as a religious ordinance, and to the barriers set

¹ Some clergymen will seize this season, if there be anything remarkable in the case of the departed, to address, on the spot, in the middle of the service, a congregation whose faces they never see at other times.

up by God's law against unblessed and incestuous unions. He exhorts the clergy to remonstrate with their parishioners on the recent portentous increase of marriages contracted in the registrars' offices, and thinks that 'the women at least will be thankful to have those they are about to wed reminded what matrimony is and ought to be, and what the blessings of the Church and the promises of God upon it are. The women, if their minds are properly drawn to this subject, will insist, as a condition of their consent to wedlock, that the blessing of God should be prayed for and pronounced upon their union by His appointed minister' (*Addresses*, p. 27). Alas! the mischief is more deeply rooted than the venerated Prelate seems to imagine. We are not aware that the sin of unchastity is more common (it is certainly not less so) in Cornwall than in some other parts of England, especially in the southern counties; but in a large proportion of the unions formed before the registrar, the woman has forfeited her power of making terms; she is only too glad to be married anywhere and at any rate; and the Church's rich benediction on 'that blessed state which is the symbol and the image of God the Son's union with our nature' (*Addresses, ubi supra*) would be simply desecrated on the occasion of these unwilling, unloving contracts, inaugurated by the violation of the laws of God and the decent arrangements of social and domestic life.

We must again remind the reader that this melancholy detail of the Church's weakness and the people's loss, though generally, is not (God be thanked for it) universally true throughout every part of the south-western county. In the towns, as we have been careful to state, with much to lament there is somewhat to rejoice at for the present, and a good hope for the future. Even in some country parishes, which are favoured in being the residence of the landed proprietors, or where the clergyman is a person of conspicuous station or easy fortune (we do not think that, as a rule, mere personal character, or distinguished ability, or warm piety, make anything in his behalf), there will be found moderate congregations, composed of persons who think it proper or convenient to attend Church once on Sundays, though they may all be more or less connected with some sectarian body. But if, in the whole length of Cornwall, from Launceston to Scilly, there is one neighbourhood in which the Church maintains the place its dutiful children would fain desire, it is in the district committed to the charge of that remarkable man whose name stands on the title-page of the volume second in place at the head of this article. Mr. Aitken's career as a minister of Christ has been so peculiar, the visible success that has crowned

his labours presents so striking a contrast to all we have seen or heard of elsewhere in the county, that our readers, to whom his position and character may be less familiar than it is to us, will pardon us if we try to discover the secret of a success which, even if only temporary, is sufficiently striking, and such as could have been anticipated neither by himself nor his warmest friends.

The Peel District of Pendeen forms a part of the parish of St. Just-in-Penwith, of which the well-known Mr. Gorham was for some years vicar, and lived but a sorry life among a people as obstinate and cross-grained as himself. The three parishes which lie immediately to the south of Pendeen comprise the Deanery of Buryan, founded by King Athelstan as a College of Priests, after his conquest of the Scilly Isles; the Dean of Buryan, now the sole and the well-endowed incumbent of the whole group, has brought unmerited scandal and shame upon the Church in those parts by nearly half a century's continuous non-residence. Seaward is Cape Cornwall, which 'looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;' that bold headland so well remembered even by casual visitors to the Land's End. The whole region is as bleak and wild as can easily be conceived; the soil barren and destitute of trees, which the furious blasts from the Atlantic forbid to rise above the shelter of a garden-wall; all the wealth of the country and the main subsistence of the people is in the tin and copper mines, one of which (Botallack) runs into the Ocean, far below the bed of its waters.

Such was the sphere of duty to which Mr. Aitken was called by his present Diocesan some fourteen years ago. He was then somewhat advanced in middle life, but full of hope and energy and love for men's souls. He found in his new preferment—*ἄδωρον δῶρον* he might deem it—enough to task all his powers to the utmost: no church, no schools, no congregation, no Church-feeling, or even the semblance of it. His nominal flock consisted of some three or four thousand rude miners, some calling themselves Methodists, others destitute of the bare notion of religious life. For once the man's spirit quailed; he almost despaired, and offered to decline the charge he had accepted. He was told by his patron that he was bound to go on; and then, resting on God's help, he set himself vigorously to the work. Fortunately for him, he was not a poor man, and could draw on the resources of pious friends at a distance; and so in this physical and moral wilderness there soon arose a temporary church, into which his impassioned oratory and the unction of his teaching brought crowds who had never joined in our service before. This was hardly a beginning;—any earnest preacher, who will but throw

aside his book and look his hearers in the face, can do nearly as much for a short time in any the darkest corner of poor Cornwall: we have seen the end of this passing excitement as described in the 'Clerical Papers' (see p. 10). Mr. Aitken effected far more than to attract an audience; he retained them; he won them over to himself and to the Church; those who had hitherto gone to meeting wandered no more; the frequenter of the beer-shop became a changed man, a constant and devout worshipper, an habitual communicant. The temporary edifice gave place in four years to a spacious stone church, whose storied windows and rich decorations would have seemed more suited to a Cathedral city than a poor colony of humble miners; school-buildings and a handsome residence followed in due time (for the good man holds that the earth belongeth to the saints); and thus in a country where to cheat the parson or to charge him twofold would almost seem to be regarded as the eighth cardinal virtue, the materials for church, schools, and residence, were carried from a distance and at heavy cost, by the cheerful hands of the farmers of the district. We profess ourselves utterly unable to gauge the influence which has produced results so far surpassing all that is experienced elsewhere. As he began, so does this sincere and laborious man proceed. His church is as full, his sermons as long or longer, his hearers as patient, his power for good as great, as when all wore the bloom of novelty, and before love and zeal had space to wax cold.

Sincerely honouring Mr. Aitken's self-devotion, rejoicing in his almost marvellous success, we opened his book, entitled, 'The Prayer-Book unveiled in the Light of Christ,' now just published, with profound and anxious interest. It is regarded by the many who admire and reverence him as a formal exposition of his theological views; and those who in other spheres have their own work laid upon them as ministers of the Lord's Church in England may easily be pardoned for inquiring into the character of that teaching which is received by so many as the very Gospel of Christ. Any high degree of literary ability, at all adequate to his power in preaching and extemporary prayer, could hardly be looked for, in the circumstances of the case: it is no disparagement to Mr. Aitken that he expends his whole mind on pastoral work and preparation for the pulpit; and such a course of life must tell unfavourably on literary composition. A great preacher may be, and often is, an indifferent writer: what a mighty man was Whitfield in Moorfields or at the Tabernacle; what a poor creature when he took a pen in hand! We will not, therefore, look for, and certainly shall not find, in this volume severe logic, exact learning, precision of thought, or neat expression—a certain rude energy there must be in any

composition on which a strong mind has exercised its best powers in regard to a subject with which it is intimately familiar: this is all we have a right to expect, and this obtained may satisfy us. If we desire information respecting the system and scheme of doctrine which has seemed to accomplish results so decidedly successful, we shall not here be disappointed, though we may and must rise from our investigation with serious misgivings as to the soundness of Mr. Aitken's teaching, with heartfelt sorrow that so much wholesome truth is modified and, in some degree, neutralized by dangerous error.

And we will begin with the pleasing duty of thankfully acknowledging that no writer is more bold than the Incumbent of Pendeen in denouncing the miserable sectarianism of the times; no one can see more clearly the mischief it has done and is doing wherever Christianity is professed. The motto on his title-page strikes as it were the keynote of his whole volume, 'The work of the Spirit in the world is only a preparation for the life of Christ in the Church;' and few statements can be more effective, none more sadly true, than the following in the very opening of the book, which takes the form of a series of letters addressed to that able and eminent Nonconformist, Mr. Thomas Binney. After speaking of his recovery from recent illness, he proceeds:—

'Through God's mercy I am again fit for work, and no kind of work can be attempted which is more difficult and more needful than the restoration of unity among professing Christians. *Unhappily, its necessity is not felt as it ought to be.* Our lamentable and long-continued differences and divisions have naturally enough induced and fostered misconceptions respecting unity, which are held, and acted upon, without misgivings or any consciousness of wrong. There seems to be no suspicion of the fact, that, by a righteous retribution, we are under the domination of a devious spirit—that the religious mind of the day is not convicted of the sin of violating Christian precepts and of disregarding apostolical injunctions in the matter of unity, and that the inquiry, "What is the will of God respecting it?" is actually foreign to the spirit of the age. At the same time, there is, undeniably, a very general desire for unity, although it does not proceed from the right principle, and is not very ardent. . . . If men do not see that disunion is antichristian, yet they are made to feel that it is a disturbing element, doing the work of an enemy in every parish, and gathering strength for more disastrous conflicts; and if unity could be restored, in accordance with their own views and principles, it would be thankfully accepted by all whose individual interests would not be affected, and whose narrow-minded prejudices would not be offended by its restoration.'—(Pp. 1, 2.)

It is impossible to read Mr. Aitken's volume, especially his seventh letter, on 'The Church as God's Witness for Christianity,' without feeling convinced that he has taken up and will maintain his position, whether wisely or advisedly may indeed be questioned, but in an honest temper and a resolute purpose to follow which he believes to be the guidance of the Divine

Spirit. The most devoted Churchman could not expatiate more fondly than he does upon the harmony and comprehensiveness of the system of Christian teaching which is contained in the proper services appointed in the Prayer-Book throughout the year. Advent and Christmas, Circumcision and Epiphany, Easter and Pentecost, each bring to him their fit lessons, like wholesome meat in due season. The Church is to him, as much as to any of us, the pillar and ground of the truth. 'The Church and Christianity,' he says, 'are inseparable, and cannot and do not exist apart from each other. Nonconformists and Evangelicals may in individual cases have a measure of the Christian spirit, and may recognise in some degree the obligations of Christian precepts, that is, they may be better than their systems . . . [but] the moment the light of Christianity breaks in upon the mind, separation from the Church becomes an impossibility. . . . We see it our high privilege and glory to be united to the body of Christ, and thus to have true fellowship with Him in His sufferings.'—(Pp. 286, 287.) It will not now surprise the reader to be told that nowhere throughout England is the public service of the Sanctuary conducted with more regard to decency and order, nowhere is the full choral service more carefully rendered, than in this remote nook of Methodist Cornwall. The rough miners are proud of their district church, love the Gregorian chant, which with their neighbours is a byword of reproach; the sacred edifice, opened each day for public prayer, is never void of private worshippers, there pouring out their supplications before God; it may be doubted whether the constant and devout communicants abounding in this one place do not exceed in number those of all other country parishes in the county put together.

It is hard, most hard, to speak of one who, by Divine permission, has done so great things where nearly every one else would have utterly failed, in any other tone than that of thankfulness and glad commendation. Yet if, with so much to praise, there be just cause for censure and rebuke, truth must not be dissembled, though it ought to be spoken in love. Much of this man's vast power over the minds of others springs no doubt from his thorough singleness of purpose, his fearless resolution, his religious earnestness, his persuasive manner, the very strength and might of his voice. With a large portion of his flock it is the greatest recommendation of all that in his system the grandeur of Catholic unity and the beauty of ritualism to which they had hitherto been strangers were mixed up, and in some sort made to combine with, what they had long learnt to regard as the sum and substance of true religion—the Wesleyan dogmas of sensible conversion and personal assurance of justification through

faith. It is the genuine, persevering, deliberate attempt to harmonize systems in general estimation so much at variance, which we believe to be the secret of his ministerial acceptance, as it renders his book a perfect marvel in its way: a curious mosaic, wherein white stones are mingled with black in such a variety of intricate forms that the most experienced eye loses itself in the vain attempt to trace the designer's pattern. Mr. Aitken is trying to blend two opposite and indeed contradictory theories, each of which possesses something to attract his sympathies, and for the upholders of either and both he would fain entertain no feelings save those of charity and brotherly love. While expatiating on the admirable arrangements of the Church's services throughout the year, his style warms with his subject, as he endeavours to exhibit to his Nonconformist correspondent a glimpse of 'the glories of our Father's house.' But then the prayers and the thanksgivings, even the deep confession of sin at the opening of our daily service,—these are for the *converted*; the whole liturgy was constructed solely for them, and if others use it they use what was never designed for such as they are, and can neither profit nor edify. Yet towards the mass of Churchmen, who reject and disbelieve his peculiar views, he expresses as much sympathy and regard as his system will permit. He evidently desires to speak of them as favourably as he may.

'The piety which they have,' he writes, '(for very many unconverted men have a certain kind of piety) is of the Christian type. Legal, of course, it must be; but let it be remembered that its legality is not the only thing which distinguishes it from the piety of the Nonconformist and the Evangelical. They fast forty days because Christ fasted forty days. They regard the Cross as the symbol of Christianity. It is not to them merely the instrument of our Saviour's sufferings and death, but the emblem of self-crucifixion—of the daily cross which they must take up if they would be the followers of Jesus. They see self with singular clearness, and they understand the meaning of the precept—Deny thyself. They see holiness, and they are consequently reverential; and they are trying to attain to it' [to holiness, we presume] 'in their own way. They understand what is meant by worship, and they would not consider they had done their duty if they did not offer up a service of worship unto God. They have wrong views, it is true, of the Sacrament of Baptism' [*i. e.* they believe that in holy Baptism they became united with the very body of Christ, and 'put on Christ' (Gal. iii. 27) :—'Clothed themselves in Him—in His body as a garment,' to borrow the exposition of Mr. Aitken's own *Diocesan Addresses*, p. 47], 'but their very error is in the right direction, if I may so express it. They hope to obtain the grace of justification by partaking of the Holy Communion' [we think we never heard this before, but let it pass]; 'still, somehow they imagine that they receive Christ, and that by receiving Him they are more and more justified. Their conceptions are just what we might expect unconverted men to entertain, who adhere to the letter of the Word, and whose minds are so far enlightened by the teaching of the Church. Their whole system of externalism has reference to Christ, and is a certain kind of acknowledgment that Christ is so represented by his Church; that He is

given to us through His Church, and that it is the Church's proper work and duty to manifest and uphold the truth. In short, the Church is to them *the kingdom and body of Christ*, and they account themselves the members of the body.'—Pp. 284-286.

It is hard to see why those who have realized this much of the power of Christ's *Gospel* should be set down among the unconverted, and that without any question or scruple on the part of one who is manifestly ready to speak and think of them the best he can. The very next sentence after the long passage we have quoted puts us at once in possession of the grounds of Mr. Aitken's judgment, and of the cause of his singular and involuntary mistake:—

'All this would become at once right and real if they were made spiritually alive to God by the saving reception of the doctrine of justification by faith; and it is not unreal [real ?] because it is not livingly exemplified.'

Does Mr. Aitken then suppose that 'unconverted Churchmen' look to their own works of penitence and self-discipline, of self-denial and of charity, for acceptance with God, and not to a humble trust on their Heavenly Father's mercy through Christ, who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification? Strange as such a notion may seem, we can draw no other conclusion from his plain and hearty words, and our inference is strongly confirmed by a remarkable passage in his second letter on 'The Revision of the Liturgy,' in which he tells us that 'High Churchmen would like to have the Eleventh Article omitted altogether'! (P. 21.) Surely we may reply that a man best shows his faith in Christ's atoning sacrifice as the sole cause of salvation, when the conviction of that Divine truth leads him onward to cultivate the graces of a Christian character, while he walks closely in the way of God's own ordinances. Those who lay such undue stress on loud and unfruitful professions of a belief in Christ as the cause of justification, may well be reminded of the words of William Law, the author of the 'Serious Call,' 'that the head can as easily 'amuse itself with a living and justifying faith in the blood of 'Jesus as with any other notion.'

And then again, as to the second of those errors which Mr. Aitken has borrowed, whether consciously or not, from the sectarians whom he rebukes so gravely and with so much justice—the necessity of an *assurance* of our adoption of sons of God, and of the justification of our persons. Our author does not hesitate to employ, in reference to this subject, language the strongest and the most uncompromising that can be conceived:—

'The unconverted Churchman says [and we say, too], "I do not deny that some may have an evidence of pardon and acceptance, but is it necessary for all?"

NO. CXXIII.—N.S.

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What does this mean? Why, pardon and acceptance is the very first living stage in our journey to heaven. It is true that baptized infants are under a special dispensation of blessing, but that dispensation ends with infancy—that is, when the age of responsibility and the capability of exercising faith are attained. Without the exercise of living faith—which is God's gift to the repentant sinner—the state of justification cannot be attained; and the state of justification has its characteristic blessedness as well as its spiritual powers; and a sense of forgiveness and acceptance—together with the joys of the Holy Ghost and the witness of the Spirit—are actually to us the evidences of our justification. To the newly-justified—to the very "babe in Christ"—S. John says, "I write unto you, little children, *because your sins are forgiven you*; I write unto you, little children, *because ye know the Father*," as your reconciled Father and God. "Whosoever believeth in Him," saith S. Peter, "receiveth remission of sins;" and S. Paul says, "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the *forgiveness of sins*, and by Him *all that believe* are justified from all things." Now, as our great Apostle saith, "we have received the Spirit of God that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God;" and S. John saith, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself;" and our blessed Lord saith, "Every one that asketh receiveth; he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened;" and yet the unconverted Churchman says, "Is it necessary that every one should have a sense of forgiveness and acceptance?" If I am to be free from blood-guiltiness, I must answer, "It is *absolutely necessary*—necessary for salvation: necessary no less for *Christian progress*, for we have 'knowledge of salvation by the remission of our sins,' and 'the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'" Oh! that never more might be heard that ignoble, that God-dishonouring question, "Is it *necessary for all*?"—*Preface*, pp. xvii-xix.

And thus we are brought to a pass. We have thankfully recognised the labours and rejoiced over the successes of this earnest and diligent minister of Christ; yet for ourselves, for all who think with us (and it is much if the Apostle of the Gentiles would not have sympathised with us in some of our doubts and struggles and spiritual sorrows—Rom. vii. 18-25; 1 Cor. ix. 27), there can be no hope of salvation unless we hold what he does, on a point upon which Holy Scripture, and the general sense of Christ's Church, have decided nothing. As regards the passages our author cites from the New Testament, we greatly wonder that so acute a mind as his should not have perceived their utter irrelevancy to the matter at issue. We cannot and we will not question the truth of God's promises to all that truly believe and repent; we may and too often must suspect our own frail and sinful hearts, their treachery, their fickleness, their love of sin and coldness to spiritual things. We dare say some such doctrine as his was insisted on by John Wesley, when his spirit was fired within him at once by his opening work and by the visible blessing that seemed to accompany it. The Methodist Apostle used widely different language to a fearful penitent when seventy-five summers had taught him more of the human heart, more of the various ways by which God's mysterious Providence condescends to work, in order to bring about the salvation of His creatures.

'You are continually inclined to write bitter things against yourself, says Wesley, in 1778, to a member of his Society. 'Hence you are easily persuaded to believe him that tells you that you are "void of every degree of saving faith." No, that is not the case, for salvation is only by faith, and you have received a degree of salvation. You are saved from many sins—from the corruption that overspreads the land as a flood. You are saved, in a degree, from inward sins—from impenitence, for you know and feel yourself a sinner. You are saved, in a degree, from pride, for you begin to know yourself poor and helpless. You are saved from seeking happiness in the world. This is not a small thing. Oh! praise God for all you have, and trust Him for all you want.'

These are wise and consoling words, though spoken by the sorest enemy who ever rose against that Church which he yet loved so well. If Mr. Aitken would but weigh them and adopt them as his own, his zeal and his usefulness need be no whit the less; his charity to those who humbly seek to serve God in humility and patience, though not after the rule of his dogmatic teaching, might become somewhat greater. If it be true that he estimates from his own experience that not more than one in ten of his converts persevere when the first warmth of their enthusiasm has subsided, he may find some cause to apprehend that incessant excitement, long extemporary prayers, outward manifestations of mental struggles, the perpetual habit of analysing mental emotions, may not after all prove the most hopeful means towards the fruition of that blessing which the prophet foreshadows when he declares, 'Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for us: for Thou also hast wrought all our works in us. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.'

Those who have cared to follow our melancholy description of the actual state of the Church in Cornwall may well understand the fervent desire of its clergy to obtain the direct superintendence of a Bishop of their own, who might reside among them, as no Bishop of Exeter ever has done, or indeed can do. The diocese is the largest in area, the third in number of benefices of all the overgrown dioceses of England. The very shape and situation of Cornwall render it hard of access; the people are a separate race, who must needs be handled gently though firmly; thoroughly estranged from the Church; readily susceptible of religious impressions, yet little inclined to bend to the law of Christian meekness and holiness. That the principal laymen of the county are in a great measure indifferent to securing a separate Bishop for Cornwall may be quite true; it is hard for them to estimate the value of a privilege they have never enjoyed; yet, if by God's goodness that grave and solemn office were committed to a man whose heart was in his work, they also would rally round him in course of time, and the clergy would have the comfort of lay co-operation in works of charity

and of pious duty, which they are now compelled to undertake almost single-handed. Even now it is believed that things are not so bad as they were; in the towns the improvement is manifest; in the remotest villages a generation is growing up, whose training in the national schools will have in some measure secured them from the assaults of coarse and vulgar fanaticism, and who cannot so entirely forget the fostering care and patient labours of their minister, which they witnessed in the schoolroom from day to day, as to take him much longer for a mere monster of selfishness and godless pride. The author of the 'Clerical Papers' we have so often cited is a judicious and a moderate man, with abundant means of observation, and a temperament the reverse of sanguine; yet his vigorous style rises almost to eloquence, as he contemplates the prospect he sees before him:—

'If we will scrutinize a little closely the signs of the times, we cannot but be convinced that the moral and religious influence of Dissent, rampant as it may appear to be, is even now upon the wane. The religious man is already beginning to be disgusted with its worldliness; the honest man with its duplicity; the liberal man with its intolerance; the intelligent man with its pretentious ignorance; the inquiring man with its uncertainty of sound; and the benevolent man with its bitterness of spirit. The day, then, cannot be far distant, we may rest assured, when Dissent will be weighed in a juster balance—when, no longer protected by the veil of prejudice or the mask of hypocrisy, it will be thoroughly understood, and as thoroughly despised.—*Clerical Papers*, p. 10.

God grant that these anticipations may be realized before the eyes of some of us that have witnessed the humiliation of Christ's Church in Cornwall! May her clergy be found worthy ministers of the Word and sacraments to a united people, their joy and their crown in the day of the Lord!

ART. VIII.—*Our Old Home.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
Two Vols. Smith and Elder.

THE wish to know what others think of us, and say about us, brings to the individual as little satisfaction in its indulgence as any of our natural desires can possibly do. By chance and unsought-for, we may now and then hear something pleasant and gratifying to our self-love; but an honest opinion, which we lay ourselves out to hear, is perfectly certain to have some bitterness in it, some qualification, turning the sweet of even seeming commendation to sour. The praise is not the praise we care for, while the blame or disparagement is quite certain to hit some peculiarly sensitive place and to rankle in the memory. This experience is so universal, that a very moderate degree of sense, judgment, and manners, suffices to suppress displays of this curiosity in the individual, while a further moral advance really quenches it: we know that there is no happiness or even untainted amusement to be got in that direction. But the wisest amongst us still shows his sympathy with this inherent curiosity of our nature by the desire he evinces to learn what is thought of the family, the circle, the class, the nation, of which he is a member, and by the excitement which any new declaration of opinion always awakes in him. No doubt this interest in what others say and think of our country may be explained on quite other grounds than vanity or egotism; but apart from any idea of improvement, of profiting by the remarks of foreigners or strangers, he wants to know what they have said; and this, with a touch of the same motives which prompts the inexperienced individual to listen to tales of a directly personal interest. When the opinion is favourable, something in each particular unit that makes up the whole is flattered; when it is adverse or contemptuous, a sense of personal injury pervades every member of the community. The work before us has, in a very particular degree, excited this aggregate of personal feeling. We have been flattered now and then, and insulted very often, by Mr. Hawthorne's impressions of England and the English, and each time our individuality has been touched. In one sense, the particular frame of mind of the reader is a great advantage to an author; it invests what he says with more point and meaning than a perfectly disinterested, unconcerned reader might see in it, and makes epithets stick, and contract force half through the quick perception and irritable consciousness of the reader. There is, for instance, the epithet 'bulbous.' We might easily pass it over if

applied to Frenchmen or Germans, but when affixed to the ideal Englishman it makes an impression. It may be repelled and disowned, but there it is: somebody has called us bulbous, and we shall remember it, and see an appropriate rotundity in the word, whether fairly or not applied to the typical British form. As a rule, the English reader's quarrel with Mr. Hawthorne will not be with his wording. He has, in fact, a very happy vocabulary; and the pleasure in his pages is often derivable, not from agreement with his sentiments, but from the neat turn with which they are given, and that fullness and expressiveness of diction which makes him one of the most agreeable of American writers on whatever subject he chooses to dilate.

Mr. Hawthorne stigmatises the English as a one-eyed generation. He attributes our success to this quality: we never see both sides, and are, therefore, the more ready for action. Dr. Johnson was an essentially English moralist for this reason; his very sense and sagacity were but a one-eyed clear-sightedness; and we are to suppose that this defect assisted his efforts at good. For it is but one-eyed people who love to advise. When a man opens both his eyes, he generally sees about as many reasons for acting in one way as in any other, and quite as many for acting in neither. For himself and his countrymen Mr. Hawthorne claims two eyes, in opposition to the blinking Old World; and in his case, at any rate, we will not dispute it; though it is the mere truth, without a grain of spite in it, that these eyes have a knack of obliquity, and are always undoing one another's conclusion. Thus, we are constantly left to our own judgment, to decide which is his real opinion between two opposite ones, set down with an equal air of conviction, in defiance or forgetfulness of the other. For ourselves, we do not dislike this, and would rather have an observer's impressions as they arise, however absolutely conflicting, than mere conclusions of the mature judgment. Nobody can be keenly, sensitively observant amid new scenes, and always consistent, especially if his fancy is an active part of himself. The more faculties his observation represents the more unlikely it is that they should uniformly act in harmony—the more certain, in fact, that they should show themselves at odds. In the case before us, the conclusions are constantly at direct variance with immediate impressions, and we deliberately prefer the impressions, and find ourselves always more offended when Mr. Hawthorne generalizes than when he gives us the actual effect upon his mind of any particular incident, or scene, or English characteristic. When he sets himself to record what he sees, and what he thinks of what he sees at the very time of seeing it, he takes pains to be exact. He feels all the delight of per-

petuating a momentary or, at least, a temporary posture of his own mind. He aims at being fair—as seeing with his own eyes. He is upon honour with himself not to let other men's judgments obscure his own clearness of vision. In all this he is the practised writer whose business it is, whose duty and credit alike, to convey effects in the very likeness in which he receives them. But away from this immediate contact, he is the American and the patriot; and it is in these characters that he draws his conclusions. His own impressions, whether favourable or unfavourable, have a reality about them, and a personal character which the others want: they are the real thoughts of a man of talent, and as such deserve our patient and candid attention, the rather, because he is more careful to be faithful to his own idea than to seem consistent—an appearance which very often cannot be maintained but at the cost of truth. In his conclusions we seem to see a relapse into prejudice and foregone trains of thought, not only in indulgence to his own nationality, but from willingness to please and propitiate his countrymen, whose self-love may now and then have been wounded by the candour with which certain good things in England are pronounced to be good, and beyond the reach of the New Country.

In one point, the position of first impressions and conclusions has been reversed; and that point is one most certain to excite the curiosity, and stimulate—shall we call it the passions of—the English reader. We mean that question which has evoked by far the greater amount of comment from our press and universal quotation—the good looks of the English people. Mr. Hawthorne found us, on first landing, so very far short of those good looks assumed amongst ourselves as a national characteristic, that his opinion can scarcely be expressed by other terms than as the very reverse of our own. He seems to have really thought us ill-looking; unpleasant objects for the eye to rest upon. Not only bulbous, as we have already said, but otherwise misformed—long-bodied, short-legged, with faces red and mottled, and with double chins; our heavy-wittedness expressed in our stolid, earthy, material aspect and deportment; the *toute ensemble*, heavy, homely, rough, coarse-grained, and abominably ill-dressed. Ever since his ancestors, the Puritan fathers, carried off the spirit and adventure and genius of the nation, these gross qualities have had the ascendant—an ascendancy that grows with the ages—so that in course of time the Englishman will be the 'earthiest creature on the world's surface.' And as if this was not enough—which would, in fact, be endurable alone—he descends with a heavier sledge-hammer; he exercises himself in viler terms of disparagement; he insults with more

elaborate and deliberate vituperation the exterior of the English-woman. We use figuratively the expression to 'cut up' when we would describe a merciless onslaught; but this man, when he cuts up the British female, means what he says. It irks him to see her with whole skin and bones compact; he owns that he cannot contemplate, without sanguinary ideas and horrible suggestions of his fancy, the calm, weighty face and form of an English dowager. Even when he would be civil, or, at least, free from extremes, he is full of offensive phrases, expressive of unwieldiness, homeliness, and large physical endowments. The white skin has a heavy substratum of clay beneath. The English girl is comely rather than pretty, and her roses are too damask. Even if a violet in her youth, she develops too surely into a peony. The charms of the humbler class are few indeed, and the 'female Bull,' as it is elegantly put, though not ill-suited to John Bull himself, comes below him in all physical advantages. Now, when we read all this, we are at first of course indignant; but beneath all is a consciousness—an awkward consciousness—that while we would stand up for English beauty as a national quality, which we have a just right to assert, because it has hitherto been pretty invariably granted, we have perhaps taken it more on faith than we knew we had till we come to face the matter. If every man, or the majority of men, in New York or Boston are tall and well-formed, intelligent and spiritual-looking—if every young woman there is beautiful, and every middle-aged and old one retains unmistakable traces of that beauty, in an ethereal cast of features, we own we must give it up. Truth to tell, we do not very often see an absolutely beautiful woman—not many men of the Antinous type. We may walk through long streets and busy thoroughfares, and, especially if the wind be at east, be forced to admit that a cold, unexcited crowd, intent on homely cares, has, just on the surface of it, not much beauty to boast of. We are ashamed to say as much; but we have just been commending Mr. Hawthorne's honesty when he speaks of what he sees, and we would not come short of it. And yet we shall find we have seen in the human forms and faces our eyes have rested on, in the impressions they have left on us, an idea of beauty. We know from them, as a whole, what man and woman ought to look like, and how the nobler nature should show itself through feature and expression, and we firmly believe that no other country will furnish us with a higher idea—not only in its higher ranks, but taking the people through—of what beauty is in form, colour, and expression, in the perfect type. We have no desire to avenge ourselves on American writers by a retort. Strangers in America are very ready to allow beauty to American women,

though its duration, from all accounts, is even more short-lived than the Old World has always owned it to be; but we still believe that we have glimpses of a nobler beauty here from effects we catch and put together—seen in less regular features perhaps than are common in New England, but related to some grander, more expressive form of grace. And we may also claim the possession among ourselves of a higher perfection of form and absolute beauty, for—and here comes that conclusion which contradicts Mr. Hawthorne's first impressions—he himself allows it us. It was in England he saw that 'young lady in white,' of such supereminence of beauty, that he hardly thought there existed such 'outside a picture frame or the covers of a romance'—an apparition distinct and singular, but which fulfilled his ideas of the perfect woman. While, to descend from these romantic heights, on the same occasion, which occurs at the end of the second volume, he attributes to our man-kind a certain something—an air, a manner, a distinction, a sign of dominant race and noble progenitors—which he had not met with in his own country, and evidently has not much expectation of ever meeting. Let us give a few of these retractions:—

'Be that as it might, while straying hither and thither, through those crowded apartments, I saw much reason for modifying certain heterodox opinions which I had imbibed in my Transatlantic newness and rawness as regarded the delicate character and frequent occurrence of English beauty. To state the entire truth (being at this period some years old in English life), my taste, I fear, had long since begun to be deteriorated by acquaintance with other models of feminine loveliness than it was my happiness to know in America. I often found, or seemed to find, if I may dare to confess it, in the persons of such of my dear countrywomen as I now occasionally met, a certain meagreness (Heaven forbid that I should call it scrawniness!), a deficiency of physical development, a scantiness, so to speak, in the pattern of their material make, a paleness of complexion, a thinness of voice,—all which characteristics, nevertheless, only made me resolve so much the more steadily to uphold these fair creatures as angels, because I was sometimes driven to a half-acknowledgment that the English ladies, looked at from a lower point of view, were, perhaps, a little finer animals than they.'—*Our Old Home*, vol. ii. p. 280.

While of the men, who at first gave him the impression of a heavy, homely people—not, indeed, repulsive, but in whom it required more familiarity with the national character than he then possessed always to detect the good breeding of a gentleman, with whose animal bulk he complacently contrasted American paleness and leanness of flesh—he now writes:—

'I state these results of my earliest glimpses at Englishmen, not for what they are worth, but because I ultimately gave them up as worth little or nothing. In course of time, I came to the conclusion that Englishmen, of all ages, are rather good-looking people, dress in admirable taste from their own point of view, and, under a surface never silken to the touch, have a refinement of

manners too thorough and genuine to be thought of as a separate endowment ; —that is to say, if the individual himself be a man of station, and has had a gentleman for his father and grandfather. The sturdy Anglo-Saxon nature does not refine itself short of the third generation.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 257.

Of clowns, male and female, perhaps we have not to record such a change of feeling, except where he notes a sort of 'witchery,' 'a robe of simple beauty and suitable behaviour in 'some of the younger women among the poor and low-born, a 'manner with its own proper grace, neither affected nor imitative of something higher,' which he believes to be vanishing out of the earth altogether, and which he deems impossible in America, where all, from the 'upper-tendom to the kennel,' aim at the same standard.

We ought, perhaps, to apologise for giving so much space in these pages to the subject of mere personal good looks or otherwise. There are persons, perhaps, who could regard Mr. Hawthorne with precisely the same degree of favour, whether he appreciates or disparages, extols or maligns us in these immaterial particulars ; but he himself is not one of this complexion. What he thinks of one outside, with his æsthetic leanings, determines everything else. When he thinks us plain, mottled, and bulbous, so are our natures and our institutions in his eyes ; when his eyes take a fairer, less prejudiced survey, his judgment is simultaneously at work rectifying his mistakes. We consider that by beginning in this order we attain to the truest understanding of our mutual position ; for Mr. Hawthorne is one of those lovers of the beautiful who naturally begin from the outside of things, and thence make their way to heart and kernel, if they ever make way to them. And indeed, this is the plan unavoidable to a traveller who comes to judge for himself.

Among the one-eyed men we have said that Mr. Hawthorne does not class himself, nor does he deserve to be so classed. Those qualities of the fancy and imagination which have made his reputation, and on which the interest of what he says mainly depends, are in him strangely crossed by a spirit of disbelief and mistrust. He is aware of this in a degree, and alludes complacently to the 'one little grain of hard New England sense, 'oddly enough thrown in among the flimsier composition of his 'character.' The effect of this one little grain upon his other qualities is not always felicitous. We believe it to be, as he says, the national character acting upon the individual character ; and that had he been English-born he would have allowed himself more rein ; as it is, he is always pulling himself up, and is never really carried away or fairly possessed by his own sentiment of enthusiasm. His plan uniformly is to express frankly and simply what he feels, as an observer, unprejudiced and open to

all natural impressions and influences, and he will finish his picture in this spirit. But then always interposes the American, the New Englander, the Northerner, to undo and defeat its effect upon the reader. We see that he has, after all, only half felt, or momentarily felt, what he has eloquently described. Perhaps education makes this tethered appreciation all that is possible; a restless analysis of every sensation may induce the same habit in all minds that indulge in it. Certain it is that Mr. Hawthorne's enthusiasm, though very expressive and not hard to evoke, and bestowed on worthy objects, stops short of effects. Thus nothing can be more satisfactory than the impression an English cathedral makes on him. We take him to our heart in cordial sympathy as he records the effect produced by that of Lichfield, the first he had seen. 'To my uninstructed vision, it seemed the object best worth looking at in the whole world,' which is clearly the impression a noble cathedral ought to make on inexperienced eyes. It ought to overpower with a weight of undistinguishing awe and admiration, and this Mr. Hawthorne very well expresses. But these effects have not their legitimate influence upon him. The whole man is not carried away; his fancy, not his heart, is warmed, and he finds a pleasure in disenchanting both himself and his reader. We find the religiousness and the use of our great churches have never got hold of him; he is too busy analyzing sensations and using both his eyes to take them in. This we mention as a characteristic, and often a provoking and disappointing one. There would be more power in his writings if his imagination took undisputed possession, though, after all, we gain by this insight into what we fully believe to be a necessary characteristic of new nations—nations we mean, whatever their race, which grow up without a material antiquity about them. There is, no doubt, in our author a great yearning after these antiquities; they affect his sensibilities so keenly, and raise such demonstration and natural excitement, that he conceitedly enough believes himself and his countrymen alone properly interested and alone worthy to look on them. While he pictures himself engrossed, given up to the subtle poetical influences of the occasion, or in the next stage, noting sensations, we use the building for the purpose for which it was designed, walk into the church, or under the arch, or past the gate, and make no sign. Thus, steaming by the Tower and Traitor's Gate, he writes:—

'Passing it many times, I never observed that anybody glanced at this shadowy and ominous trap-door save myself. It is well that America exists, if it were only that her vagrant children may be impressed and affected by the historical monuments of England, in a degree of which the native inhabitants are evidently incapable. There matters are too familiar, too real, and too hope-

lessly built in amongst and mixed up with the common objects and affairs of life, to be easily susceptible of imaginative colouring in their minds; and even their poets and romancers feel it a toil and almost a delusion to extract poetic material out of what seems embodied poetry itself to an American. An Englishman cares nothing about the Tower, which to us is a haunted castle in dreamland. That honest and excellent gentleman, the late Mr. G. P. R. James (whose mechanical ability, one might have supposed, would nourish itself by devouring every old stone of such a structure), once assured me that he had never in his life set eyes upon the Tower, though for years an historic novelist in London.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 145.

If Mr. G. P. R. James was not for once romancing in real earnest, this may pass for a trait of individual, but not of English character. The Tower is an established lion. Of course Mr. Hawthorne's observation tells nothing except that people in a crowded steamer are intent on making their way, full of the bustle and business of life. It was his business to look for objects of interest. Still, no doubt, *as* lions, strangers feel our antiquities more than we who live amongst them can do; but this does not prevent our being infinitely more really influenced by them, and loving them with a more filial regard. It would be unreal and sentimental to be always showing external impressionableness; for what so natural as that our forefathers' labours should be still about us? But any one who reads Mr. Hawthorne's book will feel that the antiquities among which we live play a great part in making us Englishmen, while the want of this sobering and yet stimulating influence has not a little to do with American character. Sometimes Mr. Hawthorne shows this very frankly, as in the following reflections on the old yew-tree in Whitnash churchyard, where he evidently has taken pains to express national sentiment:—

'I disquiet myself in vain with the effort to hit upon some characteristic feature, or assemblage of features, that shall convey to the reader the influence of hoar antiquity, lingering into the present daylight, as I so often felt it in these old English scenes. It is only an American who can feel it; and even he begins to find himself growing insensible to its effect after a long residence in England. But while you are still new to the Old Country it thrills you with strange emotion to think that this little church of Whitnash, humble as it seems, stood for ages under the Catholic faith, and has not materially changed since Wickliffe's days, and that it looked as grey as now in Bloody Mary's time, and that Cromwell's troopers broke off the stone noses of these same gargoyles that are now grinning in your face. So too with the immemorial yew-tree: you see its great roots grasping hold of the earth like gigantic claws, clinging so sturdily, that no effort of time can wrench them away; and there being life in the old tree, you feel all the more as if a contemporary witness were telling you of the things that have been. It has lived among men, and been a familiar object to them, and seen them brought to be christened and married and buried in the neighbouring church and churchyard, through so many centuries, that it knows all about the race, so far as fifty generations of the Whitnash people can supply such knowledge.

'And after all, what a weary life it must have been for the old tree! Tedious beyond imagination! Such, I think, is the final impression on the mind of an

American visitor, when his delight at finding anything permanent begins to yield to his Western love of change, and he becomes sensible of the heavy air of a spot where the forefathers and foremothers have grown up together, intermarried, and died, through a long succession of lives, without any intermixture of new elements, till family features and character are all run in the same inevitable mould. Life is there fossilized in its greenest leaf. . . . Rather than such monotony of sluggish ages, loitering on a village green, toiling in hereditary fields, listening to the parson's drone, lengthened through centuries in the grey Norman church, let us welcome whatever change may come—change of place, social customs, political institutions, modes of worship,—trusting that if all present things shall vanish, they will but make room for better systems, and for a higher type of man to clothe his life in them, and to fling them off in turn.

Nevertheless, while the American willingly accepts growth and change as the law of his own national and private existence, he has a singular tenderness for the stone-encrusted institutions of the mother-country. The reason may be (though I should prefer a more generous explanation) that he recognises the tendency of these hardened forms to stiffen the joints and fetter the ancles in the race and rivalry of improvement. I hated to see so much as a twig of ivy wrenched away from an old wall in England.—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 91.

Thus the American only values our antiquities on his own account, while they are *novelties* to him, while they minister to his love of change; and he esteems reverence for them as a token of bondage. We need not, therefore, further dispute as to degrees of appreciation. We must not, however, take anything that Mr. Hawthorne says too literally. He often does justice to English feelings on points which bear upon this question. Thus, in a pleasant passage on English footpaths, he shows the privileges which association—tending to make vested rights inalienable—confers on a people; and as he follows the shaded, retired, but emphatically public path (of older tenure than the highway), cannot but favourably contrast our customs with those of his own country, where the farmer would certainly obliterate any such byeway with his potatoes and Indian corn, knowing nothing of the 'sacredness that springs up on English soil along the well-defined footpaths of centuries:' adding regretfully, 'Old associations are sure to be fragrant herbs in English nostrils; we pull them up as weeds.' After, as we have seen, showing up American *sentiment* as disguised selfishness, he elsewhere reverses his line and represents mere blind cupidity as the working of true feeling; so that he would have us believe that the way the ignorant folks of his own country have, of laying claim to English estates on the most weak and silly pretences, is but a sign of their lingering yearning after the land of their forefathers; actually deducing from this propensity a proof of our own mismanagement in having let a people slip whose heart-strings are even now entangled with our own. Many claims of this sort came to his knowledge in his capacity of Consul at Liverpool—one

of which was made by two countrywomen, who professed to want only a vast estate in Cheshire, but whom he, upon his honour, imagined to have an ultimate eye upon the British Crown. It is noteworthy, by the way, that when his countrywomen came to plague him, Mr. Hawthorne is not more civil to their personal attractions than we find him towards our own ladies; and the women, who want him to get them English estates by virtue of great bundles of documents, are described as of 'sour aspect, exceedingly homely, but yet decidedly New Englishish in figure and manners:' while the men, bent on similar designs on his peace, were not at all more welcome to him for being embodiments of their national characteristics, tones, sentiments and behaviour, figure and cast of countenance, all chiselled in sharper angles than at home he had ever imagined Yankees to be.

In spite of Mr. Hawthorne's patriotism, there is no doubt a good deal in England that suits him better than his own land of transition and progress; and we read with pleasure and interest the impressions our scenes of highest finish, cultivation, and achievement make upon him. His is a temperament very capable of enjoyment, and he candidly admits that he finds in England very much to enjoy. It adds a touch to our own appreciation as he makes us realize how absolutely singular and literally isolated our distinctive English beauties are. And first, to speak of our weather, the skies under which these good things are to be felt and seen; he begins by the usual sneers on this subject, our winds, fogs, rain, and damp, the barometer never pointing at fair, and so on. But it is the case here as elsewhere: we can at least show the best models. And here too, as elsewhere, Mr. Hawthorne thinks he has to show us wherein we are fortunate, and to put us in the way of valuing our privileges:—

'One chief condition of my enjoyment was the weather. Italy has nothing like it, nor America. There never was such weather except in England, where, in requital of a vast amount of horrible east wind between February and June, and a brown October and black November, and a wet, chill, sunless winter, there are a few weeks of incomparable summer, scattered through July and August and the earlier portion of September, small in quantity, but exquisite enough to atone for the whole year's atmospherical delinquencies. After all, the prevalent sombreness may have brought out those sunny intervals in such high relief, that I see them in my recollection brighter than they really were: a little light makes a glory for people who live habitually in a grey gloom. The English, however, do not seem to know how enjoyable the momentary gleams of their summer are: they call it broiling weather, and hurry to the sea-side with red, perspiring faces, in a state of combustion and deliquescence; and I have observed that even their cattle have similar susceptibilities, seeking the deepest shade, or standing mid-leg deep in pools and streams to cool themselves, at temperatures which our own cows would deem little more than barely comfortable. To myself, after the summer heats of my native land had somewhat effervesced out of my blood and memory, it was the weather of Paradise itself. It might be a little too warm; but it was that modest and inestimable

superabundance which constitutes a bounty of Providence, instead of just a niggardly enough.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 88.

Nor does he tire of the theme :—

'It was again a delightful day; and, in truth, every day of late had been so pleasant, that it seemed as if each must be the very last of such perfect weather: and yet the long succession had given us confidence in as many more to come. The climate of England has been shamefully maligned. Its sulkiness and asperities are not nearly so offensive as Englishmen tell us (their climate being the only attribute of their country which they never overvalue), and the really good summer weather is the very kindest and sweetest that the world knows.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 20.

And he enlarges on the length of these beautiful days, a feature which must, indeed, be delightful, with a new charm to those who have not before experienced this duration of what is so enjoyable :—

'For each day seemed endless, though never wearisome. As far as your actual experience is concerned, the English summer-day has positively no beginning and no end. When you awake, at any reasonable hour, the sun is already shining through the curtains; you live through unnumbered hours of Sabbath quietude with a calm variety of incident softly etched upon their tranquil lapse; and at length you become conscious that it is bed-time again, while there is still enough daylight in the sky to make the pages of your book distinctly legible. Night, if there be any such season, hangs down a transparent veil, through which the bygone day beholds its successor; or not quite true of the latitude of London, it may be soberly affirmed of the more northern parts of the island, that To-morrow is born before its Yesterday is dead. They exist together in the golden twilight, where the decrepit old day dimly discerns the face of the ominous infant; and you, though a mere mortal, may simultaneously touch them both with one finger of recollection and another of prophecy.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 88.

Nor is he less lavish of his praise of the scenes our English summer-days revealed to him :—

'Positively, the Garden of Eden cannot have been more beautiful than this private garden of Blenheim. It contains three hundred acres; and, by the artful circumlocution of the paths, and the undulations, and the skilfully-interposed clumps of trees, is made to appear limitless. The sylvan delights of a whole country are compressed into this space, as whole fields of Persian roses go to the concoction of an ounce of precious attar. The world within that garden-fence is not the same weary, dusty world with which we outside mortals are conversant; it is a finer, lovelier, more harmonious Nature; and the Great Mother lends herself kindly to the gardener's will, knowing that he will make evident the half-obliterated traits of her pristine and ideal beauty, and allow her to take all the credit and praise to herself. I doubt whether there is ever any winter within that precinct—any clouds except the fleecy ones of summer. The sunshine that I saw there rests upon my recollection of it as if it were eternal. The lawns and glades are like the memory of places where one has wandered when first in love.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 17.

And the same charm hangs about our hereditary mansions as something perfectly distinct and unattainable elsewhere. He writes, after a visit to Nuneham Courtney :—

'As we here cross a private threshold, it is not allowable to pursue my feeble narrative of this delightful day with the same freedom as heretofore; so, perhaps, I may as well bring it to a close. I may mention, however, that I saw a library—a fine large apartment, hung around with portraits of literary men, principally of the last century, most of whom were familiar guests of the Harcourts. The house itself is about eighty years old, and is built in the classic style, as if the family had been anxious to diverge as far as possible from the Gothic picturesqueness of their old abode at Stanton Harcourt. The grounds were laid out, in fact, by Capability Brown, and seemed to me even more beautiful than those of Blenheim. Mason, the poet, a friend of the house, gave the design of a portion of the garden. Of the whole place I will not be niggardly of my rude Transatlantic praise, but be bold to say that it appeared to me as perfect as anything earthly can be, utterly and entirely finished, and as if the years and generations had done all that the hearts and minds of the successive owners could contrive for a spot they dearly loved. Such homes as Nuneham Courtney are among the splendid results of long hereditary possession; and we republicans, whose households melt away like new-fallen snow in a spring morning, must content ourselves with our many counterbalancing advantages, for this one, so apparently desirable to the far-projecting selfishness of our nature, we are certain never to attain.

'It must not be supposed, nevertheless, that Nuneham Courtney is one of the great show-places of England. It is merely a fair specimen of the better class of country seats, and has a hundred rivals, and many superiors, in the features of beauty, and expansive, manifold, redundant comfort, which most impressed me. A moderate man might be content with such a home, that is all.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii, p. 40.

Nor are the gifts and benignant influences of a long maturing civilization confined to the aristocracy. Mr. Hawthorne is willing to allow that the English people to its lowest grades have their share in them. From a villa in Blackheath, lent by an English friend, he had constant opportunities of observing the English people, and sometimes the English populace, in their own domain of Greenwich Park. We have an account of Greenwich fair, of which he witnessed the last celebration. It was, no doubt, a scene which we should not have chosen a refined and discerning traveller to witness, being as repugnant to British right feeling as to his own, or it would not have been the last. But he describes the Park under fairer aspects, and speculates on our peculiarities with a mingled cynicism and tenderness, which has, at least, the merit of bringing an observer's real state of mind before us. There are occasions when, to a thoughtful, imaginative American, our English ways may very well seem linked with the antique times, so different are we of the Old World from them of the New—so wide the separation which our association with the past must sometimes create. The allusions to Arcadia from the author of 'Transformation' are not wholly satire. He has a habit of tracing back all the gambols of unrestrained animal spirits to the primitive ages, before the weight of thought and speculation had settled on mankind.

It added a point to his reflections, and gave them a dignity, that they were made in what he calls the centre of time and space—the neighbourhood of the Observatory :—

‘There are lovelier parks than this in the neighbourhood of London, richer scenes of greensward and cultivated trees; and Kensington, especially, on a summer afternoon, has seemed to me as delightful as any place can or ought to be, in a world which, some time or other, we must quit. But Greenwich, too, is beautiful—a spot where the art of man has conspired with nature, as if he and the great Mother had taken counsel together how to make a pleasant scene, and the longer liver of the two had faithfully carried out their mutual design. It has likewise an additional charm of its own; because, to all appearance, it is the people’s property and playground in a much more genuine way than the aristocratic resorts in closer vicinity to the metropolis. It affords one of the instances in which the monarch’s property is actually the people’s, and shows how much more natural is their relation to the sovereign than to the nobility, which pretends to hold the intervening space between the two: for a nobleman makes a paradise only for himself, and fills it with his own pomp and pride; whereas the people are, sooner or later, the legitimate inheritors of whatever beauty kings and queens create—as now of Greenwich Park. On Sundays, when the sun shone, and even on those grim and sombre days when, if it do not actually rain, the English persist in calling it fine weather, it was, too, good to see how sturdily the plebeians trod under their own oaks, and what fulness of simple enjoyment they evidently found there. They were the people—not the populace—specimens of a class whose Sunday clothes are a distinct kind of garb from their week-day ones; and this in England implies wholesome habits of life, daily thrift, and a rank above the lowest. I longed to be acquainted with them, in order to investigate what manner of folks they were, what sort of households they kept, their politics, their religion, their tastes, and whether they were as narrow-minded as their betters. There can be very little doubt of it, an Englishman is English, in whatever rank of life, though no more intensely so, I should imagine, as an artisan or petty shopkeeper than as a member of parliament.

‘The English character, as I conceive it, is by no means a very lofty one; they seem to have a great deal of earth and grimy dust clinging about them, as was probably the case with the stalwart and quarrelsome people who sprouted up out of the soil after Cadmus had sown the dragon’s teeth. And yet, though the individual Englishman is sometimes preternaturally disagreeable, an observer standing aloof has a sense of natural kindness towards them in the lump. They adhere closer to the original simplicity in which mankind was created than we ourselves do. They love, quarrel, laugh, cry, and turn their actual selves inside out, with greater freedom than any class of Americans would consider decorous. It was often so with these holiday folks in Greenwich Park; and ridiculous as it may sound, I fancy myself to have caught very satisfactory glimpses of arcadian life among the Cockneys there, hardly beyond the sound of Bow Bells, picnicking on the grass, uncouthly gambolling on the broad slopes, or straying in motley groups or by single pairs of love-making youths and maidens along the sun-streaked avenue.’—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 98.

We are glad to find him owning London as the capital of the Anglo-Saxon race, which we take to be admitted when he says ‘the world has nothing better to show,’ and that whatever we fail to find of intellectual or merely material good in London, we may as well ‘content ourselves to seek that unattainable thing no farther on this earth.’ What Frenchman or what Italian, or even what German, would say this?—

'I already knew London well—that is to say, I had long ago satisfied (as far as it was capable of satisfaction) that mysterious yearning—the magnetism of millions of hearts operating upon one—which impels every man's individuality to mingle itself with the immensest mass of human life within its scope. Day after day, at an early period, I had trodden the thronged thoroughfares; the broad, lonely squares, the lanes, the alleys, and strange labyrinthine courts; the parks, the garden and enclosures of ancient studious societies, so retired and silent amid the city uproar, the markets, the foggy streets along the river side, the bridges,—I had sought all parts of the metropolis, in short, with an unweariable and indiscriminating curiosity, until few of the native inhabitants, I fancy, had turned so many of its corners as myself. These aimless wanderings (in which my chief purpose and achievement was to lose my way, and so to find it more surely), had brought me at one time or another to the sight and actual presence of all the renowned localities that I had read about, and that had made London the dream-city of my youth. I had found it better than my dream, for there is nothing else in life comparable (in that species of enjoyment I mean) to the thick, heavy, oppressive, sombre delight which an American is sensible of, hardly knowing whether to call it a pleasure or a pain in the atmosphere of London. The result was, that I acquired a home-feeling there, as nowhere else in the world—though afterwards I came to have a somewhat similar sentiment in regard to Rome; and, as long as either of those two great cities shall exist, the cities of the Past and of the Present, a man's native soil may crumble beneath his feet without leaving him altogether homeless upon earth.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 81.

It is pleasant to follow our author in his tender appreciation of what is again a peculiarly English characteristic—the soft antique mossiness, the garment of minute greenery with which Nature clothes every scene where she may have her sway. We should send them photographs, he says, of the trunks of old trees, the tangled products of a hedge, or a square foot of old wall with its lichens, tufts of grass, little twigs of ivy, and branches of fern. Their dry climate and hot suns keep such fences bare and unsympathising to the end of time, so that this universal covering is altogether a new idea of finish and snugness. Our parasites, too, charm him. The term ought not here to imply any reproach, 'which it would be unkind to bestow on the beautiful, the affectionate relationship which exists in England between one order of plants and another.' Nature clearly manages these things differently in America—in the North leaving things bare, as it would seem; and in the Southern regions developing in the inferior plant a horrible selfishness. We find in Mr. Bates's book on the Amazons a curious confirmation of this view, where he quotes a similar testimony to the amiable character of European vegetables:—

'A German traveller, Burmeister, has said that the contemplation of a Brazilian forest produced in him a painful impression, on account of the vegetation displaying a spirit of restless selfishness, eager emulation, and craftiness. He thought the softness, earnestness, and repose of European woodland scenery were far more pleasing, and that these formed one of the causes of the superior moral character of European nations.

'In these tropical forests each plant and tree seems to be striving to outvie

its fellow, struggling upwards towards light and air—branch and leaf and stem—regardless of its neighbours. Parasitic plants are seen fastening with firm grip on others, making use of them with reckless indifference as instruments for their own advancement. "Live and let live" is clearly not the maxim taught in these wildernesses.'—*Bates' Naturalist on the Amazons*, vol. i. p. 53.

The wildest things in England, says our author, are more than half tame: even our trees have nothing wild about them; they are never ragged, but grow with a decorous restraint, and, as it were, with a sense of behaving themselves. If American trees had fair play, he believes they would be the more picturesque of the two, standing less in awe of man. He is positively disrespectful to the British oak: looking at it with jaundiced and patriotic prejudice, he compares it to a gigantic cauliflower. Still, as a whole, our woodland scenery has its due influence, and stirs sympathies of kindred, as do all our more directly human monuments, if they are old enough to be the work of his ancestors as well as ours. Mr. Hawthorne disavows all knowledge of Gothic architecture, but he expresses extremely well the effect it produces on an excitable imagination, perhaps all the better for a freedom from technical terms:—

'A Gothic cathedral is surely the most wonderful work which mortal man has yet achieved—so vast, so intricate, and so profoundly simple, with such strange delightful recesses in its grand figure, so difficult to comprehend in one idea, and yet all so consonant, that it ultimately draws the beholder and his universe into its harmony. It is the only thing in the world that is vast enough and rich enough.

'Not that I felt, or was worthy to feel, an unmingled enjoyment in gazing at this wonder. I could not elevate myself to its spiritual height any more than I could have climbed from the ground to the summit of one of its pinnacles. Ascending but a little way, I continually fell back and lay in a kind of despair, conscious that a flood of uncomprehended beauty was pouring down upon me, of which I could appropriate only the minutest portion. After a hundred years, incalculably as my higher sympathies might be invigorated by so divine an employment, I should still be a gazer from below and at an awful distance, as yet remotely excluded from the interior mystery. But it was something gained even to have that painful sense of my own limitations and that half-smothered yearning to soar beyond them. The cathedral showed me how earthy I was, but yet whispered deeply of immortality. After all, this was probably the best lesson that it could bestow; and taking it as thoroughly as possible home to my heart, I was fain to be content. If the truth must be told, my ill-trained enthusiasm soon flagged, and I began to lose the vision of a spiritual or ideal edifice behind the time-worn and weather-stained front of the actual structure.'—*Our Old Home*, vol. i. p. 203.

This weather-stained front at Litchfield is not really 'time-worn,' but we can very well excuse a stranger for not detecting the sham. His remarks on Lincoln Minster are in the same enthusiastic spirit, and very pleasant to read; and to Westminster Abbey he devotes a chapter which does credit to both taste and heart. He rejoices to see it in 'consummate repair, and to trace the care bestowed in its preservation;' and he accepts it—

building, monuments, history—as a whole which he would not have altered. Intelligent strangers are, indeed, certain to take a lenient view of even the worst mistakes in taste, so long as they tell a tale and add detail to a great idea. After allowing himself to smile at some perpetrations, old and new, which the warmest English patriotism will excuse, he says :—

‘Nevertheless, these grotesque carvings of marble, that break out in dingy-white blotches on the old freestone of the interior walls, have come there by as natural a process as might cause mosses and ivy to cluster about the external edifice; for they are the historical and biographical record of each successive age, written with its own hand, all the truer for the inevitable mistakes, and none the less solemn for the occasional absurdity.’—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 165.

When Mr. Hawthorne took the notes from which these volumes are compiled, he intended to incorporate them into a romance, after the plan of ‘Transformation,’ which our readers probably know as an excellent guide-book to Rome, as well as an ingenious and prettily-executed piece of fancy; but, among the many good schemes put an end to by his country’s civil war, he gives us to understand that this was one. He therefore put his material together in its present form, being, as he frankly says, guided in his selection by what he found best expressed and readiest to his hands. The readers of ‘Transformation’ will know the kind of religion to be expected from its author in this contribution to ‘aesthetic literature,’ as he terms it. He is a warm admirer of everything beautiful in itself, or suggestive of beautiful ideas; he is eclectic, and objects to no compound of opposing systems which embraces the attractive features of each, however heterogeneous and contradictory the pretended union; and, especially, he likes to see women moved to these combinations of different religious systems by an unreasoning faith, which appropriates every practice or observance which pleases the taste or feelings of the moment, regardless of its congruity or otherwise with what was previously and concurrently held as truth. Thus his Hilda, who represents the advanced thought and intellect of American womanhood, goes to confession, and feeds the lamp of the Virgin for many months together, with religious regularity, and remains a stout Puritan through it all: the romancer’s tone seeming to vary and alternate between Why should we believe anything? and Why should not we believe everything? This eclectic and speculative posture of mind is never very exacting of practice and strict rule; and thus we see that the writer can admire a great deal without going further, because his critical tendencies step in whenever fine appreciation of the beautiful should lead to some results. We should not make these comments but that

Mr. Hawthorne is careful to let us know that, much as he admired and revered our cathedrals, he found it did not suit his temperament to put them to their legitimate use; or rather, that he could always put them to a better purpose than that which our services supply. We are sorry to say that he has never anything civil to say of our preachers; indeed, he considers it an act of presumption for any one to preach in Westminster Abbey, to be punished on his part by a careful and deliberate withdrawal of his attention. Nor do we gather that our services pleased him much better: and this not from any Puritan leanings, which certainly were not inspired at Salem, 'the frozen purgatory of his childhood;' for he alludes, with a shudder, to 'the severe and sunless remembrance of the Sabbaths, of childhood,' and the long sermons which he had then to listen to, or rather to sit under. People who cast off the form of the religion of their childhood are too apt to renounce all forms as binding on themselves individually. Mr. Hawthorne is never irreverent, and often talks religiously, but his tone is that of a looker-on, not of one himself personally concerned. He hovers about our sanctuaries, and feels their influence, and personates the swallow and the sparrow of sacred song, where he envies the jackdaws their airy haunts among pinnacles and buttresses; but to go to church, after the pattern of ordinary Christians, he owns to be beyond him:—

'Occasionally, I tried to take out the long-boarded sting of these compunctious smarts, by attending divine service in the open air. On a cart outside of the Park wall (and, if I mistake not, at two or three corners and secluded spots within the Park itself) a Methodist preacher uplifts his voice, and speedily gathers a congregation, his zeal for whose welfare impels the good man to such earnest vociferation and toilsome gesture, that his perspiring face is quickly in a stew. . . . If I smile at him, be it understood it is not in scorn; he performs his sacred office more acceptably than many a prelate. . . . The miscellaneous congregation listen with every appearance of heartfelt interest; and, for my own part, I must frankly acknowledge that I never found it possible to give five minutes' attention to any other English preaching; so cold and commonplace are the homilies that pass for such under the aged roofs of churches; and as for cathedrals, the sermon is an exceedingly diminutive and unimportant part of the religious services—if, indeed, it be considered a part—among the pompous ceremonies, the intonations, the resounding and lofty strains of the choristers.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 101.

Such passages as these have their use. As for his preference for the Methodist's perspiring effusions, his commendation is probably owing to the sense of patronage and to the power of escape at any moment, that facility of getting away, and lounging off, that easy attention while standing, which at once make out-of-door preaching popular, and generally valueless to the listener. But the lesson we derive from Mr. Hawthorne's

contrast between the out-door and the authorized preacher, and the line of his preference, is, that the fastidiously refined, the professed judges and critics—those bugbears to the preacher—must never be considered or allowed to weigh one moment on the freedom of pen or tongue. At best, they are the most hopeless of a congregation; and if they are to be won at all it is by disregarding them, and forgetting their possible presence. There is a perversity in superfine people which makes them often prefer those who boldly or ignorantly act in defiance of every rule, to such as respect proprieties, without attaining to absolute elegance and finish. Our own taste, and not the supposed refinement of other people, should be the one and only arbiter of style, and by this means a greater ardour and force of manner may be sustained than is possible to one afraid, or too conscious, of his hearers, as preachers to cultivated congregations are so often tempted to be. Not that Mr. Hawthorne notes in the manner of our clergy any consciousness of the failings he sees in them; on the contrary, they manifest a self-assertion to which he is evidently not accustomed; and he speaks of their 'being assured of their position, as clergymen of the Established Church invariably are.' It must console us that Mr. Hawthorne did not find the services of the Kirk during his tour in Scotland any more congenial than our own, or more successful in receiving his attention. He thus congratulates himself on having been saved an infliction which would certainly have been severe:—

'The next forenoon my companion put me to shame by attending church, after vainly exhorting me to do the like; and it being Sacrament Sunday, and my poor friend being wedged into the further end of a closely-filled pew, he was forced to stay through the preaching of four several sermons, and came back perfectly exhausted and desperate.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 57.

We said at starting that our author was soon disenchanted. So soon as our churches and cathedrals were removed from dreamland, and applied to a definite purpose, the charm lost effect; and no doubt the shock, whenever imagination has to give way to reality, is apt to be great. We have thought it good to note these changes whether Mr. Hawthorne praises or blames us, and the sum and conclusion ought to make us satisfied with our place in the world. He, at any rate, agrees with the second Charles's decision, that England is the best country for a gentleman to live in. Even in physical comforts, he gives us the palm: he praises our beef, our ale—even our dinners, where pains are lavished upon them. America could not supply the President's table with such mutton-chops as were served up to him at Uttoxeter, in a dinner charged eighteenpence. Even our flowers have a grace and a richness of colour to

which he is not accustomed; but, perhaps, here his commendation ends; for, passing from flowers to fruit, he ridicules our sour plums and abortive pears and apples, and declares he has never eaten an English fruit raised in the open air that could compare in flavour with a Yankee turnip. And this satire we write with a certain consciousness and regret, for it sometimes seems to ourselves that our apples and pears are deteriorating, and that some of the more exquisite kinds are disappearing from our orchards.

The conclusions of travellers must depend mainly on what they lay themselves out to see. Thus, M. Esquiros, taking our fortunate geological formations as his guide, passes from one scene of industry and prosperity to another, and then from one scene of natural amusement to another, and, seeing the cream of all, draws a flattering picture, satisfying to our self-love: M. Kohl, in like manner, comes to be pleased, and is pleased accordingly. He is even struck with the grace and dignity of manners of our maid-servants, and draws favourable conclusions from them of the class to which they belong. Mr. Hawthorne, too, gives our bright side, but with a jealousy, and perhaps also an insight, which foreigners can scarcely have. For Americans are not foreigners, and have none of the easy candour of mere acquaintances. They are jealous relatives: they, perhaps, know us better from sharing family peculiarities, but they own even our good points with a cavilling grudging and half-grasping spirit, as though our good things were more theirs than ours. Thus, whatever belonged to our *joint* ancestors excites Mr. Hawthorne's sentiment and kindlier emotions: our subsequent use of these possessions, and our own growth since the separation, he regards with now and then a captious ingenuity of fault-finding. For instance, he is so determined that all Englishmen shall have suffered for the absence of their fiery element, that he decides on his own arbitrary judgment what are our present characteristics, and nobody, however purely British in descent and training, is an Englishman who detracts from his standard, which is a very simple way of proving his point. It has suited very well with the temper we indicate, that he should have penetrated to our dissights and degradations, and made his way to purlieus of vice and wretchedness, which are, no doubt, a grievous blot and reproach, but which we have little doubt may exist in equal force in New York or Boston, for anything Mr. Hawthorne knows, because he could not there take pains to ascertain their existence. We are not complaining: we do not desire discreditable secrets. Let who will know them; but we think we detect in Mr. Hawthorne's style the tone of a man unused to such

investigations. He professes no active philanthropy or readiness of resource, and when he sees dirt and squalor in absolute, undisputed ascendancy, can only propose another Deluge as a remedy. However, one reason for our supremacy in these evils we see to be just:—

‘The dirt of a poverty-stricken English street is a monstrosity unknown on our side the Atlantic. It reigns supreme within its own limits, and is inconceivable everywhere beyond them. We enjoy the great advantage that the brightness and dryness of our atmosphere keep everything clean that the sun shines upon, converting the larger portion of our impurities into transitory dust, which the next wind can sweep away, in contrast with the damp, adhesive grime that incorporates itself with all surfaces (unless continually and painfully cleansed) in the chill moisture of the English air. . . . It is beyond the resources of wealth to keep the smut away from its premises or its own fingers’ ends; and as for Poverty, it surrenders itself to the dark influence without a struggle. Along with disastrous circumstances, pinching need, adversity so lengthened out as to constitute the rule of life, there comes a certain chill depression of the spirits, which seems especially to shudder at cold water. In view of so wretched a state of things, we accept the ancient Deluge, not merely as an insulated phenomenon, but as a periodical necessity, and acknowledge that nothing less than a general washing-day could suffice to cleanse the slovenly Old World of its moral and material dirt.’—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 186.

Then follow gin-shops, pawnbrokers’ establishments, and the sordid unwholesome shops of the destitute, and scenes of low life in the streets, given by one to whom such scenes came as more absolutely a feature of the Old World than some of our travellers in New England would be willing to allow. Still, it is well to learn and ponder over the impression the abject life that haunts so many a locality in London and our great cities makes upon a stranger, and the sinking heart it brings. After hinting at the miserable lodging in garrets and cellars of this population, and the swarms of children that people the streets, we read:—

‘It might almost make a man doubt the existence of his own soul to observe how Nature has flung these little wretches into the street, and left them there, so evidently regarding them as nothing worth, and how all mankind acquiesce in the great Mother’s estimate of her offspring. For, if they are to have no immortality, what superior claim can I assert for mine? And how difficult to believe that anything so precious as a germ of immortal growth can have been buried under this dirt-heap—plunged into this cesspool of misery and vice! As often as I beheld the scene it affected me with surprise and loathsome interest much resembling, though in a far intenser degree, the feeling with which, when a boy, I used to turn over a plank or an old log that had long lain on the damp ground, and found a vivacious multitude of unclean and devilish-looking insects scampering to and fro beneath it. Without an infinite faith, there seemed as much prospect of a blessed futurity for those hideous bugs and many-footed worms as for these brethren of our humanity, and co-heirs of all our heavenly inheritance. Ah! what a mystery!’—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 193.

This is an expressive passage; but the mystery is not confined to the Old World. Wherever man collects in sufficient numbers, there is room for the same sad wonder, the same trial of faith. The ready recourse to blows, the tendency to batter one

another's persons, which he sees in these dismal regions, more especially in the women, confirms Mr. Hawthorne's view of a radical difference between his country and ours in this particular. He thinks he sees in the English people an honest tendency, in case of disagreement, to use their hands—a charge which, however disgraceful in some of its results, we are not disposed to resent, as having something primitive and natural in it. We like the morale of that people better where the women (supposing it to be so) have recourse to their hands when provoked, than another where the men under similar trials stick with the bowie-knife or shoot with the pistol, though this argues a step further in, shall we say, civilization, or further from the rude simplicity of instinct. For no doubt it is civilization which teaches us to discard our natural weapons for artificial ones. Our author confirms his view by an example, which we adduce as a warning. Let the English ladies learn what they can from their enemies :—

'Whoever has seen a crowd of English ladies (for instance, at the door of the Sistine Chapel in Holy Week) will be satisfied that their belligerent propensities are kept in abeyance only by a merciless rigour on the part of society. It requires a vast deal of refinement to spiritualize their large physical endowments.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 197.

His researches in this direction lead him to go over a union workhouse, in which he does justice to the cleanliness and general management. There the children, in spite of the care bestowed on them, again painfully affect his sensibilities, as workhouse children, however physically well-cared for, are very apt to do. After surveying a hundred poor diseased little wretches, almost all foundlings, he owns that he can only have recourse to his former suggestion (being as he owns uninventive of remedies for the evils that force themselves on his perception), a new Deluge. If only every one of them could be drowned to-night, instead of being put tenderly to bed ! In connexion with this desolate picture of humanity is a little scene, which we give as a specimen of our author's manner ; and that no doubt would have mingled itself in the plot of the unwritten romance :—

'By and by, we came to the ward where the children were kept, and on entering which we saw, in the first place, several unlovely and unwholesome little people, lazily playing together in a courtyard. And here a singular incommodity befel one member of our party. Among the children was a wretched, pale, half-torpid little thing (about six years old, perhaps, but I know not whether boy or girl), with a humour in its eyes and face, which, the governor said, was the scurvy, and which appeared to bedim its powers of vision ; so that it toddled about gropingly, as if in quest of it did not precisely know what. This child—this sickly, wretched, humour-eaten infant, the offspring of unspeakable sin and sorrow, whom it must have required several generations of guilty progenitors to

render so pitiable an object as we beheld it—immediately took an unaccountable fancy to the gentleman just hinted at. It prowled about him like a pet kitten, rubbing against his legs, following everywhere at his heels, pulling at his coat-tails, and, at last, exerting all the speed that its poor limbs were capable of, got directly before him, and held forth its arms, mutely insisting on being taken up. It said not a word, being, perhaps, under-witted and incapable of prattle. But it smiled up in his face—a sort of woeful gleam was that smile, through the sickly blotches that covered its features—and found means to express such a perfect confidence that it was going to be fondled and made much of, that there was no possibility in a human heart disappointing its expectation. It was as if God had promised the poor child this favour on behalf of that individual, and he was bound to fulfil the contract, or else no longer call himself a man among men. Nevertheless, it could be no easy thing for him to do, he being a person burdened with more than an Englishman's customary reserve—shy of actual contact with human beings, afflicted with a peculiar distaste for whatever was ugly, and, furthermore, accustomed to that habit of observation from an insulated standpoint which is said (but, I hope, erroneously) to have the tendency of putting ice into the blood.

‘So I watched the struggle in his mind with a good deal of interest, and am seriously of opinion that he did an heroic act, and effected more than he dreamed of towards his final salvation when he took up the loathsome child and caressed it as tenderly as if he had been its father. To be sure, we all smiled at him at the time, but, doubtless, would have acted pretty much the same in a similar stress of circumstances. The child, at any rate, appeared to be satisfied with his behaviour; for, when he had held it a considerable time and set it down, it still favoured him with its company, keeping fast hold of his forefinger till we reached the confines of the place. And, on our return through the courtyard, after visiting another part of the establishment, here again was this little Wretchedness waiting for its victim, with a smile of joyful and yet dull recognition about its scabby mouth and its rheumy eyes. No doubt the child’s mission in reference to our friend was to remind him that he was responsible in his degree for all the sufferings and misdemeanours of the world in which he lived, and was not entitled to look upon a particle of its dark calamity as if it were none of his concern: the offspring of a brother’s iniquity being his own blood-relation, and the guilt likewise a burden on him, unless he expiated it by better deeds.’—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 224.

All this is very fairly to be made out of the incident; yet we recognise a gift not lavishly bestowed upon men, in this combined insight into all there was to see and all there was to feel.

The Americans have a reputation for smooth, fluent oratory, and Mr. Hawthorne, in his remarks, grants them, rather than claims for them, this distinction. In contrast with his countrymen’s periods, he is astonished at the ragged and shapeless utterances of Englishmen, but does not seem to care much for the fluency with which he contrasts it. We can well believe that the turbid oratory to which their political institutions reduce them may be distasteful to a fastidious mind, honestly careful to express its real sentiments. With regard to his experience of our powers in this field, it is curious to contrast it with that of M. Esquiros, who attributes to debating clubs ‘the gift of facile execution among the English.’ We side with Mr. Hawthorne.

We have a few orators, but *most* Englishmen whose opinions are worth hearing have a touch of the roughness attributed to the nation :—

‘It is inconceivable, indeed, what ragged and shapeless utterances most Englishmen are satisfied to give vent to, without attempting anything like artistic shape, but clapping a patch here and another there, and ultimately getting out what they want to say, and generally with a result of sufficiency of good sense, but in some such disorganized mass, as if they had thrown it up rather than spoken it. It seemed to me that this was almost as much by choice as necessity. An Englishman, ambitious of public favour, should not be too smooth. If an orator is glib, his countrymen distrust him. They dislike smartness. The stronger and heavier his thoughts the better, provided there be an element of common-place running through them; and any rough yet never vulgar force of expression, such as would knock an opponent down if it hit him, only it must not be too personal, is altogether to their taste; but a studied neatness of language or other such superficial graces they cannot abide. . . . On the whole, I partly agree with them, and, if I cared for any oratory whatever, should be as likely to applaud theirs as our own. When an English speaker sits down, you feel that you have been [listening to a real man, and not to an actor; his sentiments have a wholesome earth-smell in them; though very likely this apparent naturalness is as much an art as what we expend in rounding a sentence or elaborating a peroration.—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 268,

We are surprised at his next observation, which certainly would not answer to many a private experience :—

‘It is one good effect of this inartificial style, that nobody in England seems to feel any shyness about shovelling the untrimmed and untrimmable ideas out of his mind for the benefit of an audience.’—*Idem.*

Then follows more than one amusing description of the author’s own state of mind when compelled, as representative of the American nation, to respond to some health or sentiment. At the Lord Mayor’s table he was called upon, in contempt, as he avers, of solemn promises to be left in peace, to acknowledge a compliment to his own literary and *commercial* attainments. The mode in which he received and responded to the summons closes the volume with startling and effective abruptness, and is safe to secure an amount of sympathy from his English readers :—

‘As soon as the Lord Mayor began to speak, I rapped upon my mind, and it gave forth a hollow sound, being absolutely empty of appropriate ideas. I never thought of listening to the speech, because I knew it all beforehand in twenty repetitions from other lips, and was aware that it would not offer a single suggestive point. In this dilemma I turned to one of my three friends, a gentleman whom I knew to possess an enviable flow of silver speech, and obtested him, by whatever he deemed holiest, to give me at least an available thought or two to start with, and, once afloat, I would trust to my guardian angel for enabling me to flounder ashore again. He advised me to begin with some remarks, complimentary to the Lord Mayor, and expressive of the hereditary reverence in which his office was held—at least, my friend thought there would be no harm in giving his lordship this little sugar-plum, whether quite the fact or no—was held by the descendants of the Puritan fore-

fathers. Thence, if I liked, getting flexible with the oil of my own eloquence, I might easily slide off into the momentous subject of the relations between England and America, to which his lordship had made such weighty allusion.

"Seizing this handful of straw with a death-grip, and bidding my three friends bury me honourably, I got upon my legs to save both countries, or perish in the attempt. The tables roared and thundered at me, and suddenly were silent again. But as I have never happened to stand in a position of greater dignity and peril, I deem it a stratagem of sage policy here to close these sketches, leaving myself still erect in so heroic an attitude."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 298.

We have not dwelt upon some inaccuracies, and conclusions with no ground for them, because these are a matter of course in every cursory survey of a new country. In every traveller's observations, a fair proportion must be owing to the merest accident, or to the chance humour of the relater. Thus, we do not imagine that the next American sojourning at Lichfield will notice that all the old women curtsy to him, even without hope of that sixpence for which Mr. Hawthorne says the whole population of England is craving, or that he will feel himself more stared at in Uttoxeter than it had ever befallen him to be before. There is a chance of a passing impression having truth in it; and therefore it is not unfair to note it down, adding, as such ventures do, so much spirit to the narrative.

Taking our own view of Mr. Hawthorne's impressions, we can scarcely call ourselves dissatisfied. There are no doubt many unpleasant things to digest as we can; and he often talks of the English people with a positive alienation. But the more these passages evince an ineradicable prejudice, the more the admissions of our good points extracted from his candour gain in value; and there are besides many warm voluntary testimonies to English hospitality, English integrity, English friendship, and English feeling, which engage—indeed, compel—our kindly feeling towards our author. Yet we suspect he does not mean to tread again on British ground: this book is a farewell. He dare not again face the ladies; and knowing it to be human nature—man's as well as woman's—to retain satire and vituperation longer in the memory than the more ordinary language of civility and compliment, he might doubt his general reception on a second visit. But the work is, as every genuine record of impressions on important subjects and vast scenes of action must be, a useful and suggestive book. It tells us something even of ourselves, as reflected in a mind trained under influences opposite in many respects to our own, and it is a valuable lesson in habits of American thought, as expressed with much versatility and many graces of style by one of New England's model men.

- ART. IX.—1. *Ernest Renan. Vie de Jésus.* Sixième Edition. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1863.
2. *Eighteen Sermons of S. Leo the Great, on the Incarnation; Translated, with Notes and with the Tome of S. Leo in the Original.* By WILLIAM BRIGHT, M.A. Fellow and Assistant Tutor of University College, Oxford.
3. *The Light of the World.* By the Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR. (In 'Good Words' for A.D. 1861; P. 24.)
4. *Sancti Athanasii Archiepiscopi Alexandrini Opera Dogmatica Selecta. Ex Recens. Bern. de Montfaucon.*—Præfatus est JOANNES CAROLUS THILO, Phil. et Theol. in Acad. Halensi Professor. Lipsiæ: T. O. Weigel, MDCCCLIII.
5. *Paper ascribed to Napoleon Buonaparte, and said to have been dictated by him at St. Helena.* English Translation in the 'Gospel Messenger.' Vol. V. P. 284. Burntisland, 1857. French original cited in the following.
6. *La Personne de Jésus Christ.* Par AUGUSTUS NICOLAS. (Études Philosoph. sur le Christianisme.) 3ième Partie. Chap II.
7. *Observations on the attempted application of Pantheistic Principles to the Theory and Historic Criticism of the Gospel.* By W. H. MILL, D.D. Cambridge: Deighton. 1840.
8. *Paper on the Gospels.* By Prince ALBERT DE BROGLIE. English Translation in the 'Panoply,' for Nov. 1858 (Vol. II. P. 337). Burntisland. Original French at the end of Vol. I. of 'L'Eglise et L'Empire Roman au quatrième Siècle.'
9. *Examen Critique de la Vie de Jésus de M. Renan.* Par M. L'ABBÉ FREPPEL, Professeur d'Eloquence sacrée à la Sorbonne. 3ième Edition. Paris: A. Bray.
10. *Observations sur la Vie de Jésus de M. Ernest Renan.* Par RAOUL LECŒUR. Rouen: Cagniard.
11. *M. Renan et son Ecole. Reflexions sur la Vie de Jésus.* Par VOLUSIEN PAGES. Paris: Dentu, 1863.
12. *L'Evangile selon Renan.* Par HENRI LASSERRE. 5ième Edition. Paris: Palmé, 1863.

MORE than eighteen hundred years have passed away since there stood before the tribunal of a Roman Governor of Judea,

One who, to all outward appearance, resembled the rest of the sons of men. The bare historical fact would be known to us even if we had no more than ordinary narratives composed by the annalists of the age; for a writer, born only some thirty years after the event, and consequently contemporary with men who might have actually witnessed it, had occasion to speak of the origin of the appellation given to the much-hated, much-enduring Christians. 'The originator 'of that name,' says Tacitus, 'was Christ, who was put to 'death in the reign of Tiberius, by the Procurator, Pontius 'Pilate.' *Auctor nominis ejus Christus qui, Tiberio imperitante, per Procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat.*¹

Words accepting and reiterating, in different forms, the fact thus stated by the Roman historian, are being constantly read in a myriad homes in almost every quarter of the most civilized portions of the earth, are being repeated by children of tender years, and proclaimed aloud in buildings erected for the worship of the Most High. For ever, until time itself shall be no more, the name of the judge and the judged One stand side by side. It is everywhere 'Jesus Christ . . . who . . . suffered under Pontius Pilate.'

But those who do not rest content with the meagre outline supplied by heathen narrators, look elsewhere for fuller information; and in the only records that supply any details whatever respecting the circumstances of that trial, they read how the victim, even in that His hour of humiliation, made announcement to those around Him of another day when He should sit on the right hand of power, and come in the clouds of heaven. 'Certainly,' says one who comments upon that declaration—'certainly it is a great demonstration of the justice of 'God, so highly to reward that Son of Man as to make Him 'Judge of all the world, who came into the world and was 'judged here; to give Him absolute power of absolution and 'condemnation, who was by us condemned to die, and died 'that He might absolve us; to cause all the sons of men 'to bow before His throne, who did not disdain for their sakes 'to stand before the tribunal and receive that sentence, *Let 'Him be crucified.*'² And the fulfilment of that most just and righteous award we Christians all await. Before that throne we believe that we must all of us fall down, either as conquered rebels or as pardoned sinners. And we pray, in this our day of grace, that it may be granted to us for His sake, to hear the sentence that assures forgiveness, not the awful one of condemnation.

¹ Annal. lib. xv. cap. xxxiv.

² Bishop Pearson on the Creed.—Article vii.

Centuries elapse between the first advent, which is matter of history, and the second, which is the subject of prophecy; and from time to time during that long interval there have arisen, and there will arise, men who again attempt to sit in judgment upon their future Judge. All of us, alas! in so far as we are sinners, contribute by our daily offences of thought and word and deed, to crucify Christ afresh; but those to whom we now more particularly advert, take upon them to criticize the history of His life and death, in precisely the same temper as they might discuss that of any among their ordinary fellow-men; to deny His sinlessness, His Messianship, His Divinity—nay, possibly, in some instances, to insinuate doubts respecting His very existence as man on earth.

One such critic is at this moment creating a sensation in France, and throughout the civilized world; a sensation, as we believe, ephemeral, and calculated to die out, at no distant period, from sheer innate weakness. Nevertheless, it is a duty incumbent on a Review like this, to try and point out wherein that weakness consists; and thus, so far as may be, to hasten the decline and extinction of M. Renan's line of argument. But before proceeding to any detailed criticism upon this latest 'Life of Jesus,' we shall invite the attention of our readers to a few general considerations, which will be found to have an important bearing on the problem now presented to us

If man asks any question whatever respecting the existence of something greater than himself, the answer must inevitably take one of four forms, namely Atheism, Polytheism, Pantheism, or Monotheism. And if, further, he should profess, not only to have decided upon his own reply, but to desire to become an instructor of his fellow-men in the matter of religion, we have a right to demand from him an explicit avowal of his sentiment as a primary condition of our gaining such a position as may enable us to judge the remainder of his teaching. It is easy to mention books which announce on their very front some one of these four replies. Thus, for instance, the famous poem of Lucretius, '*De Rerum Natura*', is a proclamation of Atheism; the '*Iliad*' is the production of a high priest of Polytheism; the '*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*' of Spinoza, is the great modern repertory of the doctrines of Pantheism; the '*Koran*' of Mahomet puts forth, despite all its faults and erroneous claims, a vigorous, and even, at times, an impassioned, assertion of Monotheism. And of all these works it may be said, that they do not practise any concealment, nor speak with flattering and hesitating accents. If

we accept the fundamental teaching of any one of them respecting the Divine Nature, we do it with our eyes open; we know with whom we are throwing our lot. It will be desirable before we proceed, to say a few brief words upon each of these four assertions respecting the supernatural order of things.

Our subject happily demands only a passing reference to Atheism. Whatever may have been the extravagances of individuals, such as the unhappy Epicurean poet above-named, it may be safely asserted that Atheism never has possessed, and never will possess, any enduring hold upon the human heart. If any tribe or race (as, for example, the Kaffirs) can, with propriety, be termed Atheists, we may predict, without danger, that they will prove to be among the very lowest specimens of humanity. To be 'without God in the world' is, indeed, upon even temporal grounds, a degraded and a miserable lot.

Polytheism stands on somewhat different grounds. It does, at any rate, admit the existence of that which is Divine. Not only was it the religion of the two greatest nations of antiquity, but it has at moments won a passing glance of sympathy and admiration, though hardly perhaps of serious consideration, from one or two sets of thinkers at various epochs in European history. Such was the Medicean set in Florence, at the revival of letters; such the mood, at moments, of Goethe, and even of Schiller;¹ such, perhaps, the spirit of some of the actors, especially among the Girondists, in the great and comprehensive drama of the French Revolution. But these exhibitions have been but transitory, nor does it seem probable that any nations which have accepted Monotheism are in serious danger of relapsing into Polytheism. Certainly, we hear of no such tendencies on the part of the Turks or Arabs; far less, despite the idiosyncracies of some few persons, in any portion of the realms of Christendom. Still, cases of apparent sympathy with Polytheism do meet the eye, and to one such we shall be compelled to pay attention in the course of our present criticism.

The grossness, however, of certain portions of Polytheism shocked many of the finer minds among the very heathen themselves. Thus Plato, in a well-known part of the second Book of his 'Republic,' rebukes Homer for several unworthy representations of the deities. Pindar had already preceded

¹ The heathenized tone of the Renaissance has been much dwelt upon by living writers, as, for instance, by Mr. Ruskin, Canon Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, and the author of *Romola*. Goethe's Pagan tastes come out in many of his poems, more especially in the 'Bride of Corinth.' Schiller's (we may hope more momentary) lapse in his 'Gods of Greece' has been finely and poetically rebuked in Mrs. Browning's poem of 'The Dead Pan.'

Plato in the same path.¹ At a later period various allegorical explanations of the Homeric mythology were introduced. But the great resource of those, who were repelled by the coarse anthropomorphism of Polytheism, was to take refuge in the apparent spirituality of Pantheism.

Pantheism, more or less completely, identifies the Creator with the Universe which He has created. The personality of God degenerates into the impersonality of a mere *anima mundi*. Moreover this doctrine leads, as its most logical adherents grant, to the sapping of all sound foundations of morality. For if (to employ the language of the Hindoo philosophers) Siva is everything, and each man's soul only a part of Siva, just as the water in a cup may be a portion of the mighty Ganges; then, as the Deity cannot do wrong, no act of man can be essentially wrong; for it is a part of the divinity that is acting in each man. Hence it follows, as the Hindoos do not scruple to teach, that the distinction between good and evil, however necessary as a convenience for this life, must be pronounced unreal and illusory. We have never wished to shut our eyes to the palliations which may be urged on behalf of those Pantheists whom no nobler and loftier teaching may have reached. In many cases Pantheism, as has been said before in this Review, is probably a groping after two great truths: namely, that in Him who made us we all 'live, and move, and have our being,' and that man's highest bliss must consist in union with God. But however tenderly we may be disposed to feel towards the victims of this error, a grievous and miserable error it must still remain; sad when adopted because nothing better is known, sadder far when accepted by those on whom the light of a holier faith has beamed; for Pantheism is in fact the denial of a true and living God, and the denial at the same time of the immutable character of morality.

There remains, then, the faith of the Monotheist. He and he alone can be truly said to believe in God. He does not, with the Atheist, deny Him; nor with the Pantheist relegate Him to a practical nonentity; nor with the Polytheist reduce His sovereign attributes to chaos by supposing them to be distributed among 'gods many and lords many.' To him is God known 'not as a Law, but as a Person to be adored and loved.'²

¹ Nemean Odes (vii. 31). Strauss calls attention to these passages of Plato and Pindar.

² Mansel's Bampton Lectures. Lect. I. :—Prof. Mansel's opponent, Prof. Goldwin Smith, agrees herein with Mr. Mansel, saying :—'In vindicating the representation of God given in the Bible, he [Mr. Mansel] demolishes the *figment*, much in vogue among exclusively scientific minds, of an *insensible, inflexible, immovable*,—in a word, of a *scientific*, as opposed to a *moral*, God.'—(Postscript to inaugural Lectures in the Study of History.) We have much pleasure in calling attention to this

How much, how very much, is implied in this doctrine we must not now pause to consider. But it is necessary to remark that, whatever else Theism involves, it includes *inter alia* a belief in the possibility of miracles. Jews, Mahommedans, Christians, and all real Theists are agreed in this. A writer who cannot, we fear, be claimed as a Christian, Mr. John Stuart Mill, has justly remarked that a belief in miracles is impossible apart from belief in a personal God. And it is only by abuse of the word God, only by making Him a sort of constitutional monarch without real authority over creation, that a disbelief in miracles can be sustained.

When, however, we cast a glance at the condition of the world at the time of the birth of Christ, the region in which the true doctrine of Monotheism was being effectively taught must be allowed by all to have been a very limited one. Only in Palestine, or in cities like Alexandria, where Judaism had been circulated by the dispersion of the race, can we feel any confidence that people were enjoying the blessing of a knowledge of the One true and living God. What marvel if, on this ground alone, men were to claim inspiration for the writings put forth by the teachers of a race thus favoured. It is not the shadow of a reply to point out here and there in classic writings of the West, or in books deemed sacred in the East, some noble and elevating exceptions, such as the hymn by the Stoic Cleanthes, or even the injunction of the love of God taught in the 'hymn of the Sikh Goroos to the God Ram': the fact remains, that in no other literature but that of the Hebrews do we find men really speaking as those who not only enjoined on others the love of God, but exemplified that love in the very turn of their expressions, as well as in their lives.

'What,' asks a modern writer,—'what is the distinguishing character of Hebrew literature, which separates it by so broad a line of demarcation from that of every ancient people? Undoubtedly the sentiment of *erotic devotion*, which pervades it. Their poets never represent the Deity as an impassive principle; a mere organizing intellect removed at infinite distance from human hopes and fears. He is for them a Being of like passions with themselves, requiring heart for heart, and capable of inspiring affection, because capable of feeling and returning it. Awful, indeed, are the thunders of His utterance, and the clouds that surround His dwelling-place; very terrible is the vengeance he executes on the nations that

agreement between two combatants so highly gifted. Mr. Goldwin Smith's words embody, as we hope to show, the *fundamental* difference between believers in the Gospel and rationalists, such as Strauss and Renan.

‘forget Him; but to his chosen people, and especially to the men “after His own heart,” whom he anoints from the midst of them, His “still, small voice,” speaks in sympathy and loving kindness. Every Hebrew, while his breast glowed with patriotic enthusiasm at those promises, which he shared as one of the favoured race, had a yet deeper source of emotion, from which gushed perpetually the aspirations of prayer and thanksgiving. He might consider himself alone in the presence of his God; the single being to whom a great revelation had been made, and over whose head an “exceeding weight of glory” was suspended. His personal welfare was infinitely concerned with every event that had taken place in the miraculous order of Providence. For him the rocks of Horeb had trembled, and the waters of the Red Sea were parted in their course. The word given on Sinai with such solemn pomp of ministration, was given to his own individual soul, and brought him into immediate communion with his Creator. That awful Being could never be put away from him. He was about his path, and about his feet, and knew all his thoughts—long before. Yet this tremendous, enclosing presence, was a presence of love. It was a manifold, everlasting manifestation of one deep feeling—a desire for human affection. Such a belief, while it enlisted even pride and self-interest on the side of piety, had a direct tendency to excite the best passions of our nature. Love is not long asked in vain from generous dispositions. A Being, never absent, but standing beside the life of each man with ever watchful tenderness, and recognised, though invisible, in every blessing that befell them from youth to age, became naturally the object of their warmest affections. Their belief in Him could not exist without producing, as a necessary effect, that profound impression of passionate individual attachment, which, in the Hebrew authors, always mingles with, and vivifies their faith in the Invisible. All the books in the Old Testament are breathed upon by this breath of life. Especially is it to be found in that beautiful collection entitled the Psalms of David, which remains, after some thousand years, perhaps the most perfect form in which the religious sentiment of man has been embodied.’

Gladly, with reservation as to a single phrase,¹ do we appropriate for the moment, these remarkable words; and still more

¹ The words, ‘a Being of like passions with themselves,’ as descriptive of the Hebrew idea of God, are surely liable to a dangerous sense, though capable of an innocent one. Side by side with passages which may seem, at first sight, to justify the expression, such as e.g. 1 Samuel xvii., must be taken such other texts as 1 Samuel xv. 29.

gladly do we proceed to cite from the same author, the following continuation of the passage, both for its own sake, and as a natural means of transition to our more immediate subject:—

‘But what is true of Judaism is yet more true of Christianity, “matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.” In addition to all the characters of Hebrew Monotheism, there exists in the doctrine of the Cross a peculiar and inexhaustible treasure for the affectionate feelings. The idea of the Θεάνθρωπος, the God whose goings forth have been from everlasting, yet visible to men for their redemption as an earthly temporal creature, living, acting and suffering among themselves, then (which is yet more important) transferring to the unseen place of His spiritual agency the same humanity He wore on earth, so that the lapse of generations can in no way affect the conception of His identity; *this is the most powerful thought that ever addressed itself to a human imagination.* It is the ποῦ στῶ which alone was wanting to move the world. Here was solved at once the great problem which so long had distressed the teachers of mankind, how to make virtue the object of passion, and to secure at once the warmest enthusiasm in the heart, with the clearest perception of right and wrong in the understanding. The character of the blessed Founder of our faith became an abstract of morality to determine the judgment, while at the same time it remained personal, and liable to love. The written word and Established Church prevented a degeneration into ungoverned mysticism, but the predominant principle of vital religion always remained that of self-sacrifice to the Saviour. Not only the higher divisions of moral duties, but the simple, primary impulses of benevolence, were subordinated to this new absorbing passion. The world was loved “in Christ alone.” The brethren were members of His mystical body. All the other bonds that had fastened down the Spirit of the Universe to our narrow round of earth were as nothing in comparison to this golden chain of suffering and self-sacrifice, which at once riveted the heart of man to One, who, like himself, was acquainted with grief. Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed more holy and more real than any other.’

Such were the thoughts of one whom we, in our ignorance, call prematurely snatched away. And yet surely if Arthur Hallam had left nothing else behind him than the pages on which the reader’s eye has just rested, he could not be said to have lived in vain.

But, as has recently been urged in this Review, ‘however much the fact embodied in the doctrine of the Incarnation may answer to a want and longing in the heart—and however much

'the thought of it may thrill our nature to its very depth, this is 'no proof of its truth.' And our fellow-reviewer proceeded to urge that we need evidence that our Lord 'lived and died, that His life was blameless and that He spake as never man spake,' before proceeding to the proof of His Divinity.¹ Happily two out of three points here named are admitted by those against whom our present argument is directed. The human existence and death of Jesus Christ, and the superiority of his teaching not only to all that has been known, but to all that ever can be known, is admitted to the very fullest extent in this latest rationalistic biography. The doctrine of the impeccability of our Lord stands upon somewhat different grounds. But, so far as we have seen, this last-named question turns entirely upon the truth of our Lord's Godhead. If His awful claim in this respect be nothing less than truth, then do we understand the force of this unanswered appeal, 'Which of you convinceth me of sin?' and the repeated assertion of S. Paul and of S. John that 'He knew no sin.'² But, with reverence be it said, we do not on any other hypothesis understand these expressions. For how can One who answered in the affirmative to the tremendous question, whether he were indeed the Christ the Son of God, be sinless, if He were saying what He was well aware was not the truth. We repeat it, then, the question of His Divine Personality is prior to any discussion concerning His sinlessness as man. Before, however, appealing to the Holy Scriptures, we shall first indulge in some of those general reflections, of which many (though not all) have been so forcibly presented in some of the books which are mentioned at the commencement of this article.

At the moment at which we write, there are certain portions of the globe which lay claim to a higher state of civilization than the rest. And although a certain kind of passive and morose civilization does undoubtedly distinguish some non-Christian nations—as for example, the Chinese—yet, on the whole, it may be fairly said, that the highest forms of civilization exist in those countries, and in those only, wherein Christ is worshipped as God. Further, though the prizes of this earth are not the special blessings of Christianity, yet so beneficent is the operation of this faith upon the lower destinies of man, that even political economists have remarked that the wealth of Christian nations is far in excess of the non-Christian. One country, indeed, there is in Europe where the doctrine of the Incarnation is not taught, but repelled as falsehood; and what is the con-

¹ *Vide* our October Number. [*Christian Remembrancer*, Vol. xlv. pp. 257, &c.] Art. *Miracles*.

² S. John viii. 46.—2 Cor. v. 21.—1 S. John iii. 5.—Also Heb. iv. 15, ix. 28, and 1 S. Peter ii. 22.

dition of that country? Its moral condition is such that we cannot venture to speak openly upon the subject, but must simply refer the reader to the first chapter of S. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. As for the intellectual *status* of Turkey, it is simply below contempt. Lastly, in a political point of view, it is so utterly moribund, that nothing, save the jealousies of the Great Powers, can contrive to impart to it a feeble and quasi-galvanic existence. It is true (as we have shown in former years in this Review) that the Turks are by no means the finest specimens of Mohammedans: but look where we will, to Egypt, India, or Persia, the gradual decline of that creed is very palpable. The words of the poet, whether believed or not by himself, will assuredly prove correct:—

‘The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set:
While blazon'd as on heaven's immortal noon,
The Cross leads generations on.’¹

And, while we are on the subject of morality, we should like to ask any of our readers who have had opportunities of examining eye-witnesses, what conclusions they have formed respecting the morality of Hindoos, Chinese, or the uncivilized insular tribes. We have been at some pains in this respect and the result of our examination is such as we should shrink from publishing. It will, we think, be found that a standard of morality, which all Christians would agree in thinking painfully low, would be regarded in non-Christianized countries as exorbitantly and unreasonably high.²

2. We pass to a second consideration. The history of the world is, in some reasonable degree, known to us, for a period of some thousands of years: if we say for 5,000 years M. Renan will not quarrel with us.³

During all that period, we have seen One Man claim for himself to be worshipped as Almighty God, and succeed in having that claim acknowledged, not by those of some one state or nation, over which He had possessed temporal sway, but by myriads of men of the most varied climes and ages. We have seen One Man accomplish this, *and One only*.

Surely, the comment once cited in these pages is just, by whomsoever uttered. ‘There is no God in heaven if a mere man has been able to conceive and execute with full success

¹ Shelley's ‘Hellas.’ For the evidence of this tendency, see the concluding chapter of Döllinger's *Muhammed's Religion*. (Ratisbon, 1838.)

² The palmy state of physical science, of scholarship and criticism, in Christian, as distinguished from non-Christian ones, is also a phenomenon well worth consideration.

³ *Période historique... comprenant environ cinq mille ans*—M. Renan in *Revue des deux Mondes* for 15 Octobre, 1863.—P. 769.

‘the gigantic design of securing for himself supreme worship, by usurping the name of God.’¹

3. In the various departments of human excellence it is seldom possible to point out any one of such predominance that a second name of nearly, if not quite equal merit, cannot be placed beside the first. Hannibal is a marvellous master of the art of war; but do not the claims of Julius Caesar or Napoleon Bonaparte stand at least as high? We are justly proud in England of the name of Newton; but the Danes have a perfect right to extol as equal, if not superior, that of Kepler. How difficult is it to adjust the heights of the three poetic thrones occupied by Homer, Dante and Shakspeare. The very existence of such a work as Plutarch’s ‘Lives’ is sufficient to establish the conviction of that eminent writer respecting the parallel character of the greatness displayed by a long series of Greek and of Roman heroes. Louis IX. of France is the model of a saintly king; but is our own Alfred so very far below him? The statues of Michael Angelo have merits of their own which make them vie, to say the least, with the *chef d’œuvres* of classic art that yet remain to us. Nor, indeed, can any department in the wide range of earthly achievement be said to have had such a *coryphæus* among its votaries, as to afford any security that his superior, if he has not yet risen, may not arise some future day.

There is some foundation of truth in the well-known lines:—

‘Whoe’er thou art, thy master see;
He is, or has been, or shall be.’

We say of earthly achievement; for there is a work not of the earth, but breathed upon by a Divine Spirit, which will never be forgotten or outworn, whose author will never be surpassed. This is no mere assertion made by those alone who worship Jesus as their God and Saviour. The leading rationalist of Germany, the most talked-of rationalist of France, they both employ in this respect language analogous to that of Christians. ‘No one,’ says Mr. Farrar of Strauss, ‘can be more inimical to the dogmatic and historical Christianity of the Church than he; yet he asserts firmly that Christ and Christianity is the highest moral ideal to which the world can ever expect to attain.’² ‘Whatever,’ says M. Renan, ‘may be the unexpected phenomena of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His religion will for ever

¹ Paper ascribed to Napoleon.

² Bampton Lectures for 1862. P. 502. Note: Mr. Farrar appeals to the *Soliloquies* of Strauss (E. P. 1845; § 27-30.) Having thus made use of Mr. Farrar’s work, it is only right to state our conviction of its great usefulness and value, although we may occasionally dissent from its decisions.

'grow young again. His sufferings will mollify the best hearts : all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there has not been born a greater than Jesus.' It is with rationalists that our present argument is concerned ; and such admissions save us the trouble of arguing against men who would insinuate that because the work of Pythagoras and of Zoroaster has passed away, and that of Mahomet is on the wane, therefore that of Christ is destined to share a similar declension.

4. With regard to the theory that the character of our blessed Lord as portrayed in the Gospels may be due to the imagination of the writers, it is sufficient to cite the well-known sentiment of Rousseau, that 'the person who could invent such a character would be more astonishing than the actual hero of the narrative.'¹

5. Great men, though often much in advance of their contemporaries, seldom fail to bear in many respects the stamp of their age and country. Alexander manifests the tokens of his Macedonian origin and his Greek culture, and is by no means left unscathed by the evil influences of Oriental flattery. Socrates, with all his moral grandeur and noble death, is still an unmistakeable Athenian. Cicero is from first to last the *civis Romanus*. Hillel and Gamaliel display the broad phylactery of the Jewish Rabbi. Dante, even in the Paradiso, remains the exiled citizen of Florence ; and Shakspeare, amidst all his almost inexhaustible variety, is still a genuine, however wondrous, product of the England of Queen Elizabeth. The same may be said of religious teachers. No one could mistake the author of the 'Bhagvat Geeta' for anything but a Hindoo ; while he who penned the Koran constantly proclaims himself an Arab of the Arabs.

But does any man, do even our rationalistic adversaries, maintain that this is the case with Jesus Christ ? Do they not on the contrary most fully recognise and admit that He is by no means the product of Judaism, of His age and country ? Assuredly M. Renan, amongst the many admissions to which we shall have to call attention, most fully grants thus much ; though his conclusions, thus far just in themselves, are not always drawn from correct premises. 'In this he is in no wise of his race ; nothing in Judaism had given him the model of this delightful style of instruction [the parable]. He is its creator. The very people disdained by orthodox Judaism were his favourites.'²

6. It is worthy of observation that some of the finest ideal types of humanity do in their nobler features remind us of the Christian type. The 'Prometheus' of Æschylus seems (as

¹ *L'inventeur en serait plus étonnant que le héros.* (Emile liv. iv.) Cit ap. M. Nicolas, to whom we also stand greatly indebted in respect of considerations 2, 4, and 5.

² 'Vie de Jésus.'—Pp. 77, 167, 184-5.

Coleridge and others have remarked), to take its origin from two distinct and contrariant echoes of traditional lore. In so far as he is a rebel, Prometheus reminds us of the fallen archangel; but in that he is the benefactor of man, and suffers for his goodness, we perceive the idea of a Redeemer. In our own century, an unbelieving poet conceived the bold plan of filling up one of the lost parts of the Æschylean trilogy and presenting us with a 'Prometheus Unbound.' It speaks highly for the greatness of Shelley's powers, that in such an attempt he should have achieved so large a measure of success—as has repaid his efforts. But not, we think, from any merely pagan, still less from any infidel source, did the poet gain such a notion of heroism as is portrayed by him in the conclusion of his drama:—

'Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over destruction's strength.

These are the spells by which to re-assume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.
To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night:

To love and bear. . . .
This like thy glory, Titan! is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

Yes; this ideal has indeed been set before us, but in reality, not in fabled story.

7. Without entering into the origin¹ of other legends sung in the mythologies of various lands, it is certain that numbers of them do find in Christ the fulfilment of the ideas which they seem to adumbrate. 'Over all the realms of heathendom lay 'dim shadows of a suffering Redeemer. Among the Greeks and 'the Egyptians were tales of one Epaphus, who should be born 'miraculously of a virgin named Io, to deliver an enchained man 'from a gnawing vulture. Or again, of a god named Orus, who 'should slay a serpent called Typhon; of a hero Hercules, who 'by killing a dragon was to give to men the golden fruits of a 'marvellous garden (or paradise), from which they were shut out. 'The Persians told of Mithra, a mediator and conqueror of 'Ahriman, the power of evil, who should come to cause and pro- 'cure the deliverance of man, and "rest himself in his work," 'said they, "but not too long for a god." Among the Hindoos 'is there belief in Vishnu, a god who should become incarnate

¹ Notwithstanding our great respect for the learning and the tone of Professor Max Müller, we are quite unable to follow him in his attempt to derive the classic legends from philology (Oxford Essays for 1856), and are somewhat surprised at the degree of countenance which Mr. Farrar seems inclined to lend to this view.

'and remedy the evils wrought by a great serpent named Kaliga. The Mexicans have looked for a god, Gartoolt by name, who should bring about a blessed change and combat the adder, who seduced the mother of our race. A native American tribe were taught to expect one Puru, who was to cause a serpent which devoured the people to enter back again into hell. Among the Northmen was the famous god Thor, who should wage a mortal combat with the great serpent Migdard, and lose his life whilst he won the victory.'

8. It is well known that Strauss, in his elaborate work, the "Life of Jesus," tries to lead on his readers to the following conclusion :—'where the Church places *Jesus* for the *subject*, and certain miraculous acts for the *predicate* of a proposition, true philosophy substitutes for *Jesus* the abstract term *humanity*. If, piercing the shell of the Gospel legends, you would arrive at the kernel of truth enshrined therein, say : *Humanity dies, rises again, and ascends up on high*. The individual *Jesus* is of little moment saving in so far as he may have contributed to bring out the idea.'

We have at this point only one question to put in connexion with the above theory. Strauss says, for *Jesus* read *humanity*. Now would Strauss, would any of his fellow-workers in the cause of rationalism, ever dream of suggesting this exchange in connexion with any other name that is known to the sons of men? Would the life of Confucius or Socrates, of Mahomet or Charlemagne, or of any other mortal man, ever suggest the idea of humanity at large, in such wise as that *their* acts should be taken for a *predicate* of which humanity was in reality the proper *subject*? Firmly convinced are we that this question admits but of one reply. Not even Baur nor Strauss nor Renan would ever dream of substituting humanity for an individual man in any other case than this; and we argue from it that this life is something singular, unique, different from every other that is on record. Strauss has indeed presumed in one passage to speak of some other men as persons of whom Christ need not disdain the company. He mentions Moses and Mahomet, Thales and Parmenides, Socrates and Plato, Alexander and Cæsar, Raphael and Mozart. Well, when Dr. Strauss has composed a subtle and laboured treatise to prove that the acts ascribed to any one of these persons ought in reality to be understood, not of that individual, but of humanity; then, but not till then, shall we imagine that he supposes himself to discern some degree of parallelism between cases so unutterably distinct. Most justly has the

¹ This passage on Gentile types and adumbrations of Christ has appeared before in a sermon sent by the writer to a Scotch magazine. But the summary was originally made by M. Nicolas.

Straussian hypothesis been described as 'that extraordinary mythical theory of Scripture, which assuredly no man would ever have adduced to explain away its marvels, unless in despair of so doing by any other means.'¹

9. Our attitude, confronting rationalism, compels us at moments to put forward suppositions which, if meant seriously, would be blasphemous. But we share this difficulty with all apologists from the earliest times; and, like them, we see no other way of putting the case fairly. The assumption now to be made (it is remarkably well put by M. Nicolas) is this. *If* Jesus were not in reality God, the Eternal Son, and had wished to represent himself, with the aid of the Evangelists, as such, what course would he have adopted? Surely all marks of physical weakness and weariness, everything that offended and still offends an incredulous world, would have been carefully dissembled in the narrative, and the semblance of all that heathenism or Judaism imagined to be most majestic and superhuman would alone be presented to us. In such case S. Luke would have taken care not to represent the death of S. Stephen as having been calmer than that of Him to whom the proto-martyr committed his spirit. That four evangelists should have all agreed in a picture of the death of Him who is God, so contrary, in most of its leading features, to what either Greek or Hebrew intelligence would have imagined, so opposite to all earthly *à priori* expectations, is precisely one of those marks both of fidelity and of the absence of pre-conceived notions being foisted into the history, that would of itself go far to satisfy us of its truth.

10. The above considerations present a few, and a few only, of the arguments which militate against the Socinian view of the Person and Office of Christ. But we cannot too emphatically insist upon the point that it is against Rationalism, and not against Socinianism, that we are at present engaged in arguing. The entire case against Socinianism may be stated, if necessary, on some other occasion. But we greatly doubt the need. We may be mistaken; but Socinianism proper seems to us to be a heresy that is dead and buried. If any man could have saved it, it would have been Channing. That many palliations for his unfortunate errors may have existed in the state of things around him is what we can easily imagine, and are only too glad to hope and believe. But deadly errors they remain; and not all his moral

¹ 'The Testimony of Jesus.' A sermon preached before the University of Oxford by the Rev. Coker Adams, M.A. Fellow of New College. (Parker, 1861). Mr. Adams presently adds, most suggestively:—'Perhaps the mythical system itself presents but the "lean and flashy" semblance of a nature in them [the Scriptures] which is richly and profoundly mystical throughout.'

courage, the lofty purity of his ethical standard, or his sympathy with forms of goodness the most alien from his own, can redeem his creed from the charge of being as inconsistent and untenable in the eyes of genuine rationalists, as it is in those who, with all their hearts and mind, believe in the creed of Nice. Seldom as it is that we can agree with the line of argument adopted by M. Renan, we find ourselves for once thoroughly with him in the following sentences from his article on 'Unitarianism in the United States:—'Does Channing avoid any better than Catholic theologians the objections of incredulity? Alas! no. He admits the resurrection of Jesus Christ and does not admit His Divinity; he admits the Bible and does not admit hell. He employs all the subtleties of a schoolman to establish against Trinitarians the sense in which Christ is, and the sense in which He is not the Son of God. Now if one grants that there has been an existence real and miraculous from one end to the other, why not frankly call it divine? The one demands no greater effort of belief than the other. In fact, in this course *il n'y a que le premier pas que coûte*; one must not make compromises with the supernatural; faith must be complete (*va d'une seule pièce*) and, the sacrifice once made, it is not becoming to reclaim in detail rights of which one has made once for all an entire cession. Herein lies, in my judgment, the narrow and inconsistent side of Channing. *What is a rationalist who admits miracles, prophecies, or Revelation?*'¹

It is likewise worthy of observation that, while on the one hand the intellectual position of Channing is thus (we hold most justly) pronounced untenable, so on the other hand did the cold utterances of Socinian religion prove utterly insufficient for his heart; indeed, so insufficient, as to lead him to look for solace in the writings of men the very furthest removed from his own school. Channing actually sympathized in many respects with the Oxford movement of 1833, and his favourite religious author was Fenelon! In this inability to find spiritual food in the arid pastures of his own sect, he by no means stands alone among Socinians. Some few years since, the ablest of English Unitarians, Mr. James Martineau, expressed himself as follows:—

'I am constrained to say, that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions, of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavourably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. I am conscious that my deepest obligations are in almost every depart-

¹ *Revue des deux Mondes.*

ment to writers not of my own creed. In philosophy I have had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text-books, and the authors most in favour with them. In Biblical interpretation I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Belsham. In devotional literature and religious thought I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustin, Tayler, Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold.¹

Again, he adds :

‘I cannot help this. I can only say, I am sure it is no perversity ; and I believe the preference is founded on reason and nature, and is already widely spread among us.’

Once more, Mr. Martineau says :—

‘*Better insight into the origin and meaning of the Trinitarian scheme, more philosophical appreciation of its leading terms—e.g. Substance, Personality, Nature, &c., and more sympathetic approach to the minds of living believers in it, have greatly modified our estimates, and disinclined many of us to make the rejection of the doctrine, any more than its acceptance, a condition of Church communion.*’¹

Such is at present the position of Unitarianism. Many of its professors are turning their glances upward ; many, more especially in America, have become Trinitarians. But those who do not thus advance are in few, if any cases, standing still ; only too logically they are descending into the depths of a rationalistic Pantheism.

11. There appear, then, to be five main classes of those who have attacked the Church’s teaching concerning the person and office of Christ.

I. Those who pronounce Him to be an impostor. This class includes the Jews, the heathen assailants, such as Celsus, Julian, and Porphyry ; and, we presume, modern infidels of the school of Voltaire.

II. Those who allow Him to be something more than human, to be the greatest of all religious teachers, the One through whom the human race has received the best and highest culture, but who in some way detract from the fulness of His Divinity or of His manhood, or who confound or separate the two natures. This class includes the great mass of heretical teachers, such as Arians, Nestorians, and the like. But it excludes Mahometans, Socinians, and perhaps Ebionites and some other Gnostics.

¹ Quoted from Mr. Martineau’s letter to Mr. Macdonald, on *The Unitarian Position*. Price 1d. London : Whitfield, 1859. Re-quoted in a letter by Dr. Rowland Williams, which appeared in the *Cambrian*, a Swansea journal, for Dec. 3, 1859, and in the London *Guardian* of Dec. 7, 1859. Also in Dr. Fairbairn’s careful and candid Appendix to the concluding vol. of the English translation of Dorner on the Person of Christ.

III. Those who acknowledge Him as a true prophet, miraculously conceived as the son of Mary; the worker under of God of great and holy miracles, even to the raising of the dead unto life again, and taken up into heaven. This is the teaching of Mahomet in the Koran. Its Moslem commentators go somewhat beyond this, and are probably justified in so doing, by fair inference from the language of the Koran as well from traditions accepted by the majority.

IV. Those who represent Him to be a mere man, but the greatest of all religious teachers, the author of real miracles and miraculously raised again to life. This is the teaching of Socinians, properly so called, as for example, Dr. Channing.

V. Those, who, while proclaiming (or at any rate not denying) the actual human existence of Jesus, not only teach that He is merely man, but deny all that is miraculous in His life.

It is with the fifth and last of these positions alone that we are just now especially concerned. A refutation of the teaching of Judaism or Arianism, of Mahomet or Socinus, respecting the sacred person of our Lord may be required again hereafter; though none of such tasks appear likely to be called for immediately among the civilized nations of Christendom, either in Europe or America.

Now, the considerations above suggested are of course, we fully grant, as nothing apart from the teaching of the New Testament, upon which they all mediate or immediately repose. Most true, we preach Christ Jesus as the Eternal Son, the second Person of the ever-blessed Trinity, made perfect man like unto us in all things (sin alone except) some 1864 years since, combining thenceforth in His adorable Personality for ever and indivisibly, without separation or confusion, two whole and perfect natures, the Godhead and the Manhood; and as having condescended not only to be born, but to suffer and to die for us men and for our salvation.

We place upon the table the volume commonly accepted as the New Testament, and demand who are they who would unhesitatingly proclaim their conviction that the statements just made are taught therein and may be proved from it? And from amidst the vast throng of myriads who have lived and died in that faith, which answer this query in the affirmative, we may imagine some forms to stand peculiarly prominent, not as having necessarily been more sincere or ardent in their conviction, but as having been in a position to announce it to their brethren. In that band stand Polycarp and Cyprian, Athanasius and Augustine, Bernard and Aquinas, Theodosius and Alfred, Louis IX. of France and Gustavus Adolphus, Luther and Loyola, Xavier and Heber, Fenelon and Thomas Chalmers, the framers

of the Nicene Creed, of the Augsburg Confession, of the Westminster Confession, of the Tridentine Decrees and the Anglican Articles; Nikon of Russia and Vladimir, Bishop Andrewes and Hugh Miller, Cowper and Dante, Haydn and Handel, Vitringa and Estius, Alexander Vinet and Arthur Hallam. We pause, lest our list become too long; yet, even as it stands, it is surely neither unvaried nor insignificant. Differing in much else, the persons just named were thoroughly agreed in this. Apart from that belief their life would have been unmeaning; for it was faith in that truth that gave vigour and animation to the whole.

Thus much as to the impression made by the New Testament on the overwhelming majority of Christians, whose very differences upon other doctrines must, by every law of evidence, be considered rather to strengthen than to diminish the weight and importance of their agreement here. With other forms of discussion we are not, as we have said, concerned. We proceed to ask, what is the impression made by this same volume on the mind of rationalists, such as Strauss, or Baur of Tübingen?

There cannot, we think, be any doubt but that Strauss most fully admits, that if you allow the possibility of the miraculous—if you admit as conceivable the idea of two natures subsisting in one person,—then that ‘the Christology of the orthodox system’ is (to say the very least) in no wise contrary to the teaching of the sacred volume. ‘Its fundamental principles are found,’ he says, ‘in the New Testament;’ and after a proof so elaborate as to show that this is an under-statement, he adds, ‘How richly ‘fraught with blessing and elevation, with encouragement and ‘consolation, were the thoughts which the early Church derived ‘from this view of Christ!’¹ This reflection is followed by two pages of eloquent disquisition, by way of exhibiting in the detail the correctness of this general assertion. The reconciliation between heaven and earth, effected by this marvellous Life and Death; the guarantee of God’s love to man and the revelation of the brightest hopes for the believer; the brotherhood and co-heirship of men with the Son of God; the redemption from the curse of the law; the overthrow of the partition-wall between Jew and Gentile; the justifying nature of faith, that living loving faith, which creates even in this life a spiritual resurrection, and will lead hereafter to a resurrection of the mortal body, through Christ; the pledge of this ultimate triumph afforded to the believer, by the victory of the Saviour over death, and Hades and the dread powers of Satan; the con-

¹ Strauss, ‘Life of Jesus.’ Concluding Dissertation (Vol. iii. pp. 400-1, in the English translation).

solation of having meanwhile an Intercessor on high who knows our weakness, for that He himself, though sinless, was subjected to temptation;—all this, and more than this, is described at length by Strauss, and shown to rest upon an array of well-chosen and convincing texts. Oh deplorable spectacle of one who can see and understand and pourtray these blessed truths, and then turn away from the living, breathing form to the cold idol of a baseless theory, whose foundation is dust and ashes, and its atmosphere the blast of death!

And yet in turning aside for a time from the volumes of Strauss we cannot too earnestly beg of any doubting mind that it would ponder well upon the dilemma placed before us in this extraordinary work. That dilemma, as conceived by Strauss, may, we believe, be stated with perfect fairness as follows:—‘Either my mythical theory is true, or else the orthodox Christology is true. There is no middle course. The early Church was perfectly justified, both by the baptismal formula and by many texts in the Epistles,’ in forming a creed. She was justified in rejecting Ebionites and Docetæ, and in condemning the more subtle divergences of Arius and of Appollinaris, of Eutyches and the Monothelites. Nor have modern attempts to stop short of the mythical theory, and yet hold less than the early Church, proved at all more successful than those of the early heretics. Socinians, or rationalists, like Henke, who remove the person and work of Jesus from the essence of religion; Schleiermacher with his eclectic Christology; Kant and De Wette with their symbolical interpretations; Schelling with his speculative doctrine of an incarnation, meaning the human consciousness as distinguished from the infinite;—these theories are each in turn brought forward, tried and rejected.’ And when we think over the final and solemn dilemma just stated, then, blasphemously irreverent as it must sound to Christian ears, we dare not say that there is no grain of truth whatever in the concluding sentence of the Latin preface prefixed by Strauss to the English translation, in which he applies to his work that which was originally spoken of its Subject. ‘And as heretofore in Germany, so presently in Britain, let this book lie *for the fall and rising again of many, and for a sign which shall be spoken against, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.*’

But the work of Strauss, says a French rationalist, M. Reville, ‘is now generally considered as a failure (*une tentative manquée.*)’¹ It allured while the Hegelian philosophy was at its zenith of popularity; but began to fall, directly the prestige

¹ Strauss quotes especially Romans i. 3, viii. 34, and 1 Tim. iii. 16.

² *Revue des deux Mondes* for 1 Mai, 1863.—P. 113.

of that system began to wax faint. But having spoken of the impression made by the New Testament upon other schools, we turn for a moment to ask what is the account given by the new school of Tübingen, and its recently deceased leader, Dr. Baur. Enough for our present purpose to observe that Baur strikes out from the Canon the Gospel of S. John, and would adjudge away from S. Paul the authorship of the Epistles to the Ephesians, to the Colossians, to Timothy and Titus. We agree with Mr. Farrar,¹ that the four Pauline Epistles left unchallenged by the most extreme doubters of this school (namely those addressed to the Romans, to the Galatians, and the two to the Corinthians) would still be sufficient to establish the main articles of the creeds. But when we consider, in reference to the Divinity of our Lord, the teaching of the fourth Gospel, from first to last, and the language of the first chapter of Colossians with the parallel passages in those other Epistles which the Tübingen school refuses to accept, it is difficult to believe that these clear manifestations of doctrine are not the main ground of opposition. If calm inquirers should arrive at the same conclusion, then must not Baur and his associates be regarded as additional witnesses to the confession, that the New Testament, as commonly received, *does* proclaim the mystery of the Holy Incarnation?

We trust that the very form of the title prefixed to this paper will have partially prepared the reader for some general remarks, before arriving at any detailed criticism on the new '*Vie de Jésus*' by M. Renan. But these prefatory observations have been extended much further than we had originally anticipated, and we must sincerely apologize for their great and, we fear, wearisome length. It may, perhaps, prove some excuse for the delay thus occasioned, that we shall hope to render more brief, and at the same time more clear, the objections which we have to urge against the work in question.

And first, on hearing of a fresh sceptical book upon this solemn theme, it may occur to some thinkers to ask, why should not a writer, who is bent upon doubting, simply avow a persistent and complete scepticism with respect, firstly to the whole range of natural, and then subsequently to the entire cycle of supernatural knowledge. The reply is, *firstly*, that such a course is barely possible for any one single mind, however peculiarly constituted or trained; and, *secondly*, that even if such a condition could be attained, the teacher would inevitably fail in founding any enduring scheme of secular philosophy or of religion. Sir

¹ Bampton Lectures for 1862, Lect. viii.

William Hamilton is surely not guilty of an over-statement when, after urging the propriety and need of doubt within certain limits, he adds: 'Philosophical doubt is not an end but a mean. We doubt in order that we may believe; we begin, that we may not end, with doubt. . . . Indeed, were the effect of philosophy the establishment of doubt, the remedy would be worse than the disease. Doubt, *as a permanent state of mind*, would be, in fact, little better than an intellectual death. The mind lives as it believes—it lives in the affirmation of itself, of nature, and of God; a doubt upon any one of these would be a diminution of its life—a doubt upon the three, were it possible, would be tantamount to a mental annihilation.'¹ Pyrrho has so far succeeded in this line of teaching, as to give rise to the name of Pyrrhonists for sceptics. But how really influential does he appear, when named beside Plato or Aristotle; or even beside less eminent teachers, such as Seneca or Epictetus. Who ever appeals to the name of Pyrrho as an authority for anything? And yet even he placed some limits to his doubts; for he seems to have held firmly to the foundation of morals, however much he may have doubted, or fancied that he doubted, the evidence of his senses.

But, turning from philosophical to religious scepticism, we may now state what appears to us to be the rock upon which, sooner or later, all attacks upon the truth of the 'Life of Jesus,' as read and accepted by the holders of the orthodox Christology, must inevitably founder.

The author of any sceptical biography of Christ must be prepared either to admit nothing, or to admit something. If he admits nothing, he has no starting-point from which to commence operations, and the world simply refuses to give him a hearing. But if he admits something, that something involves a second admission, and that again another; and so adamant are the links that bind together the Gospel history, that the assailant is ever in doubt where he had best attempt to sever them, and is constantly compelled to change his method of attack. In the case of Strauss, we question whether any single edition of his book has appeared without most important modifications, insertions and withdrawals of entire sets of paragraphs. In the case of M. Renan, so hesitating and uncertain is his tone, that it is utterly impossible at moments to comprehend what he really does hold and teach.

In commencing to discuss the problems at issue between us and M. Renan, two questions strike us as important at the very outset. They are these:—*Firstly*, does M. Renan believe in

¹ Lectures on Metaphysics. (Lect. v. Vol. i. pp. 91-2.)

Monotheism? *Secondly*, what admissions is he willing to make respecting the events of the Life of our Lord Jesus?

We have, we trust, explained what *we* mean by belief in Monotheism; not the belief in 'the figment, much in vogue 'among exclusively scientific minds, of an insensible, inflexible, 'immovable, in a word, of a scientific, as opposed to a moral 'God;' ¹ but faith in a true and living Creator and Governor of the universe. These opposite views have often been set in contrast, but seldom, we think, with more clearness than in the following statement from the pen of Strauss:—

'In the ancient world (that is, in the East) the religious tendency was so preponderating, and the knowledge of nature so limited, that the law of connexion between earthly, finite beings was very loosely regarded. At every link there was a disposition to spring into the infinite, and to see God as the immediate cause of every change in nature or the human mind. In this mental condition the Biblical history was written. Not that God is here represented as doing all and everything Himself—a notion which, from the manifold evidence of the fundamental connexion between finite things, would be impossible to any reasonable mind—but there prevails in the Biblical writers a ready disposition to derive all things, down to the minutest details, as soon as they appear particularly important, immediately from God. *He it is who gives the rain and the sunshine; He sends the east wind and the storm; He dispenses war, famine, and pestilence; He hardens hearts and softens them, suggests thoughts and resolutions.* And this is particularly the case with regard to His chosen instruments and beloved people. In the history of the Israelites we find traces of His immediate agency at every step. Through Moses, Elias, Jesus, *He performs things which never would have happened in the ordinary course of nature.*

'Our modern world, on the contrary, after many centuries of tedious research, has attained a conviction, that all things are linked together by a chain of causes and effects which suffers no interruption. It is true that single facts and groups of facts, with their condition and processes of change, are not so circumscribed as to be unsusceptible of external influence; for the action of one existence or kingdom in nature intrenches on that of another; human freedom controls natural development, and material laws react on human freedom. Nevertheless, the totality of finite things forms a vast circle, which, except that it owes its existence and laws to a superior power, suffers no intrusion from without. This conviction is so much a habit of thought with the modern world, that, in actual life, the belief in a supernatural manifestation, and immediate Divine agency, is at once attributed to ignorance or imposture. It has been carried to the extreme in that modern explanation, which, *in a spirit exactly opposed to that of the Bible*, has either totally removed the Divine causation, or has so far restricted it, that it is immediate in the act of creation alone, but mediate from that point onwards—*i.e.* God operates on the world only in so far as He gave to it this fixed direction at the creation. From this point of view, at which nature and history appear as a compact tissue of finite causes and effects, it was impossible to regard the narratives of the Bible, in which this tissue is broken by innumerable instances of Divine interference, as historical.

'It must be confessed, on nearer investigation, that this modern explanation, although it does not exactly deny the existence of God, yet puts aside the idea of

¹ Professor Goldwin Smith. Cited before.

Him, as the ancient view did the idea of the world; for this is, as it has been often and well remarked, *no longer a God and Creator, but a mere finite artist*, who acts immediately upon His work only during its first production, and then leaves it to itself—who becomes excluded, with this full energy, from one particular sphere of existence.¹

The admission here is evident. Strauss does not believe in the God revealed by the *Old Testament*, how is it then possible that he can believe in the Mediator revealed in the *New Testament*? He who does not worship the Eternal Father, the Creator, how can we expect him to fall down before the Eternal Son as the Redeemer? In all this Strauss is more honest or more clear-sighted than many who in heart are with him. *Three-fourths of the present disbelief in Christ arises from an under-current of disbelief in a true and living God.* Once adopt the conception of God, which is so frankly admitted by Strauss to be anti-Biblical, and unbelief in miracles, unbelief in the holy angels, unbelief in evil spirits, unbelief in the Incarnation, all follow logically as a matter of course. It is, then, all important, thus at the outset, to put this question to M. Renan. Do you, or do you not, believe in the God of the *Old Testament*?² Strauss has given us a plain reply. Let us now hear yours.

What M. Renan's sentiments on this vital question really are there is, we imagine, little reason to doubt. He seems to us to be more decidedly Pantheistic than Strauss himself, but he is far less bold and explicit in his avowal. We do not deny that a stray admission of a slightly counter-tendency may be once found in one of his earlier articles, but his latest contribution to the *Revue des deux Mondes* more than confirms the impression made upon his French opponents by the '*Vie de Jésus*;' namely, that M. Renan is a decided Pantheist.

This unhappy form of error has an intimate connexion with our second inquiry. Not only does Pantheism lead, by necessary consequence, to a rejection of the central dogma of the Christian faith, but it deserves to be sincerely considered whether this vague and dreamy creed be not incompatible with the true historic sense. One thing is certain (and it is admitted as fully by M. Renan as by our great English theologian, Dr. Mill), that in India, the classic land of that form of belief, Pantheism has all but wholly extinguished history and crushed it out of being.

We now proceed, by way of answer to our second question, to select some specimens of the admissions of M. Ernest Renan. This is, however, a task by no means free from difficulty.

¹ Strauss' '*Life of Christ*.' Introduction, § 14 (vol. i. pp. 70—72, in English translation).

² We say here '*The Old Testament*' to avoid ambiguity. If we said '*The Bible*,' an opponent might urge that we were including the doctrine of the Trinity as well as the unity of the Godhead.

We earnestly desire to be fair, and in the case of a large proportion of books that come under our notice, we do not experience any great difficulty in ascertaining the position of the author. French writers more especially, from their admirable power of arrangement, are usually in this respect much more easily handled than German, or even than English authors. But with M. Renan's book all seem perplexed. In homely, but expressive phrase, there is no knowing where to have him. Apparently, frank admissions are made, and then seem to be repented of, modified, and perhaps explained away. All that we can at present assert is, that the following statements do really occur in his work, and that we have tried to avoid making anything like garbled extracts:—

Admissions of M. Renan.

'In short (*en somme*), I admit, as authentic, the four canonical Gospels.¹ . . . It will be observed that I have not made any use of the apocryphal Gospels. *These compositions ought not to be in any wise placed on the same level with the canonical Gospels.* They are weak (*plates*) and puerile amplifications, having the canonical Gospels for their basis, and adding to them nothing that is of any value.² . . . I have travelled in all directions over the Gospel country. I have visited Jerusalem, Hebron, and Samaria. Scarcely any locality of importance in the history of Jesus has escaped my notice. All this history, which at a distance seems to float in the clouds of a world without reality, thus gained a body, a solidity, which astonished me. *The striking agreement between the texts and the places*, the marvellous harmony between the evangelic ideal and the scenery which served as a frame for it, were for me a complete revelation. I had before my eyes a fifth Gospel, torn, but still legible; and thenceforth, through the narratives of Matthew and of Mark, instead of an abstract Being, whom one would say had never existed, I saw a wonderful human figure live and move.³ . . . Many will no doubt regret the biographical form which my work has thus taken. When I first conceived a history of the sources of Christianity, what I wished to produce was certainly in fact a history of doctrines, wherein men would have had scarcely any part. Jesus would hardly have been named. One would have taken especial pains to show how the ideas which have been produced under His name germinated and covered the world. But I have since learnt to see that history is no mere game of abstractions, and that men are of more account in it than doctrines. . . . To write the history of Jesus, of S. Paul, of S. John, is to write the history of the sources (*des origines*) of Christianity.⁴ . . . He who was beheaded by Herodias opened the era of the Christian martyrs. He was the first witness of the new conscience. The worldlings, who recognised in him their real enemy, could not suffer him to live. His mutilated corpse, cast upon the threshold of Christianity, traced the blood-stained path wherein so many others were destined to follow him. . . . In morals, truth gains no worth if it does not pass into the state of sentiment, and it does not attain its full value except when it is realized in the world as an actual fact. Men of a mediocre morality have written extremely good maxims. Very virtuous men, on the other hand, have done nothing to continue in the world the tradition of virtue. *The palm rests with him who has been*

¹ P. 37.

² P. 43.

³ P. 53.

⁴ Pp. 54-55.

powerful in words and in works—who has felt what is good, and has made it triumph at the price of his blood. Jesus, in this double point of view, is without peer. His glory remains complete, and will ever be renewed.¹ . . . Each one of us owes to Jesus all that is best in him. (*Chacun de nous lui doit ce qu'il y a de meilleur en lui.*)² . . . It is not possible to doubt that He Himself chose, among His disciples, those whom they called *par excellence* the 'Apostles,' or 'the twelve,' because, immediately after His death (*au lendemain de sa mort*),³ we find them filling up by election the vacancies produced in their body. . . . At this point of time (the day before Christ's death) every minute becomes solemn, and has reckoned more than entire centuries in the history of humanity.⁴ . . . The total absence of religious and philosophic proselytism among the Romans of this epoch made them regard devotion to truth as a chimera.⁵ . . . A thousand times more loved than during the days of Thy sojourn here, Thou wilt become so thoroughly the corner-stone of humanity, that to tear Thy name from this world would be to shake it to its very foundations.⁶ . . . Christianity has thus become almost synonymous with religion. *All that shall be transacted outside of this great and good Christian tradition will prove barren.*⁷ . . . This sublime Person, who still presides perpetually over the destiny of the world.⁸ . . . In the midst of this uniform common-place level, there are pillars which rise to the sky, and bear witness to a nobler destiny. Jesus is the loftiest of those pillars, which show man whence he comes and whither he ought to tend. *In Him was concentrated all that is good and elevated in our nature.*⁹

Such, reader, are a few of the admissions made by M. Renan. We might, in many parts of his work (as, for example, in the history of Christ's trial and death), have extracted entire pages of all but unimpeachable correctness. But to confine ourselves, for the present, to what has just been cited. Let any defenders of M. Renan do what they can, if they are so minded, to explain those sentences away. We can only repeat that we have tried to quote and translate them with perfect fairness, and will gladly listen to any objections that can be made on this score. But, at this point, we would fain pause a moment and meditate.

Here is the latest and newest specimen of infidelity published in the year of grace 1863, in the capital city of a great nation, perhaps inferior to none in civilization and in intellectual energy. This, we say, is unbelief. And yet how much—how very much—does even this latest sample of scepticism leave untouched. The real existence and humanity of Jesus, and the time of His birth and death, are admitted as unquestionable. Even doubt itself has learned to say: 'I believe in 'Jesus . . . who . . . suffered under Pontius Pilate, 'was crucified, dead, and buried.' O that it may only advance,

¹ Pp. 92-3.² P. 283.³ P. 290. We pass over, for the moment, the exceeding inaccuracy of this expression. It will be seen presently that the stern requirements of M. Renan's theory almost necessitate, in this case as in many others, incorrectness of detail.⁴ P. 383.⁵ P. 404.⁶ P. 426.⁷ Pp. 445-6.⁸ P. 457. We here pause at a comma, as the sentence proceeds to deny His true divinity.⁹ P. 360.

be it day by day, and step by step, until it fill up all the Articles of the Creed!

To other admissions we shall have to call attention, as we proceed. But we must first linger for a moment more over those already cited. We have seen in the above extracts some of the leading points which, according to M. Renan, we are at liberty to believe. We reflect upon them with much wonderment, marvelling whether there has been any other Man, since the world began, concerning Whom such sentences could be penned, without the most manifest hyperbole and absurdity. Who else is there to Whom each of us owes all that is best in us: in the closing scenes of Whose Life each minute outweighs in value ordinary centuries: Whose teaching is almost identical with religion: Who still presides always and each day over the world's destiny? The rumour that some Parisian unbelievers have been led from a state of carelessness to one of interest and inquiry, and so to belief, by this 'Life of Jesus,' is certainly by no means destitute of probability.

But it is time to turn to the more painful side of the question. What is there that M. Renan does *not* think tenable by those who would desire to hold the truth? Alas! for the present, it assuredly outweighs both in bulk and importance the amount of the *credenda* in his system. We are *not* to believe that Jesus is the Son of God, Very God of Very God. We are *not* to believe that He was miraculously conceived—miraculously born of a pure Virgin: we are *not* to believe that He was, according to the flesh, of the seed of David—*not* to believe that He wrought any miracle—*not* to believe that He rose again from the dead. It is, however, to be admitted that in at least one case, that of Lazarus, 'there did happen at Bethany something that was regarded as a resurrection'; and it seems that we are to infer that although Jesus in reality wrought no miracles, yet that He suffered his friends and disciples to believe that He had wrought them, and to proclaim their belief to the world.

And now, having before us certain *data*, both positive and negative, from the work of M. Renan, let us proceed, as calmly as we can, to draw the legitimate conclusions, and see to what kind of creed they would conduct us.

We are called upon to believe that a man born into the world like all the rest of us, one of most humble parentage, with no claims to royal descent, with no power of working miracles, with no more knowledge than his own genius and the education of his age and country could supply; one who was not strictly

honest and truthful, but who (indirectly, if not directly) put forth claims which he knew to be perfectly untrue; who was put to death as a malefactor, and was never afterwards seen again, has yet succeeded in the most extraordinary enterprise that ever mortal undertook. For, without the aid of a miracle, he has achieved what far surpasses any miracle recorded in the Gospels. He has won for Himself the adoring love of mankind for ages; He is worshipped by the wisest and most cultivated nations as their God; in His name are sacraments administered; in Him the benefactors of their race, who are the salt of the earth, place their trust; on His merits do myriads rely for the pardon of their sins, and their future bliss; and yet this exalted Being was, after all, we are now taught, a mere dead man, grossly ignorant and by no means honest. A greater demand upon our credulity it is not easy to imagine. The lines of Dante (perhaps suggested by S. Augustin) form a natural comment upon such a theory:—

‘That all the world, said I, should have been turn’d
To Christian, and no miracle been wrought,
Would in itself be such a miracle,
The rest were not an hundredth part so great.’¹

That M. Renan’s theory is momentarily adapted to a particular state of the public mind; that it is presented in an artistic form; that the writer’s style displays much grace and beauty; that he has abstained from some particular forms of slander of a gross and repulsive character; and that he has won, in mere point of sale, an immense and extraordinary success, is certainly undeniable. But that such an extravagant hypothesis can endure for more than a few years we cannot conceive. At the close of that time, the book will probably share the fate of the sensation novels of the period; and the replies to it will be equally unheeded, because the views put forth in it will hardly have been deemed worthy of any serious or elaborate refutation.

The call to decide between these two positions, either that Jesus is what the Church Universal teaches, or else an impostor and the greatest teacher of idolatry the world has ever known, is thus once again presented to the mind of Christendom. For this is the question, and nothing less. It is idle for M.

¹ Cary, whose note on the passage is worth reading. The original lines are—

Se 'l mondo si rivolse al Christianesimo,
Diss' io, senza miracoli, quest' uno
E tal, che gli altri non sono 'l centesimo.

Paradiso, Canto xxiv. pp. 106-8.

Renan and his supporters to say: 'You misunderstand us; we do not intend to charge Him with anything so grave as imposture; the East has measures of sincerity differing from ours,' and the like. Such excuses are of no avail. He who permits others to believe and teach that He has wrought a marvel which He knows that He has not wrought, is an impostor. The only possible apology is to attribute such an one's conduct to mental hallucination, and in the case before us this apology is quite out of the question, and, indeed, is not alleged by our author.

Although the mere statement of the chief point at issue must, with the great majority of readers, seem to necessitate but one reply, it may be well to look a little more closely into the following topics, which all bear upon the question of M. Renan's fitness for the solemn task which he has undertaken. 1. The author's views upon Polytheism and upon the influence of race. 2. Upon the supernatural. 3. His degree of sympathy with the Evangelists. 4. The accuracy of his citations and inferences from Holy Scripture. 5. The relation of his work to that of Strauss, of Ewald, and to the mind of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively.

1. M. Renan's views of Polytheism. On this, as on other subjects on which we are at issue with our author, it seems advisable to state briefly what we presume to be the Christian view of Polytheism, in order that we may display the contrast. The God whom the Christian worships, is pre-eminently a Being of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite goodness. It is clear at a glance that no one of 'the gods many and lords many' in the Pantheon of the Polytheist can possibly combine in himself these primary attributes. Consequently, the Polytheist fails to form a right idea of the very meaning of the word God. It is true that at moments the notion of a sovereignty of Jupiter over the other inhabitants of Olympus seems to gleam forth; or, in other words, Polytheism is for the time thrust aside as untenable. But this is only momentary. If, in one celebrated passage of the 'Iliad,' Jupiter announces that his might is superior to that of all the rest combined, yet in others he is compelled to make the most humiliating confessions of the limitations placed upon his designs, either by Fate or by a brother god, such as Neptune.¹ As for the other gods, they must, by the very nature of the case, interfere with each other's claims to Omnipotence. Thus, for example, in the tenth book of the 'Iliad' the protection of Pallas avails to guide her favoured knights, Ulysses and

¹ *Vide e. g.* Iliad xiii. ll. 347—357. The whole subject is well and thoroughly discussed in the second volume of Mr. Gladstone's 'Homer and the Homeric Age.'

Diomed, so far that they succeed in slaying Rhesus by night and carrying off his snow-white steeds; but when they want to make a prize of the chariot also, Apollo interferes, and, in much wrath, wakes up a cousin of the slain monarch to prevent further damage. Thus, in the first book of the *Æneid*, Æolus is recognised as lord of the winds, but is thwarted and reproved by Neptune for sending forth those winds to create a tempest at sea. Thus, when the Spaniards announced to the Mexicans the doctrine of the One God, they were met by some such reply as this. 'Your doctrine may be very well suited to your own needs. You may perhaps live in a country which one God is competent to manage. But this is not the case here. We want one God to look after the rivers, another to take charge of the earthquakes, another to see to the crops,' and so forth. Is it not obvious that, in such cases, the unfortunate idolaters have failed to grasp the very primary elements of thought implied in the word 'God?'

Thus much as regards the defects of Polytheism when confronted with the ideas of perfect wisdom and perfect power.¹ But its intellectual inconsistency and feebleness looks like an evil of comparatively small dimensions when placed by the side of the apparent inconsistency of practical Polytheism with the idea of perfect goodness. Of its close and intimate connexion with profanity, licentiousness, and apparent leagues with the fallen angels, we must not now pause to speak. But it is important to remind the reader of this phase of the Gentile worship, that we may comprehend the question now at issue.

We assert, then, that of this wide and impassable gulf between Polytheism and Monotheism, M. Renan seems to have but a very faint conception. He appears to think the difference slight: he has no horror at the mental association of impure rites with the memory of those dear to him; he looks upon the belief in many gods or in the One True God as being chiefly a matter of race.

For in one passage of the work before us, M. Renan speaks of Monotheists never appreciating Polytheism. Truly a strange thing it were, if those who hold a blessed and beneficent truth could under any circumstances be said to *appreciate* a pernicious and deadly error. Then again, sad to relate, in that singular mixture of affection and sentimentality, which forms the dedication of the volume to his departed sister, Henrietta, he says: 'Thou now sleepest in the land of Adonis, near the

¹ 'Polytheism, putting the different parts of Nature under the arbitrary dominion of separate gods, conflicts with, and has been overthrown by, Science, which proves that one set of laws, the work of one God, traverses the whole.'—Prof. Goldwin Smith, *ubi supra* p. 21.

'*holy* Byblos and the *consecrated* waters, where the women of 'the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears.' Well may the Abbé Freppel demand whether M. Renan 'is ignorant of 'the infamies to which he was making allusion, and refer him to 'what has been written by another French rationalist, M. 'Alfred Maury, respecting the *fêtes* of the most obscene divinity 'of paganism.' 'It is painful to us,' continues M. Freppel, 'to 'see that fraternal piety itself knows not how to preserve our 'modern pagans from such extraordinary aberrations; and that 'in wishing to honour the memory of a sister who bore a 'Christian name, who had received the baptism of the faith, 'they find nothing on their lips and in their heart save the 'names of Adonis, of the holy Byblos, and of the impure mysteries of idolatry.'¹

And further, Polytheism is regarded as a form of thought proper to the Aryan (or Indo-Germanic) race, while Monotheism is preferred by the Semitic family. It is true that in this matter, as in others, our author makes some considerable admissions. It may be worth while to reflect whether the following statements might not be found to cohere perfectly well with the Christian views of Judaism.

M. Renan on the Hebrew Mind.

'If we review, as a whole, the development of the Hebrew mind, we are struck by that high character of perfection which gives its works a right to be regarded as classic, in the same sense as are the productions of Greece, Rome, and of the Latin races. Alone, among all the Orientals, Israel has had the privilege of writing for the whole world. The other literatures of the East can only be read and appreciated by the learned. Hebrew literature is the Bible—the book *par excellence*—the universal study. Millions of men scattered throughout the world know no other poetry. We must, of course, in this marvellous destiny take into consideration the religious revolutions, which (above all, since the sixteenth century) have caused men to regard the Hebrew books as the source of all revelation; but we may affirm that, if these books had not contained something profoundly universal, they would never have attained this condition. Israel had, like Greece, the power of perfectly extricating (*dégager*) its idea—of expressing it in a complete and finished form. Proportion, rhythm, taste, were, in the East, the exclusive privilege of the Hebrew people, and it is from this cause that it succeeded in giving to poetry and sentiment a form universal and acceptable to the entire human race.'²

Now on the question of race, as on a multitude of other questions, two very extreme views are just now in fashion. A

¹ P. 52. Up to this point we have not made use of M. Freppel's learned and masterly pamphlet; and a chance coincidence of thought leads us to mention that our first three pages were written before it reached us. We shall frequently cite it in what follows as 'M. Freppel,' with the page.

² M. Renan in *Revue des deux Mondes* for November, 1855; and again, as cited by M. Littré, in the same Review for 1 Juillet, 1867.—(Vols. xii. p. 147, and x. of second series, p. 119.)

late unbelieving writer, Mr. Buckle, declared that the element of race seemed to him of the smallest possible consequence, if not absolutely null, in the formation of an estimate of historical affairs. The incorrectness of the *ultra* view of the matter has been admirably exposed by Mr. G. H. Lewes in his 'Popular Lectures on Physiology.' But it ought to be considered whether some writers of our age are not inclined to press out of its due place and proportion this really important topic; whether they are not in danger (if so undignified a phrase may be permitted) of making it a hobby and then riding it to death. That we are not insensible to its importance may, we trust, be shown before we conclude: but we are disposed to think that a tendency in this direction is exhibited by M. Augustin Thierry, by Dean Milman, and perhaps by Mr. Disraeli.¹

But M. Renan far outruns the writers whom we have just named, and, indeed, all other writers with whom we are acquainted. We are compelled, therefore, to bring his theory to the test of fact; and demand whether it is historically true, or false, that the Semitic race was so essentially monotheistic that one of its families deserves no very special mention for its tenacious grasp of the doctrine proclaimed to it of old: 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.'

Here, as on several other points, we may adduce, in opposition to the theory of the rationalist M. Renan, the criticism of the rationalist M. Littré. We are not compelled to follow M. Littré in the theory which he would fain substitute for that of M. Renan, but we fully appreciate the value of the following remarks:—

M. Littré on M. Renan's theory of Monotheism.

'M. Renan attributes primitive Monotheism to an innate disposition of the race—to a manner of thinking and feeling which belonged to the Semitic family, and which led it directly to the idea of one only God, Creator and Lord of earth and heaven. The scarcity of documents concerning a history so long past prevents our perceiving the process by which ideas and things were produced in the development of nations, and reduces us to difficult and uncertain inductions. M. Renan's hypothesis has the historical fact on its side, that from remote antiquity we observe Israel, which is not distinguished over its neighbours of Tyre, Sidon, or Babylon

¹ For M. Aug. Thierry, see his 'Norman Conquest of England,' wherein everything—even the contest between Becket and Henry II.—is regarded as a matter of race—a struggle between Saxon and Norman. With reference to Dean Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' there seems force uttered in the hint by a *Saturday Reviewer* some few years since, to the effect that Teutonic Austria had remained Roman Catholic, rejecting what Dr. Milman terms 'Teutonic Christianity.' He might have added that the German part of that Empire was the most Roman, while Protestantism finds its strength in Hungary and Bohemia. For Mr. Disraeli (who is, however, probably less extreme) it may be sufficient to refer the reader to 'Tancred,' and the 'Life of Lord G. Bentinck.'

by any supremacy of science or civilization, stand out strongly against all that pagan world by their belief in Jehovah, by their hatred of polytheism, by their religious tenacity, and by their prophetic hope of one day seeing all nations come to monotheism. *But grave difficulties seem to me to stand in the way of this interpretation of the historic fact.*

'The gravest is, the paganism of several Semitic branches. The Sidonians, the Tyrians, the Carthaginians, the Palmyrenians, the Arabians, the Ethiopians, were all pagan. Naturally, M. Renan has not overlooked this objection, and he replies to it so far as the Phœnicians are concerned by saying, that if they fell into paganism it was in consequence of migrations and foreign influences, which led them into the profane ways of civilization, commerce, and trade; and with respect to the Arabs, by saying that it would be a mistake to look upon Mahomet as having founded monotheism amongst them, for that the worship of the supreme Allah had always been the basis of Arabian religion. Nevertheless, these *dicta* do not carry conviction to my mind. Where is the historical evidence that the Tyrians (to confine ourselves to them) were ever monotheists? What is the proof that migrations, or foreign influences, changed their primitive religion and substituted that of many gods? Language is certainly the best test of the purity of a race. Now, in this point of view, the Phœnician language (at least, all that we know of it) presents no sign of those admixtures, of those alterations which, by proving an influence exercised by foreign populations, prove a change, for good or for evil, to have taken place in ideas and belief. Nor does the answer touching the Arabs remove all difficulties. I believe readily, with M. Renan, that the notion of a supreme Allah was, with the Arabs, a fundamental one; but that does not suffice to enable us to conclude from it that they were monotheists any more than we should have a right to declare of the Greeks, because they had a notion of a supreme *Zeus*, father of gods and men; or of the Latins, because they believed in a Jupiter very great and very good—*Jupiter optimus maximus*—that they ought to be excluded from the number of polytheistic nations. The conclusion does not seem to me to be better applicable to the Arabs, for, if by the side of that supreme Allah they had not had, like the undoubted pagans, other and numerous gods, what did Mahomet's mission signify, which had no other object but to withdraw his people from paganism? *M. Renan, in declaring his hypothesis, has left a mist over his conception, usually so clear and precise. "The desert," he says, "is monotheist." If it was the desert which inspired the Semitic race with the idea of one only God, they do not owe it to this race.*'¹

It is possible that the language of M. Littré respecting the Arabs may be slightly overstrained; but the main fact remains unimpeachable, that whatever grasp of monotheism they may have possessed at one period of their career, they did not, like the Israelites, preserve it. And the same might be said of the Tyrians, if a monotheistic worship among them be susceptible of historic proof.

We are by no means insensible to the amount of curious information contained in M. Renan's paper on the pagan religions of antiquity. But on the entire case the impression left on our

¹ *Revue des deux Mondes*, vol. x. 1857, pp. 127-8. We are obliged to pause abruptly, in the middle of a sentence, for M. Littré, after dealing this forcible blow to his confrère, proceeds to suggest a theory of his own, quite as hollow and not one whit more reverent.

minds is this: Here is a writer who has no belief in objective truth; who regards polytheistic or monotheistic doctrines as opinions, not perhaps quite equally good, but as resting upon similar bases—namely, the tendency of certain races—who has never caught a glimpse of what was so justly said by the poet (whether he believed or not the force of his own words):—

‘Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep,

* * *
The powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem:
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, *for killing Truth had glared on them.*’¹

He is ‘insensible to the cruel, debasing, and nameless sins which turned the heart of the Israelite sick in the worship of Baal, Astarte, and Moloch.’² And therefore, severe as they may sound, we cannot think that the words of M. Freppel are too severe, when he follows up the remarks already cited by saying to M. Renan: ‘This is painful to reflect on, I admit; and it is not without sadness that I have just written these lines. Yes, we can understand, that the Gospel has become for you a letter that is sealed, an enigma past deciphering; there the *fêtes* of Adonis are not found, and the women of the ancient mysteries play no part therein.’

II. The next point for consideration is our author’s view of the supernatural. And here we may willingly admit the presence of a national element as one of the constituent parts of M. Renan’s form of unbelief. Just as Luther is a German Reformer, and Calvin a French Reformer; as Möhler is a German member, and Fenelon a French member, of the Church of Rome; even so too will it appear that the rationalism of Strauss and the rationalism of Renan do respectively bear indubitable marks of having arisen, the one on the eastern, and the other on the western side of the river Rhine. Each, alas! may have his disciples, but of one thing we may feel tolerably certain; and that is, that no man can possibly be at the same time a believer in ‘the *Leben Jesu*’ of Strauss and also a believer in M. Renan’s ‘*Vie de Jésus*.’

With Strauss the idea is everything; the existence of the man Christ Jesus is of the smallest possible importance; and the composition of the Gospels appears³ to be relegated to the close of

¹ Shelley’s ‘*Hellas*.’

² Dean Stanley on the Jewish Church, Lect. IX. p. 209. The words quoted form the predicate of a proposition to which ‘the Gentile accounts of Phœnicia’ are the subject.

³ We say, ‘appears,’ for on this, as on several other points, Strauss is continually shifting his ground, and some large admission made in one edition of the ‘*Leben Jesu*’ is found to be withdrawn in the next.

the second century, in order to allow time for the formation of the supposed myths of the miraculous conception, the temptation in the wilderness, the miracles, the resurrection, and the ascension. The wide divergence of M. Renan's theory from this account of the matter may be partially inferred from the passages already cited from his work, and will become more clear as we proceed.

Some of the leading positions held by the great mass of Christians respecting miracles may probably be stated as follows. There are occasions when it has pleased the Creator of the universe, for His own wise purposes, to effect something transcending the ordinary course of events. Whether this is brought about by special interposition, or by the manifestation of some law unknown to us, is usually regarded as a fairly open question.¹ But although in particular cases we may not always be able to perceive what by us, in our ignorance, would be thought sufficient reason for such a display of Divine power, still, in the great majority of instances recorded in Holy Writ, enough is told us to afford at least *some* insight into the cause. Thus we can well understand how an extraordinary teacher would need the warrant of extraordinary acts to substantiate his claims. If indeed, like Abraham, he were the chief of a tribe and founder of a nation, if like David he combined in his own person the royalty with the gift of prophecy, then such subsidiary aid might not be needed. But a Moses leading Israel out of Egypt and inaugurating a new polity, an Elias recalling the ten tribes from the worship of Baal,—such spiritual guides, being engaged in an extraordinary task for which they were not otherwise marked out, received a proportionately extraordinary means of attesting the reality of their claims to a divine mission. Much more on a greater occasion do we suppose that miracles would be vouchsafed by Almighty God. 'As the sensible things around and above us are so constituted by Him as to represent to the intellectual nature things invisible and spiritual, the words which denote the former being the very instruments for shaping forth and apprehending the latter,—there may be a congruity in the deep reason of things, in the attachment to certain great movements in the moral world of corresponding portentous appearances in the natural.' 'No wonder,' says another writer, 'if the great framework of nature tremble like a reed when some great

¹ We may again refer to the article on 'Miracles,' contained in our last number. Mr. Mansel appears to incline to the view of special interposition. The opposite view is hinted at by Bp. Butler as possible, and ably supported by Mr. Chretien in his 'Dialogues on Divine Providence.' M. Nicolas (who is with us in regarding the question as an open one) observes that our Lord's words in S. John ix. 3, seem rather to countenance the last-named view.

‘moral change is passing over the world. No wonder that that last great cry rent the rocks as well as the veil of the temple. No wonder, to take another aspect of the subject, that the sea was calmed by the voice of its Maker, the loaves were multiplied before Him who feeds all flesh, and the dead arose at the presence of Him whose life was the light of men.’¹

Now we have seen that Strauss frankly acknowledges that he does not accept the Biblical idea of God. His notion is that of a Being who is no longer a God and Creator, but a mere finite Artist! Consequently he is consistent enough in rejecting the miraculous as impossible. And hence arises what must be to most readers, excepting thorough partisans of his school, the oppressive wearisomeness of Strauss’s volumes. Of what use is it to examine whether the account of a particular miracle is mythical, when it has been first assumed as an axiom that *all* accounts of miracles are mythical? What interest could be felt in the trial of prisoners for a given crime, say that of forgery, if the court before which they were summoned had previously decided that persons accused of this particular crime were always, without exception, guilty? What unbiassed reader would care to peruse a treatise which should pronounce that this and that and the other war had been immoral and unchristian, if the introduction laid it down as an *à priori* unimpeachable proposition, that all war of whatever kind was opposed to the very first principles of sound ethical and Christian doctrine? No wonder that Christian critics of the Straussian hypothesis—we may instance Mr. Henry Rogers and Prince Albert de Broglie—reclaim against this conjunction of a universal major premiss with a number of successive minors; because, however true those minor premises may be, and however logical the conclusion, the major, ‘that all miracles are impossible,’ still remains a bare assumption, alike unproved and incapable of proof.²

¹ These two striking passages are from writers very independent of each other; namely, Dr. Mill (last tract against Strauss, p. 363 in first edit.), and Mr. Chretien (‘Dialogues on Divine Providence,’ pp. 43, 44). We may venture to compare with them the remarks of one of our own contributors in pages 272—274 (inclusive) of the paper on ‘Miracles’ in our last number (Oct. 1863).

² ‘Having laid it down as an axiom that a miracle is impossible, Christianity, of course must be false; and the only wonder is, that anybody who believes this should enter into criticism at all to refute its historic claims, or to prove that what was impossible *per se* was not very probable in any other way.’—Mr. Rogers’ *Defence of Eclipse of Faith*, p. 184.

‘The Gospel, it must be allowed, is but one tissue of supernatural events. The Gospel is the supernatural itself. The Gospel is the birth of a Virgin’s son. The Gospel is the resurrection of one dead. It begins and ends in miracle.’

‘If, therefore, all facts are false, from the simple fact that they are miraculous, the Gospel is false; that is a thing decided. There is no need to learn Greek or Hebrew to prove that, or to verify dates, or collate manuscripts.’—M. de Broglie, in the paper named at the head of this article.

We turn to M. Renan. And once more we must calmly, but deliberately, accuse him of uttering the same stammering and uncertain sound on this question, as on the previous one, concerning the nature of the Godhead. Strauss is on both these topics clear and comparatively consistent. Avowedly rejecting the God of the Bible, he of course rejects the miracles recorded in the Bible. And so, at the first glance, M. Renan appears to have adopted a similar principle. Witness the following statements:—

M. Renan on the Supernatural.

‘That the Gospels are in part legendary is quite evident, because they are full of miracles and of the supernatural.’¹

‘The essence of criticism is the negation of the supernatural. . . . Whoever speaks of *above nature*, or *outside nature*, in the order of facts, utters a contradiction.’²

‘The notion of the supernatural being impossible (*la notion du surnaturel avec ses impossibilités*) only appeared on that day when the experimental science of nature arose.’³

So far, neither Spinoza nor Strauss could speak in a more trenchant style. But in an intervening passage our author adopts a very different line of argument:—

‘It is not, then, in the name of this or that system of philosophy; it is in the name of a constant experience that we banish miracles from history. *We do not say* “miracles are impossible;” we say, “There has not hitherto been a miracle that is proved.”’⁴

In a word, M. Renan asserts at page li of the Introduction to his ‘*Vie de Jésus*,’ that he does *not* say what he *has* said most emphatically in his ‘*Études d’histoire religieuse*;’ what he has said at page xv of this same Introduction; what he has said again at page 41 of the actual work.

How is it possible to follow the vagaries of a writer who first deliberately lays down a certain proposition, then unsays it, and presently repeats it again? A witness in a trial may be cross-examined, and asked to declare by which of two contradictory statements he intends to abide. If we could imagine ourselves possessed of such a power in the present instance, our interrogatories would run somewhat as follows:—‘Do you, M. Ernest Renan, accept the confessedly anti-biblical idea of God taught by Strauss? If so, then you *do* say, once for all, by implication, *miracles are impossible*; and it is idle to pretend that you *do not* say it. But if you reject the Straussian pantheistic notions concerning the Almighty, tell us so plainly, and we can then recommence our argument.’

We have said, and we repeat it, that we believe M. Renan in

¹ Introduction to ‘*Vie de Jésus*,’ p. xv.

² ‘*Études d’histoire religieuse*,’ pp. 139, 207; cit. ap. M. Freppel, p. 40.

³ ‘*Vie de Jésus*,’ p. 41.

⁴ Introduction, p. li.

his heart to adopt the former of these alternatives. If so, then indeed the question is at end. But if, in some better moment, he throws Spinoza and his followers on one side, he must be prepared, together with his change of views respecting the God-head, to reconsider likewise his judgment respecting miracles.

The words of Rousseau upon this subject have often been cited. 'Is God able to work miracles—that is to say, Is He able to modify the laws (*déroger aux lois*) which He has established? A serious treatment of this question would be impious, if it were not absurd; it would be doing too much honour to him, who should resolve it in the negative, to punish him; it would be sufficient to shut him up. But then what man has ever denied that God is able to work miracles?'¹

Now, in quitting the *à priori* region and coming to history, in abandoning the Germanic atmosphere for that which is more commonly breathed in France, M. Renan must, of course, allow us also to turn to historic, rather than to metaphysical, reasoning. Rousseau, accepting the monotheism taught alike by Jews, Christians, and Mahometans, is quite consistent in regarding him who would limit the power of the Omnipotent as a lunatic rather than a criminal. And M. Renan himself makes an admission on this head, which is hardly less remarkable. For he grants that he who believes in the effect of prayer—he who believes that God may send different weather, or arrest the progress of sickness at the voice of man's intreaty—can have no difficulty in accepting miracles. In a word, all who pray must, to be consequent, admit without hesitation the possibility of miracles. How large a portion of the human race is thus involved in the acceptance of miracles may be suggested by the consideration of the following remarks, made not by a professed theologian, but by the historian and statesman, M. Guizot:—

'Alone, of all living beings here below, man prays. There is not, amongst all his moral instincts, a more natural, a more universal, a more invincible one than that of prayer. The child betakes himself to it with ready docility; the aged man returns to it as a refuge amid decay and isolation. Prayer arises spontaneously alike on young lips that scarce can lip the name of God, and on expiring ones that have scarce strength enough left to pronounce it. Among every people, celebrated or obscure, civilized or barbarian, acts and formulæ of invocation meet us at every step. Everywhere where there are living men, under certain circumstances, at certain hours, under certain impressions of the soul, eyes are raised, hands are clasped, and knees are bent, to implore, or to thank, to adore, or to appease. With joy or with terror, publicly or in the secrecy of his own heart, it is to prayer that man turns, as a last resource, to fill the void places of his soul, or to bear the burdens of his life. It is in prayer that he seeks, when all else fails him, a support for his weakness, comfort in his sorrows, and hope for his virtue. . .

¹ 'Lettres de la Montagne.'

'The natural and universal act of prayer witnesses to a natural and universal faith in the abiding and ever free action of God upon man and his destiny.'

And if, besides the warrant arising from this vast *consensus*, we wish to have the authority of One whom even rationalists admit to be, in some sense, the Head of our race, we need not go beyond the pages of M. Renan's book. For after admitting with M. Guizot, that this view of prayer presupposes 'that the entire course of things is the result of the free-will of the 'God-head,' he adds, '*this intellectual view was always that of Jesus.*'

Now, we Christians believe, as has been intimated, that God works miracles when *He* pleases, with a view to His own glory and for the good of the souls which He has created. It is curious to contrast with this belief the kind of demand made by M. Renan, when for the moment he lays aside the theory of the impossibility of all miracles, until such time as it seems to him desirable to reassume it.

M. Renan's demands are as follows:—*First* of all, due notice of the intended miracle is to be given. We must suppose, with one of His French critics, that the Almighty, being about to work a miracle by the hand of some favoured servant, ought first to announce this intention in the Paris *Moniteur*, the *London Gazette*, and similar official papers. *Secondly*, a commission is to be appointed; 'a commission,' to quote M. Renan's own words, 'composed of physiologists, naturalists, chemists, and persons practised in historical criticism.' *Thirdly*, this commission is to choose the corpse (*choisirait le cadavre*)! So that the Creator is not to restore to life the being whom *He* wills, but the one whom our commission of *savans* shall select! *Fourthly*, having settled that it is a *bond fide* corpse (*que la mort est bien réelle*), the commission is to 'select the hall where the question shall be tried, and arrange the whole system of precautions necessary to shut out all doubt.'

'If, under such circumstances,' continues M. Renan, 'the resurrection were accomplished, a probability almost equal to certainty would be gained. As, however, an experience ought always to admit of repetition (!), so that one ought to be able to do again what one has done once; and that in the region of the miraculous there can be no question of ease or difficulty; the *thaumaturge* would be invited to repeat his marvellous act, under different circumstances, on other corpses, in another place. If the miracle succeeded every time, two things would be proved—*firstly*, that super-

¹ 'L'Eglise et la Société Chrétienne, pp. 22, 24. Our study of M. Guizot's book, for another purpose, introduced us to the knowledge of this striking passage. But we have to thank the Bampton Lecturer for 1862 for reminding us of it (Note 8, p. 59). We have much pleasure in citing one out of many parallel passages from Mr. Farrar's own text:—'Prayer not only has a reflex value on ourselves, purifying our hearts, dispersing our prejudices, hushing our troubled spirits into peace; but it acts really, though mysteriously, on God.'—Bampton Lect. p. 532.

natural facts do take place in the world; *secondly*, that the power of producing them belongs, or is delegated, to certain persons.'

And now, then, we are fully acquainted with the entire case. More often than not, M. Renan holds miracles to be impossible; but when he does not go so far, the above is the evidence that will satisfy him. He is to dictate to his Maker time, place, and circumstances. In all solemnity and reverence be it said, we have never read but of one person who even approximated to this kind of request for a resurrection, and even he did not make it, as M. Renan appears to do, for the mere satisfaction of curiosity. 'Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, Nay, father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, *If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.*'

M. Renan writes, indeed, like one who doubts the truth of those last well-known and awful words. He seems to imagine that the sight of a miracle, or at any rate of two or three miracles, would, of necessity, be convincing. There cannot be a greater mistake. No miracle had any lasting effect upon the heart of Pharaoh. Even Rousseau can perceive thus much. 'However striking,' are his words—'however striking a spectacle of this kind [a resurrection] might possibly seem to me, I would not for anything on earth choose to be a witness of it; for how do I know what might be the result? *Instead of making me a believer, I should be much afraid lest it should only drive me mad.*'¹ The effect of miracles on the minds of particular persons must ever, to a large extent, depend upon their previous preparation of heart. The Jews of our Lord's time witnessed abundance of miracles. What was the effect of the most wondrous one upon their teachers? 'The chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death, because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away and believed on Jesus.'² Here we have one and the same event; making believers of some, and driving others into the very madness of despair. Many a one of that time saw numberless marvels and remained untouched; Nathanael found himself discerned under the thick shade of a fig-tree's foliage, and at once exclaimed, 'Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel.'³

¹ 'Lettres de la Montagne,' cit.

² S. John xii. 10, 11.

³ S. John i. 48, 49, ap. M. Nicolas, 'Etudes Philos.' part iii. chap. v.

M. Renan writes as if he really believed, and expected us to believe, that the miracles wrought by Christ were always performed in the presence of none but sympathising witnesses, who were all desirous of accepting their reality. Strange theory for one who can relate so vividly the closing scene of that august existence! Were those who opposed every act of His ministry, and who ultimately put Him to death, persons who wished to acknowledge the genuineness of His wondrous works? We claim the same right of quoting the Gospels, of which M. Renan has so freely availed himself, and without which his book could have no existence; and in S. Luke vi. 7, we read of the Scribes and Pharisees watching Jesus 'whether He would heal on 'the Sabbath day; that they might find an accusation against 'Him.' Were *these* friendly critics? Or turn to the ninth chapter of S. John. Was *that* examination of the man who had been born blind carried on before favouring judges? Surely M. Renan must know—at any rate, he ought to know—that not one of the early opponents of Christianity ever attempted to deny the reality of Christ's miracles. They invariably admitted the facts, and then attributed it to magic. Thus Celsus, with that perverse ingenuity of which he is so great a master, attributes them to the knowledge acquired by Christ through his residence in Egypt, the very home of such arts and learning. Thus, about B.C. 300, under Diocletian, a Roman proconsul of Bithynia, Hierocles, tried to confront the Gospels, by placing on the same level the marvels related of Apollonius of Tyana by Philostratus—an attempt renewed by the English freethinkers, Blount and Lord Herbert of Cherbury.¹ Thus Julian the Apostate, in his scornful way, demands: 'And this Christ, what 'great thing did He do? He healed some blind and impotent 'men; He exorcised some possessed persons in the villages of 'Bethsaida and Bethany.'²

A word, in passing, may be said upon that authority of men of science to which M. Renan, with many of his school,³ is so fond of referring as to an ultimate court of appeal. Fully admitting that the entire question of evidence is a very profound one, which cannot be settled in a few paragraphs, we should yet like to call attention to a short tract by Mr. Robert Chambers,

¹ For the calumny of Celsus, see 'Origen cont. Cels.' lib. i. § 38. Cf. also § 68, where Origen justly asks, What Egyptian magician ever used his illusions to lead the spectators to virtue? For Apollonius, see articles 'Apollonius,' 'Hierocles,' 'Philostratus,' in Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.' Whether Philostratus wrote with a design of attacking Christianity is questioned. Ritter, followed by Professor Jowett, thinks not. John Henry Newman, some thirty or thirty-five years since, discussed this question in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, but we forget his conclusion. Baur has also treated it.

² Cit. ap. M. Nicolas, *ubi supra*.

entitled 'Testimony : its Posture in the Scientific World.' Mr. Chambers certainly supplies us with valid reasons for doubting the infallibility of proficients in physical science as judges of the worth of evidence. 'A committee of the French Academy of Sciences, including the celebrated Lavoisier, *unanimously* rejected an account of three nearly contemporary descents of meteorolites, which reached them on the strongest evidence. After two thousand years of incredulity, the truth in this matter was forced upon the scientific world about the beginning of the present century.' The Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London displayed the most contemptuous incredulity respecting the case of a patient in the Wellon Hospital, Nottinghamshire, who, being thrown into a mesmeric sleep, underwent the amputation of his leg without feeling pain. Mr. Hallam, the historian, and his friend the poet Rogers (both, be it remembered, men more likely to err on the side of incredulity than credulity), were so insolently and rudely treated when they related phenomena of animal magnetism, which they had seen and carefully tested in Paris, that they felt obliged to hold their tongues. Then, 'as fact after fact came out, one after another became convinced; *till at last even physicians grew grave and silent.*'¹ These instances of scientific incredulity at least prepare us for listening all the more attentively to the following observations of M. Freppel :—

'And further, Are the learned alone able to judge of the miraculous character of the fact? It would be absurd to wish to maintain this. That there are certain phenomena concerning which science has the right to decide whether they ought to be attributed to natural causes or not, is what no one doubts; but there are also others for which a consultation of this kind would be, to say the least of it, useless. I don't require that a commission of scientific men should come to inform me that, with five loaves and two fishes, it is absolutely impossible to satisfy five thousand men. On this point a mistress of a household knows as much as the Academy of Sciences. It is simple common sense which says that it is not in the power of any man to cure one born blind with a little wet mud—to heal a paralytic with this word, "Rise, and walk!"—to raise a man who had been dead four days, on whom decomposition had actually begun. On such a matter as this the opinion of all the scientific men in the world could add nothing to the general conviction. We may even go further without injury to true science or real scientific men. On questions concerning such facts it is not exactly men of *parti pris* and of a preconceived system who will be the best judges or the safest witnesses. If the Evangelists had each had a medical theory, or peculiar ideas on the substance or nature of bodies, I should be much more on my guard against their witness. In fact, we might fear that these scientific hypotheses might have affected the recital itself. On the contrary, the absence of all theories of this kind in these simple and upright souls is one of the reasons which, joined to so many others, does not allow us to suspect the fidelity of their narration.

¹ Chambers, in Tract above named, pp. 10, 11.

'M. Renan appears to believe that the Gospel miracles were admitted blindly, without the least difficulty, and apart from all serious examination. But the reverse of this is the truth. If our opponent had wished to enlighten his readers by a learned discussion, he might have found an excellent occasion for the exercise of his criticism. He need only have looked over the ninth chapter of S. John, which is entirely occupied with the healing of the man born blind. There is the inquiry upon the part of the enemies of Christ, the deposition of the witnesses, the declaration of the fact of the blindness, by the parents themselves, of the blind man, fresh interrogation of the son, reiterated attempts to deny the cure or to explain it naturally, failure to diminish the truth of the miracle—nothing is wanting. It is a formal trial, whose inquiry is carried into the smallest detail. How is it that the author of the "Life of Jesus," who devotes to the analysing of miracles a whole chapter of his book, contrives to say not one single word of a narration which occupies so large a place in the evangelic history? Apparently this was a difficulty to his theory which he has made for himself about the public credulity in the time of Jesus Christ. He no doubt preferred to be silent concerning what would have awakened the suspicions of the most confiding reader. Is that sincerity?'

But although M. Renan does not examine this particular miracle, he does now and then say a word concerning *some* of the beneficent and marvellous works recorded in the Gospels. It is high time to turn to them, for in all the rationalistic biographies of Jesus the treatment of particular events of a supernatural character throws a great light upon the general theory of the writer. In one common principle they must, all of them, Paulus, Strauss, Ewald, Renan, and their several disciples, be agreed. They must all deny the reality of each and every miracle recorded in Holy Writ; for to admit that one miracle may have actually taken place is to open the door for the reception of all. But they differ much as to the degree of silence and the method of evasion that is desirable.

We leave it to Strauss to answer, as he does with irresistible force, such naturalistic theories of Paulus and his school as would represent S. Peter as selling the fish for a piece of money, instead of finding the coin inside it, which makes the star of the wise men into a lantern, &c. &c. Strange to say, however, as the credit of Strauss declines, similar theories of no greater wisdom begin to reappear. Thus, for example, Ewald, in his 'History of Christ and His Time,' asks us to believe that it was the joyous influence of Christ's spirit that made the guests at Cana of Galilee drink water and suppose it wine! What line has M. Renan taken when his narrative brings him across these events?

His usual plan is to observe an absolute silence. A long list of miracles might be made out which are wholly passed over by our author. At other times he dismisses them with a single line. And, in truth, the same difficulty besets our rationalistic biographers on this topic of miracles, as on their main subject,

the life of Christ on earth. To make no admission whatever is the simplest course. But this proceeding has its own inconveniences. It may look like inability to face the question. Consequently, some miracles must be selected from the Gospels and experimented on; with what success in the instance before us we shall presently be enabled to judge.

The miracle of feeding the five thousand 'is narrated to us,' we here use the words of Strauss, 'with singular unanimity by all the Evangelists.' To this and to the cognate feeding of the four thousand, Strauss devotes a long section of some twenty pages.¹ M. Renan dismisses it in three lines. '*Thanks to an extreme frugality*, the holy company lived in the desert; men 'naturally supposed that they saw in that circumstance a miracle.' This is the way in which five loaves and two small fishes more than sufficed for a meal to the five thousand! And who is the authority for the frugality? Not the Evangelists: for they expressly assure us that our blessed Lord did not pursue the ascetic regimen of S. John the Baptist, and was reproached for not doing so. Not Celsus, nor Porphyry, nor Julian; for they, as we have already remarked, do not deny the reality of our Lord's miracles. The only authority (if we may so misuse the term) for the frugality theory is Paulus with his school: and Paulus (and consequently by anticipation M. Renan) has already been answered by Strauss. Here, as elsewhere, Strauss practically arrives at this conclusion, that if men do not accept his mythical theory, there is no other course open to them but to fall back upon the supernatural. 'Here the natural expositor 'is put to the most extravagant contrivances in order to evade 'the miracle.' Agreeing as we do with Strauss in acceptance of the premises of his dilemma, we are forced to the conclusion that the 'frugality' of M. Renan is one of those 'extravagant contrivances' which have precisely the same value as the more elaborate ones of Paulus.

We turn to a still greater marvel, the resurrection of Lazarus. Ewald is here concise and simple enough. According to him, the strong assurance produced by the presence of Christ, that all his friends would rise again at the last day, was turned into a narrative of the actual resurrection of a particular person. Strauss, criticizing in a single but long and elaborate section three cases, of the daughter of Jairus, the widow's son at Nain, and this of Lazarus, of course rejects all three. But he is most dogmatic, as might be expected, on that which is most wonderful, and declares that the whole eleventh chapter, 'in connexion with those previously examined,' is 'an indication of the

¹ 'Life of Jesus,' Part II. chap. ix. § 102.

unauthenticity of the fourth Gospel.¹ It affords some clue to the bitter hostility against his *confrère* in rationalism which has been expressed by Strauss, when we read the language employed by Ewald concerning this Gospel, which Strauss pronounces 'unauthentic,' and would relegate to at least two centuries after Christ. 'Simple and clear for every upright spirit, the Gospel of S. John was certainly composed by the intimate disciple of Christ. . . . That is incontestable. . . . No one but a mad-man can have any doubt about it . . . The fourth Gospel is its own complete defence. . . . One may declare that *there does not exist in the whole of antiquity a work of which the authenticity is so certain.*'² We do not feel called upon to judge which of these writers is the more unreasonable, he who would fain adjudge away from the loved disciple a work of which only a madman can doubt, or he who thus emphatically asserting its genuine and authentic character, would idealize and waft into the merest cloud of abstraction its most important contribution to the facts of the Gospel history. We thank God that we are not constrained to throw our lot with either. 'O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united!'

But what course does M. Renan adopt? Of his treatment of the fourth Gospel, as a whole, we hope to say a few words presently. But so far as such things admit of degree, we must aver that his line of argument in the presence of this great and crucial test seems to us more decidedly shocking and repulsive than that of either Strauss or Ewald. It is with more of awe and repugnance than we have felt during any portion of our painful task that we translate as a matter of duty the following passage:—

M. Renan on the Resurrection of Lazarus.

'Weary of the bad reception which the kingdom of God found in the capital, the friends of Jesus longed for a great miracle which should vividly strike the unbelief of Jerusalem. The resurrection of a man known at Jerusalem would naturally seem the most convincing proof possible. We must here call to mind that the essential condition of true criticism is to comprehend the diversity of times, and to divest ourselves of the instinctive repugnance which is the result of a purely reasonable education (!!). We must remember also, that in this impure and oppressive town of Jerusalem Jesus was no longer Himself.' [We have read elsewhere, 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'³] 'His conscience, by the fault of men and not by His own, had lost something of its original clearness.

¹ 'Life of Jesus,' Part, II. chap ix. § 100.

² The references are given in the admirable pamphlet of M. Raoul Lecœur. Ewald's grounds for this conviction have been set forth in a recent number of our contemporary, the *National Review*. If we have space, we propose to cite part of it in an appendix.

³ Hebrews xiii. 8.

Despairing, driven to the last extremity, He was no longer His own master (*il ne s'appartenait plus*). His mission imposed a task upon Him, and He yielded to the current. As always happens in great Divine careers, He underwent the miracles which opinion exacted of Him far more than He wrought them. At this distance of time, and in the presence of only a single authority, displaying evident marks of artifices of composition, *it is impossible to decide* whether, in the instance before us, the whole is fiction, or whether a real fact served as a basis for the rumours spread abroad. We must, however, allow that the turn of [S.] John's narrative has something profoundly different from the accounts of miracles produced by the popular imagination, which fill the synoptical Gospels. Let us add that John is the only evangelist who has a precise knowledge of the relations of Jesus with the family of Bethany, and that one cannot comprehend that a popular creation should come and take its place in a framework of recollections so personal. It is probable, then, that the marvel in question was not one of those miracles that are entirely legendary (!), and for which no one is responsible. In other words, we think that there did happen at Bethany something which was looked upon as a resurrection.¹

The possibilities of the details of this 'something' like a resurrection are then set forth. We say the possibilities, for never, perhaps, was there published a book so full of the phrases 'it seems,' 'perhaps,' 'I dare not be certain,' 'it is possible that,' 'one is tempted to believe,'—and the like; all of these phrases, it has been justly observed, betraying the perplexity and uncertainty of the writer. 'The family at Bethany was *perhaps* led on' . . . 'It *seems* that Lazarus was sick' . . . 'Joy' at the arrival of Jesus *may* have restored (*put ramener*) Lazarus 'to health.' '*Perhaps* the ardent desire' of supporting the divine character of Christ's mission led these impassioned friends of his 'beyond all bounds.' '*Perhaps* Lazarus, still pale from 'his illness, *had had himself surrounded with bandages as a dead man, and shut up in his family tomb*' !! . . . Jesus (*always on the hypothesis above enounced*) desired to see once again 'him whom he had loved, and the stone having been removed, 'Lazarus came forth with his grave-clothes and his head surrounded by a napkin. This apparition was naturally likely 'to be looked upon by everybody as a resurrection!'

We agree with Massillon, that the Socinian hypothesis makes our blessed Lord the greatest teacher of idolatry that ever lived on earth. For He, who, being merely Man, induces myriads to worship Him as God, is assuredly a promulgator of the worst idolatry. M. Renan invites us to go a step further. He asks to believe that One 'who will never be surpassed,' One 'to whom each of us owes all that is best in him,' lent Himself to a wretched trickery of this sort, and that the weak and foolish creatures who took part in it went forth to win an unbelieving world to faith and righteousness and love!

It has been often said, that we are all of us two persons.

¹ 'Vie de Jésus,' pp. 359, 360.

The very heathen were deeply conscious of this duality of human nature. Xenophon can put into the mouth of one his characters the declaration that he has two souls, one that loves things good and one that loves things evil: and Plato can describe the harnessed steeds, one white, of fair and beauteous form, obedient to the mere voice of the charioteer; and one black, misshapen, headstrong, that barely yields to the united influence of goads and thong. Yes, we all know those two principles, those ill-matched horses struggling for the mastery; but seldom indeed do we see such an exhibition of the contest in another mind as appears to be revealed by the writings of the unhappy author of this so-called 'Life of Jesus.' He prints sentences full of deadly unbelief; then withdraws or greatly modifies them; and then re-asserts them again in some new form, less gross it may be, but not less substantially erroneous, and, perhaps, more insinuatingly mischievous. Thus in an article on 'Liberty of Thought,' he wrote as follows: 'God, Providence, soul, so many good old words slightly heavy and material (*un peu lourds et matériels*), but which it will never 'advantageously replace.' In the reprint of his papers which forms the volume entitled 'Studies of Religious History' he has slightly softened down the blasphemy. In his most recent contribution to the *Revue des deux Mondes* he has, for all practical purposes, again denied the existence of a true living personal God. And yet this same man, who can write so pantheistically, and in fact atheistically, can at other moments employ such language as to make one of his ablest Christian opponents not unnaturally demand 'Why does not M. Renan belong to us?' In the case of almost any other author (unless we except that pair, of dubious sanity, Rousseau and Shelley), it would be almost inconceivable, that one and the same person could have written the passage lately cited concerning Lazarus, and that which we are about to quote. Nevertheless, we are assured that the following really does proceed from the pen of Ernest Renan; and though we have not had an opportunity of verifying the extract, we feel little doubt of its entire accuracy:—

M. Renan's counter-view respecting Miracles.

'When I feel my faith in miracle vacillating, I perceive the image of my God also growing weak in my sight. He is ceasing, by little and little, to be for me the free God, the personal God, the living God, the God with whom the soul converses as with a master and a friend. And this holy dialogue once interrupted, what remains for us? How sad and disenchanting does life appear! . . . In ceasing to believe in miracles, the soul finds that it has lost the secret of its Divine life. It is henceforth gliding down towards the abyss. A fall of ever-increasing rapidity hurries it far from God and the holy angels. It loses, one after another, piety, uprightness, genius. Soon it lies upon the earth, yes, and sometimes in the mud.'

III. We pass on to our third topic proposed for consideration, namely, the degree of sympathy with the Evangelists displayed by M. Renan. And we begin with one or two general propositions, in which we fairly assume that there is no serious amount of difference between ourselves and the object of our criticism.

There has not appeared in the history of literature any biography, or collection of biographies, that has made the slightest impression upon the world which did not fulfil one condition; namely, that the writer should have a keen sympathy with the character and pursuits of him whose life he is portraying. Take up the *'Life of Agricola'* by Tacitus, or the biographies of Plutarch, Joinville's *'Vie de S. Louis,'* Boswell's *'Life of Johnson,'* this feature is common to them all. Nor is the case materially altered if, for the life of an individual man, we substitute that of a state or nation. The perusal of Livy's celebrated preface suffices to show how deeply he felt the greatness of the nation whose annals he was about to write. Sismondi was penetrated with a proud consciousness of the services wrought for humanity by those *'Italian Republics,'* in one of which was the cradle of the ancient race that died with him.

But this primary condition once satisfied, it must be frankly owned that the reader has to be on his guard against the excesses into which such sympathy may run. Lord Macaulay is fond of warning the readers of his *'Essays'* on this score, and points, with only too good reason, to an extreme case in Middleton's *'Life of Cicero.'* But less flagrant instances will serve our purpose. Perhaps hardly one of the above-named books can be read without some slight deduction on the score of the author's partiality for his hero or his cause. Livy is not tolerant towards the Samnites and their gallant general C. Pontius; nor would the mediæval Emperors of Germany, could they revive, allow that their side of the struggle received its full consideration from Sismondi.

Hence arises a second principle, on which M. Renan would evidently set great store. It is possible that some counter-principle may come in to counteract the one-sided tendency produced by hearty fellow-feeling. Thus, Joinville's own experience of the injury wrought to France by the crusade which he accompanied will not allow him to approve of Louis IX.'s second expedition. Thus, in a recent instance, the biography of a literary man, who was an ardent Tory, has been written by a daughter who married a gentleman of Whig politics, and has consequently enjoyed opportunities of hearing how the contests in which her father was engaged appeared to the

opposite party. And it must be owned, we think, that the most impartial history yet known, that of the Peloponnesian war by Thucydides, owes part of its merit to the circumstance that the author, though an Athenian, yet naturally felt his ardour for the cause of his countrymen somewhat cooled by the severity (we should say, *pace* Mr. Grote, the injustice) with which a single military error had been treated.

Thus far we find ourselves somewhat more in accordance with M. Renan than are some of his French opponents. But at this point other considerations come into play, and it will be necessary, before we proceed, to make another extract from the work before us:—

‘If the love of a subject can avail to give insight into it, men will also recognise, I trust, my possession of this condition (*que cette condition ne m’a pas manqué*). In order to write the history of a religion, it is necessary, in the first place, to have believed it (without that one cannot be able to understand by what it has charmed and satisfied the human conscience); in the second place, no longer to believe in it in an absolute manner, because absolute faith is incompatible with sincere history.’¹

Now, the admissions which we have already made may seem, at first sight, to involve an acceptance of the position here laid down. But a little consideration will disclose very important points of difference between the two sets of *data*. To begin with, we grant that some check upon a writer’s natural partiality may be a real gain to him and to his readers; but we by no means grant that the ideal historian must be a renegade. On the contrary, the world, as a rule, distrusts renegade historians, and we think that herein the world is right. Thucydides was an exile from Athens; but he never became a partisan of Sparta. Xenophon, though an Athenian by birth, really did come to prefer Spartan institutions. Does any man on that account pretend that his ‘Hellenica’ is to be named, in respect of fairness, with the work of his great predecessor? On the contrary, is not Dr. Arnold quite justified in speaking of the ‘superficial party prejudices of Xenophon’?

Religious prepossessions are in no wise less violent than political ones. Can any standard work of reference in ecclesiastical history be named which has been written by a deserter from the camp which he describes? If there be such a work, we must avow ignorance of its existence. If there be not, it would be strange if M. Renan’s were the first.

Yes, it would, indeed, be passing strange. For we have been engaged, by way of illustration, in adducing instances from the range of ordinary humanity. Even here the greatest suspicion is felt concerning those who have changed. ‘A

¹ Introduction, p. lx.

History of the First French Empire,' by Moreau; 'An Account of Religion in England,' by Dr. Manning; 'An Account of Religion in Spain,' by Blanco White: all would need to be read with the most jealous circumspection. But an account of the One pure and sinless Man from the pen of him who having once worshipped Him as God, and even taken some part in His ministry, now denies his Godhead, and accuses His Sacred Humanity of the most grave and serious faults and the most miserable illusions! How is it in anywise possible that such a narrative could display real insight into the nature of the solemn themes which it presumed to handle?

There are figures standing round the central object of the Holy Gospels, separated from it, indeed, by that vast gulf which severs the Creator from the creature, yet lit up in a very special manner by the rays of glory which beam from the Incarnate Lord. One of these is S. John the Evangelist. We are justified in so styling him, even in the presence of men who admit no authority save that of a rationalist, for we have seen that even Ewald is thus far completely on our side. The diversity, without contradiction, of the teaching of the fourth Gospel, in comparison with the three preceding ones, was fully admitted by Strauss, in *one* of his editions; as also a very tolerably fair list of the supplementary facts put forth by the same writer. One very conspicuous feature in the writings of S. John is the exceeding reticence concerning himself; just as the very personal character of S. Paul's Epistles is a very prominent mark of nearly all of them. In the first twelve chapters of S. John's Gospel, the Evangelist is not once named, and only once referred to. In the 13th chapter, as elsewhere, we hear of him as 'the disciple whom Jesus loved'; and we are told of his lying on his Lord's breast at the Last Supper. We further learn from him that he stood at the foot of the Cross with the Virgin Mother (where the twain became adopted mother and son, by the express injunction of the dying Saviour), that he outran S. Peter to the sepulchre, and that a question asked by S. Peter concerning S. John was answered (and misunderstood by some) at the latest earthly manifestation of Jesus at the Sea of Tiberias. These are positively the only facts definitely reported by the Evangelist concerning himself, out of the number that he must have been able to supply; though we may infer that he is certainly referred to in one passage, and probably in another.¹ He *never* actually mentions his own name in his Gospel. If any of the twelve be prominent, it is, as Strauss

¹ Certainly in chap. xviii. 15; most probably also in chap. . 37—40.

justly points out, S. Peter; as in the narrative of the feet-washing and in the closing chapter. In one of these scenes S. John is not alluded to; in the other, only in a very subordinate manner. And though the fourth Evangelist recounts very fully the fall of his brother Apostle, yet he, and he alone, recounts the important circumstance that the desire of S. Peter to follow his divine Master was, from the first, accepted, though postponed until the speaker had learnt his own weakness, and risen on the wings of repentance to a truer self-knowledge and a deeper reliance on a strength beyond his own. 'Simon Peter saith unto Him, Lord, whither goest Thou? Jesus answered him, Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now, *but thou shalt follow Me afterwards.*'¹

How does M. Renan treat the authority of the fourth Evangelist? The hesitations and uncertainties, the visible embarrassments, which strew his path in treating of the resurrection of Lazarus, are all seen previously in his criticism of the Gospel that contains it. We have not time to demonstrate the utter worthlessness of his criticism both of the internal and the external evidence—a task which has been well performed by MM. Freppel and Lecœur, and which might be left to Ewald, if, indeed, he should think it worth the trouble. But the following passage must be cited:—

M. Renan on the Tone of S. John's Gospel.

'At every page is betrayed the intention of fortifying his own authority, of showing that he was the one preferred by Jesus [M. Renan cites three verses, which, in his arithmetic, is perfectly equivalent to every page]; that on all solemn occasions (at the Supper, at Calvary, at the tomb) he held the first place. The relations—fraternal in the main, although not excluding a certain rivalry—of the author with Peter, his hatred, on the contrary, against Judas—a hatred, perhaps, anterior to the treason, *seem*, here and there, to pierce through. One is tempted to believe that John, in his old age, having read the evangelical narratives in circulation, remarked there, on the one hand, divers inexactnesses; on the other hand, *was annoyed at seeing that they did not allow him a sufficiently important position*; that he then began to dictate a crowd of things which he knew better than the rest, *with the intention of showing that, in several instances where there was only mention of Peter, he had figured with and before him.*'²

On such a representation of the sentiments of the Evangelist S. John we need hardly pause to comment. Those who can really accept such portraiture as true are far beyond the reach of any argument from us, or perhaps from mortal man. To others there needs no argument. The miserable statement carries with it its own condemnation. S. John jealous of S. Peter—S. John, the victim of the most mean

¹ S. John xiii. 36.

² 'Vic de Jésus,' Introd. pp. xxvii, xxviii.

and petty vanity! And this from a writer who claims to be listened to on the ground of love for the subject he has undertaken. M. Renan has yet to learn the very alphabet of apostolic and evangelic lore.

And he who thus deems of the disciple, how shall he understand the Master? What marvel if he stumbles, as he does stumble, at every point of the divine character he has ventured to explain. When he calls our Lord 'a charming rabbi'; when he calls the Gospel history 'a delicious pastoral' (strange pastoral, it has been well replied, which begins with the preaching of repentance and ends with the Cross!); when he finds the sublime discourses of Christ recorded by S. John to be 'pretentious tirades, badly written, heavy, confusedly metaphysical, &c.'; when he suggests that in his closing awful sorrows, those 'unknown woes,' as an ancient Litany pathetically terms them, Jesus may have regretted the damsels who might have loved him:—all this, and abundance more of the same sort, is of a piece with our author's lower self—follows naturally from his estimate of S. John. It may suit, for a season, the trifling sentimentality of 'young Paris,' but it does not bear the slightest possible resemblance to the real aspect of the Gospel history.

IV. M. Renan belongs, or at least wishes to belong, to that class of narrators which, for want of a better name, we may venture to term '*the constructive school of historic insight.*' Now, we wish to ask those among our readers who have paid attention to the subject, whether, even in secular history, this school is at present occupying a very distinguished position? We may be prejudiced, but we certainly think that it is not by any means leading the van. Some eight years have passed since we expressed in this Review our sense of the heavy blows which had been dealt by Sir G. C. Lewis to the authority of Niebuhr.¹ Since that time, the views adopted by us seems to have gained ground on the whole, though not without a struggle, both in England and in Germany. If high-minded conceptions, couched in vigorous and dignified language, could have saved a book from neglect, Dr. 'Arnold's History of Rome' would not be laid aside as it now is. But not content with following Niebuhr in his really successful *disproof* of much that had passed for history, Arnold accepted nearly the whole of what his master claimed to have built up by divination and instinctive sense. The result may now be seen. It is hardly too much to say that Grote, Cornewall Lewis, and Mommsen, are in vogue; that Niebuhr and Arnold are, so far as regards this part of their labours, all but neglected by the students of ancient history.

¹ 'Canons of Historic Credibility.' *Christian Remembrancer* for January, 1856

But even supposing that, for argument's sake, we were to allow the success of the Niebuhrian plan of investigation in things secular, this would by no means involve the admission that it was suited to the criticism of the Holy Gospels. On this head it may suffice to quote the well-known words of Niebuhr himself. 'In my opinion, he is not a Protestant Christian who does not receive the historical facts of Christ's earthly life, *in their literal acceptation, with all their miracles*, as equally authentic with any event recorded in history, and whose belief in them is not as firm and tranquil as his belief in the latter. . . . Moreover, a Christianity after the fashion of the modern philosophers and pantheists, without a personal God, without immortality, without human individuality, without historical faith, is no Christianity at all to me; though it may be a very intellectual, very ingenious faith-philosophy. I have often said that I do not know what to do with a metaphysical God, and that I will have none with the God of the Bible, who is heart to heart with us.'¹

If these words contain, as has been said, a review of Strauss's 'Leben Jesu' by anticipation, no less truly may it be asserted that they condemn beforehand the theories of M. Ernest Renan:—

'In such an effort to revive the lofty souls of the past, some amount of divination and conjecture ought to be permitted.'

For abundant proofs of the licence of the divination here claimed by M. Renan, we must refer the reader to M. Freppel's admirable exposure. Two or three examples, partly suggested by him, must here suffice.

After that wonderful explanation of the resurrection of Lazarus, which converts the whole matter into a *ruse*, M. Renan informs us that 'the enemies of Jesus were much irritated at all this disturbance. They attempted, *it is said*, to kill Lazarus. *What is certain* is, that thereupon a council was assembled by the chief priests, and in that council the question was clearly put: Can Jesus and Judaism both live?' Now, the only authority for the assembling of the council is the Gospel of S. John. But the same Gospel tells also, not only of the miracle, but also of the attempt to kill Lazarus. Why is the one assertion a case of *it is said*, and the other a certain fact? Because M. Renan so divines it. He who some years declared that there was not half a page of real history in the Gospels, now writes a book of 450 pages, which is all but entirely based upon the Gospels. Only we must submit to learn at his hands exactly what is fact, what is false, what is probable. The claim seems to us, as we feel sure that it would have done to Niebuhr, the very climax of insufferable arrogance.

¹ Niebuhr's 'Life and Letters,' vol. ii. p. 123.

Again, S. Luke did not understand Hebrew, though S. Matthew did. The proof? S. Matthew, in giving the name of the Saviour 'Jesus,' explains its meaning; S. Luke does not. *Ergo*, S. Luke could not have done it. Perhaps we may just venture to remind the reader that the Church owes her three glorious Canticles, the Magnificat, Benedictus, and Nunc Dimittis—solely, under God, to S. Luke; and that all three are evidently translations from the Hebrew.

We are weary of our task, or we might fill pages with samples of the weak trifling of this nature in which our author has indulged himself, and displayed his powers of 'divination'! There is scarcely a single doctrine of the Gospel which he has not travestied; and he has assigned to S. Paul a teaching about marriage which is precisely opposite to the Apostle's actual precepts.

V. We regret that we are unable to carry out our intention of comparing M. Renan's hypotheses with other forms of infidelity.¹

Thus much, however, may be said. It was the remark of a pious English clergyman (we rather think Mr. Cecil), some half century since, that perhaps the next device of Satan would be to put forward the difficulties of belief in a perfectly calm, and seemingly candid manner, without abuse, without any violence of expression. That supposition is, we imagine, in process of being realized.

Now, both M. Renan and Strauss do abstain from certain forms of insult common in Jewish lips since the close of the second century, repeated by Gabler and others, and quite recently renewed in a lecture delivered at Wurtemberg.² If, as is really possible, some lingering spark of reverence has withheld them from uttering that outrage against Christ and against her whom 'all generations shall call blessed,' then may He who will not quench the smoking flax arouse that dying flame till it consume the miserable hay and stubble they have heaped up. But in all sorrow we do fear the possibility of a less favourable interpretation. The prediction just quoted haunts us. Alas! for them, if their reticence spring more from a conviction that Judaic calumnies and Voltairian sneers are a mistake, and that a smothered, more polished, more sentimental unbelief is the only one that seems likely to have a chance of prevailing. These forms will, it is true, all perish in their turn, until, it may be, the Antichrist, 'the last foe of the fold,' shall come. But mean-

¹ The Review of M. Renan in the *Guardian* (the only English *critique* we have had the opportunity of consulting) justly indicates some leading points of difference between the Voltairian and general eighteenth-century infidelity as compared with that of the school of M. Renan.

² See 'Christian Work throughout the World,' for May, 1860.

while it is a problem beyond our feeble powers of discernment, whether it is so great a gain as it may at first sight seem, that Christ should be patronizingly spoken of as 'a charming rabbi,' than that He should be denounced as 'the wretch.' There are those who would be repelled by the one who may not be equally shocked by the other. But those who believe in Christ as their God and future Judge must feel that the desecration is in either case not very dissimilar. Even to call our Creator, the Eternal Word, 'a great Man' is a blasphemy, though the degree of guilt is so different in different cases that man cannot presume to measure it.

It is a duty, which we owe to our readers before we close, to say a few words upon our intentions in drawing up the list of books at the head of this article. Our object in mentioning certain works, both ancient and modern, which had appeared before the publication of M. Renan's book, was to suggest what we conceive to be the *kind* of reading with which it would be wise to brace the spirit before plunging into the erratic and inconsistent medley of false reasoning and false sentiment which its author presumes to call a 'Life of Jesus.' The sermons of S. Leo, excellently translated and annotated by Mr. Bright; the selections from S. Athanasius, with the pleasing preface of their pious Lutheran editor, the lamented Professor Thilo; the high-toned and profoundly learned volume of Dr. Mill; the paper by an English clergyman, Mr. Saphir, a truly noble and dignified composition; the sketch ascribed to Napoleon, and the disquisitions of MM. Nicolas and De Broglie; such writings form an antidote which tends to neutralise the poison of modern forms of scepticism respecting the central verity of the Christian Faith. There are other writings which might be combined with these, or even employed to some extent in their stead. Mr. Young's 'Christ of History,' and other books referred to in a useful and well-arranged little work on Evidences by Mr. Drew, may be named; and we presume Archbishop Thomson's paper on our Lord in the new 'Dictionary of the Bible.'¹ To him who would dive still more deeply into historic and philosophic questions respecting the mystery of the Incarnation, may be specially recommended Bishop Bull's *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ*, the volumes of Petavius *de Dogmatibus Theologicis* which specially treat of the subject, and Dorner's work on the 'Person of Christ,' which, in the English translation, is supplemented with a thoughtful and useful appendix by Dr. Fairbairn.

¹ We have not had this volume at hand while writing, and the two new volumes of the same work have not yet reached the writer, or he would gladly have consulted Bishop Fitzgerald's paper on 'Miracles.'

It is right, however, to remind the student that both of the latter works, though they agree in fundamentals, contain some questionable propositions; and that it is possible that on one question even the conclusions of Bull may be open to some degree of modification. But on the capital point at issue between the great mass of Christians, and the Arians, Socinians, or rationalists, these three are all perfectly agreed.¹

A more painful duty still remains to be performed. It is impossible for any one to have criticised M. Renan's volume, without the expression of some opinion on the merit or demerit of its author, for having put forth such a work. Although many hints of our judgment on this part of the question may have occurred incidentally in the course of our criticism, we think it right, in closing our remarks, to speak once for all, in a manner more distinct and summary.

We have heard it said by one as far removed as ourselves from any sympathy with M. Renan's views, that the 'Vie de Jésus' must be regarded rather as a result of the age, than the production of an individual mind. Such a view of the case embodies a large amount of unquestionable truth, and conveys with it a certain measure of apology for the author. Germany, England, and France, all three are obnoxious to the charge of cherishing this spirit of scepticism; and these three countries lead the thought of the old-world regions. Nor is America far behindhand. Germany has been justly described as that 'country of Europe which most unites the mental attributes of 'the East and West,—which combines, in an uncommon degree, 'the Oriental imaginativeness and aptitude for abstract speculation with the power of patient critical research which is the boast 'of Christian Europe.'²

And Germany is the parent of nineteenth century infidelity, though oftentimes, like the spear of Achilles, she helps to heal the grievous wounds which she has made. England supports

¹ That the doctrine of the Incarnation, as taught by the Nicene Creed, and more fully expressed in the Athanasian Creed, or in the second Article of the English Church, is God's own truth, is a ground common to Bull, Petau, and Dörner. With very sincere diffidence, and every willingness to be convinced if he is mistaken, the writer would venture to suggest the following *private* opinions of his own, as probable. 1. That Bishop Bull may possibly, in some cases, have been inclined to minimize the differences between this or that Father, and the decisions of Nicæa. 2. That Petau is unduly extreme in the opposite direction, when he accuses Bishop Alexander of exaggeration for calling the doctrine of Arius new and unheard-of. 3. That Dörner, with the older Lutherans, goes beyond the Council of Chalcedon, to say the very least, in teaching a *reciprocal* or sort of interchange between the divine and human natures of the Saviour. On points 1 and 2, the Presbyterian Dr. Fairbairn seems admirably just. On point 3, see Dr. Mill on Strauss, *sub init.*

² Dr. Mill, on Strauss, *sub init.*

both the *Westminster* and the *National Review*; and though both (but especially the latter), appear to us replete with papers which it is impossible to reconcile with each other, both tend to impart a tone of doubt and hesitation which is largely imparted to many of the monthly and weekly serials. And for France herself, if her leading periodical can be taken as an index, we must confess with regret that the *Revue des deux Mondes* seems to us, during the last twelve years, to have traversed a downward rather than an upward course; to display less of that Christian writing which proceeds from the pens of such contributors as MM. de Carné, Guizot, or de Broglie, and more of the rationalism of other members of its staff, as MM. Taine, Reville, Berthelot, and George Sand. Meanwhile, the United States have reared authors of a somewhat similar stamp. Theodore Parker, Emerson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and we fear we must add, Professor Holmes, are all as far from being worshippers of Christ as Mr. Carlyle or Mr. John Stuart Mill among ourselves. Yet, however lamentable the state of England, America, and Germany, we doubt whether the following description could at present be written with truth concerning any country but France:—

‘Besides having read M. Bodin, my companion was an *esprit fort*, and believed in nothing. He thought indeed there was a God, but as to Christ, and the angels and devils, they were all devices of the clergy and the governing powers—moral bugbears set up to frighten people and prevent the commission of crime; and it was good policy. As to their reality being proved by the Bible—who made the Bible? *Mé.* I asked him if he had never heard of spirits whose return from the dead proved the truth of the Scripture and the reality of an invisible world.

“Bah!” he said, “*Contes*. Man was an animal, and died as other animals died—living no more.”

“A sad creed,” said I, “for the poor and the suffering. Would you not be happier if you believed there was a recompense hereafter for those who had suffered and striven to do right on earth?”

“*Mais puis qu’il n’y a pas de Ciel?*” was his reply; and we argued all the way we went, and I could not shed a gleam of hope into his soul. One day he will know better.

‘Let me say that a sad infidelity appears to me the prevalent tone of feeling among the French of all ranks. In the railway-carriages, from officers, merchants, labourers, travellers of all ranks and degrees, when no priest or nun was present, I have heard nothing but sneers at the weakness of those who believed in *la mythologie* of Christianity. The Revolution has left its traces, and a vast proportion of the people are atheists still. The French seem divided into two classes—those who believe everything, and those who believe nothing. Even on earth the first are the happiest, for in their sorrows, however dark and rough their path, the sunshine of God shines above the mountain peaks, while the unhappy doubter sees nothing but the bleak rocks and precipices around him. The fulness of all sorrow is to cease to believe.’¹

¹ *Once a Week*, No. 223, for October 3, 1863.—Paper on *Sauvage*, &c. by Mary Eyre, p. 416.

The existence of this *miasma* in the atmosphere must be taken into account when we would judge the case of any individual Frenchman. There is another circumstance that adds to the difficulty in the instance before us. M. Ernest Renan is, as we have seen, to an extraordinary extent, a twofold being. Which is his truer self? It is not wonderful that the two ablest French replies that have reached us (that of the Abbé Freppel and that of M. Raoul Lecœur) should display, amidst a very substantial agreement in all that concerns doctrine and line of argument, a certain measure of divergency in the line of their personal references to the author; the latter being more hopeful, the former the more condemnatory.

It is true that an earthly verdict is, in all cases, that of sinners upon their fellow-sinners. It may often happen that, in a criminal court, the judge himself is as guilty in God's sight as the felon whom he condemns: and so too the author who is charged with heresy or unbelief, may be free from many a soil wherewith the soul of him who condemns is bestained. It is well that we should be reminded of these solemn truths: and it reads like the reminiscence of an actual scene when a great living master of fiction describes a batch of criminals receiving the dread sentence of death. 'The sun was striking in at the great windows of the court, through the glittering drops of rain upon the glass, and it made a broad shaft of light between the two-and-thirty and the judge; banding both together, and perhaps reminding some among the audience how both were passing on, with absolute equality, to the greater judgment that knoweth all things and that cannot err.'¹

Nevertheless, such considerations cannot stay, and ought not to stay, the course of justice upon earth. Society cannot wait for the condemnation of the burglar, the homicide, or the traitor, until such time as those who sit in the judgment-seat are themselves immaculately pure. The ruler of men may be sin-defiled above many of those whom he governs, yet 'he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.'

'Vengeance is God's:

But he doth oftentimes dispense it here

By human ministration.'

'Ad nullum enim pertinet vindictam facere, nisi ad illum qui Dominus est omnium: nam cum terrenæ potestates hoc rectè faciunt, ipse facit Deus, à quo ad hoc ipsum sunt ordinatæ.'²

¹ 'Great Expectations,' *sub fin.*

² S. Anselm, *Cur Deus Homo*, lib. i. cap. 12. The lines immediately preceding are from Henry Taylor's 'Philip van Artevelde.'

The day is gone—and we trust, with M. de Montalembert, gone for ever—when heresy was included among those faults which the State was called upon to punish with fire and sword. And just because we rejoice at the existence of that comparative secular impunity, the more needful do we esteem it to be, that organs of opinion should speak their sentiments plainly and fearlessly, at the risk of all those hard words (bigotry, intolerance, and the like) which are showered so lavishly by the so-called ‘votaries of free thought’ upon all who display *their* freedom, by venturing to dissent from those conclusions of scepticism which are most in fashion for the hour.

Not forgetting then, we trust, that we are fellow-sinners; not wishing to thrust aside as nothing such palliation as may arise from the mental condition of Europe, and especially of France; not ignoring the virtues of M. Renan and his capacity for sympathy with much that is good—a capacity which may even yet, by Divine mercy, be permitted to guide homeward that wandering heart and will—we yet feel compelled to say what we think, and commit it to the Judgment that is above all. ‘If we are to excuse all the moral evil that we can account for, and abstain from judging all of which we can suppose that there is some adequate explanation, where are we to stop in our ‘absolutions?’¹

Be it avowed, then, that we know not how the author of such a publication as this ‘*Vie de Jésus*’ can be acquitted of having wrought a crime against God and man. A crime against the Father, the denial of whose first attribute of Almightyness is the key-note of the entire strain of the work, its first and last falsehood and fallacy; a crime against the Son, whom it again, as has well been said, betrays with a kiss; in that professing to honour Him and to say ‘Hail, Master,’ it in reality represents Him as a sinner and as a deceiver of the fallen race He came to save; a crime against the Spirit, in that it treats as legends replete with falsities, the ever-blessed fourfold record which He inspired to be the everlasting Gospel of our salvation. And surely, too, a crime against man. Humanity, even among the very heathen, has been wont to hold, that not *all* of man’s saddening tale of crime and woe had its source in the depths of our own nature, perverted, corrupted though it be; but that evil angels from without had conspired with man’s passions and worldliness to produce these miserable results. M. Renan, without one line that *attempts* to disprove the existence of the rebellious spirits whom Satan leads, or their influence upon the human mind, simply denies that influence, denies their very

¹ Hy. Taylor. ‘Notes on Life,’ pp. 46, 47.

being, and thus tears away from man an excuse which, in so far as it affects the case—and it is revealed that it *does* affect it—is certain of acceptance at the mercy-seat of Him who 'was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil.' And further, Christendom, amidst all its differences, has been wont, with singular unanimity, to teach that the human race has one great glory, one sole hope of salvation; that glory and that hope consisting in the fact that the Eternal Son has condescended to become partaker of flesh and blood; to die for the sons of men, to win for them gifts of the Spirit, and to plead their cause in heaven. To the denial of the Incarnation and Atonement, M. Renan has dedicated those powers of heart and head with which his Maker has endowed him. Assuredly those who join with us in the decision which we have—we earnestly trust not lightly nor uncharitably—formed upon his book, must also feel it to be a duty to breathe one devout and heartfelt prayer that 'the thought of his heart may be forgiven him.'

While the world lasts, some form of unbelief or misbelief will be rife, and have its day. Pharaoh and Jezebel, Antiochus and Herod, Julian and Porphyry, Arius and Spinoza, Socinus and Strauss; each has his hour and passes on. And the servants of Christ, they too go their way and commit His enemies to the All-merciful Judge, 'who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' who knows all the temptations and excuses of each, and the unceasing malice of the Evil One. Even those who believe in Him and try to obey His righteous laws, have broken them so often, that their first and last cry must be for mercy. And yet they know that where He bestows pardon, that great gift cannot stand alone; no, not even in this life, far, far less in the world to come.

Even the least serious of heathen lyrists could feel the propriety of asking from an object of his misdirected worship, on the dedication of a temple, something better than Sardinian corn and Calabrian wine, than gold and ivory, or fertile lands; and some of the nobler-minded among the pagans have risen to a far loftier standard of desire and prayer. But Christians supplicate their Lord and Master for something higher than the heathen's most exalted aspirations ever soared to in their fondest dreams. With a daring, only not presumptuous because warranted by His own gracious promises, they press forward to a prize transcending all the choicest glories of the very courts of heaven; they look beyond the gifts for the Giver; the reward which they hope by His mercy to attain—it is no merely created thing, it is *Himself*.

Note to CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER, vol. xlv. p. 395.

[We have received the following communication, which refers to the Article on Bishop Blomfield, in our last Volume, p. 395.]

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

CRAYKE, NEAR EASINGWOLD,
October 5, 1863.

SIR,

In the number of the *Christian Remembrancer* published this month, you quote, at p. 395, a passage from the 'Memoir of Bishop Blomfield, by his Son,' which professes to copy some words of mine, but which are not mine. The writer of the 'Memoir of Bishop Blomfield' has introduced some words of mine in that passage, but not exactly as they appear in the Review. There is no error in his quotation of my words, however they are associated with uncongenial matter.

In the Review I am represented as having ascribed the following words to a justly venerated friend of mine, the late Rev. H. H. Norris, speaking of the English clergy as they were forty years ago: 'They were eager politicians, or amateur farmers, deep in the antiquities of signs of inns, speculations of [as to] what becomes of swallows in the winter, and whether hedgehogs or other urchins are most justly accused of sucking milch-cows dry at night.'

On this supposed quotation from my 'Memoir of Joshua Watson' you make your own comments, on which I make no remark. What I complain of is, that by the prefix of the two first clauses, 'They were eager politicians, or amateur farmers,' the whole passage is made to bear a different meaning from anything which I ever wrote or thought, or which Mr. Norris uttered. You are not altogether unconcerned in this; for the passage relates to the reasons given by Mr. Norris for starting the *Christian Remembrancer*. He expressed his regret, as he well might previously to 1818, that the clergy had scarcely any journal of sacred literature; consequently they most of them confined their literary correspondence to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which there was more of antiquarian lore and questions relating to natural history, than of theology or Church polity. It was no more in his mind, than it was in my intention, to accuse the clergy of that period of laxity or a low standard of acquirements. Far less would he have backed by his sanction

the mawkish charge, seldom made but by people who have no decided principles of their own, that the clergy of his time were 'eager politicians.' How is it possible he should have sanctioned it, when all who knew him know that his political opinions were sufficiently pronounced whenever they were called for, and that, next to theology, he thought, as most wise men do, the science of good government most worthy of his earnest thoughts?

Again, I never heard him speak with contempt or dislike of any clergyman, who might employ his rural leisure in agriculture or horticulture. He was himself a good landlord, and was not likely to have been ignorant how Bishop Wilson was a benefactor to his islanders in Man in this as in other ways, by teaching them to plant their hill-sides, and to marl their sandy soil, as his kinsman did in Cheshire.

You can easily satisfy yourself, by a reference to the 'Memoir of Joshua Watson,' last edition, page 156, how entirely different a purport is given to the words, by the prefix of these two clauses, and the association in which they are placed. But I think you will understand that I am not so much concerned for anything else, as to vindicate the memory of the father of the *Christian Remembrancer*. The candour of H. H. Norris would be wronged by any one who should attribute to him an opinion derogatory to the character of his brethren in the sacred ministry.

I am, Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

EDWARD CHURTON.

NOTICES.

THE completion of 'Smith's Dictionary of the Bible' (Murray) may be mentioned as an era in our theological acquisitions: not that the work is—or rather it was not intended to be—theological, its avowed aim being only to give exegetical and practical information. We may reasonably congratulate the publisher and editor on having produced a manual of information and a body of recorded facts of immense value. With so large a staff of contributors a certain amount of compromise and reticence was necessary, both in the conception and execution of the plan. There is little to offend, though much to suggest to, the various schools of thought among us. Occasionally, as was of course unavoidable, the limits which separate theological discussion from historical inquiry have been passed over; but either this must have happened, or such subjects as the Church, Miracles, &c. must have been imperfectly treated. But the various contributors have known both how to give and how to take; and we must make up our minds to a tone of occasional indecision and uncertainty in so large a miscellany. As the work at present stands it has a fragmentary look. Its progress involved an Appendix, and some very important articles are not to be found in the first alphabetical arrangement. A second edition, which must soon be called for, will remedy the technical deficiencies of the Dictionary, and it will then stand a creditable monument of the scholarship and learning of the Church of England.

The Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, have, it is well known, been engaged for many years in the publication of a series of works, of various degrees of excellence, which have done much to mould the mind of the Church. Few will be insensible of the value of the works of Hengstenberg, Stier, and Olshausen; and without endorsing all their opinions, and with a protest against their verbosity, it is impossible not to gain something both from their spirit and their literature. A large and exhaustive work by Mr. George Steward, a Presbyterian minister, on the 'Mediatorial Sovereignty,' has just been issued by these enterprising publishers, and it affords a good specimen of the old and somewhat dry style of theological writing, but with great fulness of argument. In the discussions on the Church, it is not to be expected that teaching from the other side the Tweed will be in all respects acceptable to ourselves; but the work, in plan and execution, is such as to command our respect. In the concluding chapter, on the Eternal Sabbath, we thought we caught an echo of some Oriental speculations appertaining to the doctrine of absorption.

Mr. T. W. Marshall has reprinted his 'Christian Missions' (Longman). The title is a misnomer. It is a satirical and cynical account of all the failures, real and imaginary, of the Non-Romanist Missions. We are by no means prepared to say that there is not truth in too many of the insulting pictures which Mr. Marshall draws of 'Protestant' shortcomings and

'Protestant' inconsistencies, weaknesses, and sins. A third volume is wanted, and it might be easily written on the wickednesses and weaknesses of the 'Holy Catholic Roman and Apostolic Church' in modern times : and even the whole series would be one of which the Accuser of the Brethren would have no reason to be ashamed. Mr. Marshall may be congratulated on having anticipated both the spirit and method of such a manual.

A very different work, conceived in a very different spirit, and with its facts and information derived not from newspaper paragraphs, and fugitive reports of societies, and mere gossip, like Mr. Marshall's one-sided and illiberal work, but from solid literature, is Mr. Maclear's 'History of Christian Missions in the Middle Ages' (Macmillan). It is one of the series of Cambridge Manuals, of which the well-known publications of Archdeacon Hardwick and Mr. Westcott form portions; and the present volume is worthy of its predecessors.

Dr. Murphy's 'Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Genesis' (T. and T. Clark), has probably been called for by recent speculations on the authenticity and authority of the Pentateuch. The present work gives a new translation, and is replete with sound and useful annotation. Occasionally some sentimental language is slightly out of place, for one hardly wants reflection in a critical commentary ; but the volume is one very useful for the present times.

Mr. Prescott's 'Every Day Scripture Difficulties' (Longman) contains less than its title seems to indicate. It is a careful *résumé* of the usual answers to the usual objections taken against the harmony and consistency of the four Gospels ; and it will be found to be a portable reply to such writers as De Wette and Schleiermacher, and their timid followers among ourselves.

Although Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary' may be thought to supersede any other work on the same subject, we must not decline to give the honour of priority to Kitto's very useful 'Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature,' of which a new edition, we believe the third, is now issuing, under the editorship of Dr. Alexander, and is published by Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh. It has advanced as far as the letter E. The original work was based on the old work of Calmet, brought down to the acquirements of modern knowledge, but it has, like Sir John Cutler's stockings, lost its identity under successive editors and successive improvements. Somewhat more eclectic in tone than Dr. Smith's publication, and less distinctly reflecting the Church of England, there is room for it by the side of its friendly rival.

Two instructive works on Italy and the state of Italian religion have lately been published, and both reflect the same cast of mind. In Mr. Sewell's 'Impressions of Rome and Florence' (Longman) we have the lettered and tasteful traveller, who for once seems to have surrendered the controversialist in the amiable living *dilettante*. But Mr. Sewell's book was originally written in private letters, which give a favourable specimen of his familiar style, in which he is perhaps more successful than when more ambitious. —Dr. Wordsworth writes in a higher key ; he postpones even antiquities, in

which he is well skilled, to earnest reflections on the religious present and future of the Italian Church; and in his 'Tour in Italy' (Rivingtons), he shows what impressions its condition makes on one who, perhaps more faithfully than any in our generation, reflects the true temper of the traditional English churchman.

The current volumes of Clark's series consist of Ehrard's 'Gospel History,' which may be referred to, and very usefully, as an anticipatory answer to Renan's work, as well as to some portions of the 'Essays and Reviews.'—The continuation, in the shape of the second volume, of Lange's 'Commentary on the Gospels,' which has now reached as far as the second volume on S. Luke. The Commentary is diffuse, and split up into various heads; but a mind possessed with some powers of discrimination and an acute sense of the duty of rejection, may get a good deal out of this collection, which has as much selected as original matter.—And the third volume of the second part—our Teutonic brethren do run to a sad prolixity—of Dörner's 'Doctrine of the Person of Christ.' This is an historical work, and contains a voluminous and exhaustive account of what is called Christology; that is, the literature which has been dedicated to the life and personal nature of the Redeemer. This work, again, has its special value in connexion with the works of Renan and Nicholas. —Kurtz, on the 'Sacrificial Worship of the Old Testament,' is, what in German language is styled a monograph, on the various forms of sacrifice incorporated into the Levitical Law.

Fasti Eboracenses. 'Lives of the Archbishops of York,' Vol. I. This is a work of which the original materials were collected by Canon Dixon on a solid substratum of concrete laid by James Torre, an antiquary whose fame is less than his great deserts. But the Secretary of the Surtees Society, the accomplished and learned Mr. Raine, is the real author of the present volume. It is more than it assumes to be, for it is, in point of fact, a history of the English Church, ranging from Paulinus to the middle of the fourteenth century. Not only is it rich and accurate in materials, and not only does it present a living picture of mediæval manners and letters, not only does it give a discriminating view of the political relations of Church and State, but it is written in a religious and temperate spirit, free alike from idle hero-worship and careless and presumptuous disparagement of the past.

We owe more than one curious bibliographical publication to the skill and research of M. Berjeau. This gentleman has prepared, and Mr. Stewart of the Strand has published, the celebrated book, 'The History of the Cross,' from Veldener's edition of 1483. This book was itself a reproduction of a block book now entirely lost, and of the present work only three copies are extant, the facsimile now published being taken from the Althorpe copy. It is probable though the types in Veldener's work are movable, that the wood blocks are those of the older block book; the woodcuts are of the rudest, but not without that vain grotesque spirit which enabled the early artists in xylography, when they had anything to say, to represent it with very unpromising materials. But the literary

interest of this work is at least equal to the antiquarian. The 'Legend of the Cross' is a wild and grotesque story, detailing the history of the Sacred Wood from Adam to the Empress Helena, and it here appears in a Dutch translation from the original Latin. It has been often told, and may be found in the 'Golden Legend.' Mr. Berjeau tells us that the work has some relation to those mysterious communistic societies of the Middle Ages, which at one time took a religious shape under the Brethren of the Common Life and *Fratricelli*, and at another assumed a semi-philosophical guise as Cabbalists and Rosicrucians. The cuts of the present work are also said to give some representations of the craft and mystery of Masonry. M. Berjeau we see proposes to follow up the present publication by a reprint of the famous 'Speculum Humanæ Salvationis'—a true Block Book.

The 'Literary Characteristics and Achievements of the Bible' (A. and C. Black), by Dr. Traill, is a sentimental book, and exhibits, we think, a polite and patronizing tone towards the Holy Scriptures, which is, to our mind, offensive.

Mr. Thomas Arnold's 'Manual of English Literature' (Longman) is a scholarlike if not very profound manual. It is the substance of lectures delivered by the writer, an Oxford man, turned Romanist, before the pupils of 'the Catholic University of Ireland.' To do Mr. Arnold justice, there is little or nothing of sectarianism in his criticisms, and we know few books more likely to inspire or to educate a literary taste.

We are indebted to a layman, Mr. Boyle, of Lincoln's-inn—and he is not the first layman of the name of Boyle who has come forward as the champion of revealed religion—for an able and scholarly work on the 'Inspiration of the Book of Daniel' (Rivingtons). It nearly exhausts the subject, and the essays on the testimony from chronology strike us as better than the arguments derived from the internal evidence of the prophecy.

The 'Memoir of Mr. Stafford Brown, Vicar of Westbury' (Rivingtons) is a remarkable biography of a clergyman thoroughly expanding, by mere force of the Church's work, from a speculative and Puritanical form of religion into a large and healthy specimen of the English Churchman.

'The Church's Work in our large Towns' (Church Press Company) is a complete manual on what has been done, what is doing, and what ought to be done in the way of Church extension—taking the phrase in its largest sense, material, moral, social, personal Church extension. The author is Mr. George Huntington, an active Manchester clergyman, who has in his little volume shown that he can write vigorously as well as speak faithfully on present and passing duties, and it does him credit both in his literary and his ministerial character.

'The Testimony of the Heathen to the Truths of Holy Writ' (Seeley) is really a very curious book. It consists of a vast collection of parallel passages, more or less parallel it must be acknowledged, and often less than more, to the various books and texts of Scripture. These passages must have cost the compiler, Mr. Thomas Millington, Incumbent of Woodhouse-

Eaves, a vast amount of labour to collect, arrange, and translate. As a mere monument of vast reading, turned to a curious if not very important use, the volume deserves more notice than we fear it will obtain.

A very elaborate and careful 'Commentary on St. John's Gospel' (Rivingtons), by Mr. G. J. Brown, an Oxfordshire Curate, shows much sound learning, not inconsistent with practical reflection. The cast of the volumes—there are two of them—is homiletic, and though the tone is serious, the style is not dull.

'The solicitations of some kind friends, and a wish to realize a few pounds for a charitable purpose, have induced' Lady Dunbar to publish a 'Family Tour round the Coasts of Spain and Portugal' (Blackwood). The friends were anything but kind in their solicitations; and if the authoress gets a few pounds she will get it for what is not worth a few pence.

It is a legitimate question whether, in the present state of knowledge, the republication of Mosheim's 'Ecclesiastical History' is a substantial gain to literature. There can, however, be no doubt that if our shelves are to be furnished with the ordinary and classical works, the so-called standard histories, it is better to have a good edition than a bad one. At various times and with various successes Murdoch and Soames have corrected the misstatements and added to the substance of the old Göttingen professor; and now we have the accomplished Mr. Stubbs, the Lambeth librarian, giving us what is called a trade edition, that is, the accredited and legitimate edition (Longman; Simpkin, &c. &c.), in three compact and handsome volumes. In a supplementary chapter, of two hundred pages, Mr. Stubbs, on the basis of Gieseler, Ritter, and Dollinger, has carried on the history of the Church through the seventeenth century, not without connecting the facts and improving the colouring of a picture, which, after all, must be a mere sketch, and a sketch drawn by Rationalist and Romanist pencils. That the present edition will supersede its predecessors is to say but little; but Mr. Stubbs, in this as in other publications, has shown us that the old and erudite school of literary antiquaries is well and worthily represented among us.

Dr. Vaughan's 'Lectures on the Apocalypse' (Macmillan) displays a favourable contrast to the wild school of prophetic interpretation. Between Dr. Cumming and Dr. Vaughan yawns the gulf which separates impudence and ignorance from sobriety and reverence. The commentary, which is of a practical cast, generally follows, though not slavishly, Hengstenberg.

Mr. Henry Craik's 'Principia Hebraica' (Bagster) is a brief and compendious introduction to Hebrew literature; too brief to be more than the opening of the door. It is printed in folio—a form which hardly adds to its usefulness.

Messrs. Longman have just out an edition of the 'Book of Common Prayer,' which will take rank as an *édition de luxe*. It is of a handsome size, but not too cumbersome for use, and it appears with the advantage of the Chiswick typography. It is decorated with wood-cut borders, taken

from an old French Prayer-Book of the early part of the sixteenth century, executed by Geofroy Tory, an ornamental typographer of great fame. This edition, and it is a very handsome one, is eminently suited for a Christmas gift-book.—Report, by the way, speaks very highly of a sumptuous edition of the New Testament about to issue from the same publishers, on which all the resources of art, typography, and capital have been for many years expended by the house of Longman. The engravings on wood are taken mostly from the old masters, and the edition is to be a very small one.

‘The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching’ (Mozley) is by the Editor of ‘The Monthly Packet.’ ‘The Monthly Packet’ is too well known and too highly valued to require our renewed approval; but we must say a word for ‘The Monthly Paper.’ It is, in point of fact, a *vade mecum* for Sunday-school teachers and for catechists generally. It may be quite true that every one who pretends to teach religion ought to have all the facts of the Bible and all the principles of religious knowledge and all sorts of illustrations at his fingers’ ends. But the equally certain fact is that this is not the case; and those who have tried the work of teaching, even for years, will be the first to recognise the value of some manual which may be taken up for a quarter of an hour before the teacher takes a class. The present manual will harmonize and arrange vague thoughts, and will suggest new ones.

‘Thoughts on the Church Catechism’ (Mozley). This is, in point of fact, a regular manual of religious teaching, though it only takes the modest form of ‘Letters to my God-children.’ It will serve very sufficiently as a guide to confirmation, as well as a book of meditation and reflection in after-life.

‘Holy Joy and Sacred Sorrow’ (Mozley) are by the author of the ‘Thoughts on the Catechism.’ They are—something in the form of a tract—a set of reflections on the Marriage and Burial Offices of the Church.

‘A Grave suggestion to Young Christians’ (Mozley) is also a tract. Its object is to suggest that which must be at the bottom of all religion—the necessity of seriousness; and, which is not an easy thing, some few pages suggest hints as to the formation of habits.

Mr. Grueber has published a very sensible ‘Letter on the Proposed Alteration in the Burial Service’ (Masters). This is not the first of the author’s outspoken utterances on a subject of pressing importance.

‘Lyra Eucharistica’ (Longman). This is a manual which we owe to the taste and research of Mr. Orby Shipley. It consists of hymns, poems, and verses, proses and sequences, all connected with the great Christian mystery, and these are collected from all sources, ancient and modern, Roman Catholic, Anglican, and dissenting. Most, if not all, have been already published in various manuals, and, as we understand, they have not been tampered with. Both as a book of devotion and in a merely literary point of view this is a very important little work. It is printed

with a font of type which, with many beauties, combines some aggravating affectations in the long "f."

'The Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge' (Deighton), is a joint composition of several college tutors, and contains not only a brief account of the endowments and prizes, but a guide to a reading man and a warning to non-reading men, and will be found useful alike to parents and to freshmen. The articles on the various branches of study are furnished by distinguished men, such as Messrs. Latham, Campion, Mayor, and Harold Browne.

We are quite at one with Mr. Denton in thinking that the condition of 'The Christians in Turkey' (Bell and Daldy) is one well worthy of the earnest attention of all Christian States, and especially of all Christian Churches. No doubt the Ottoman rule is an abomination, and the Ottoman tyranny is as disastrous to the social and economical condition of the Eastern Christians as the supremacy of the Crescent over the Cross is humiliating to the Western Christians. And Mr. Denton deserves credit for having tried to see things with his own eyes, at least in that particular country, Servia, which he has visited. But when we come to practical remedies we are at sea. As Europe stands, does the term 'Christian States' mean anything? If it does, does it in a political sense involve such a protectorate as was claimed by France and Russia respectively before the Crimean War? or are we bound, by our Christian responsibilities, to do as they did in old times, and preach and practise a Crusade? and even when we have driven the Turks across the Bosphorus are we to stop there, and are not the Asiatic Christians as much committed to our political guardianship as the Greek and Servian people? and if our interference in the one case justifies our interference in the other, what in the long run are we to do with Mohammedans? Is it, as logically it seems necessary, to come to extermination? These are serious questions, which are not answered, by proving the mere fact that the Christians in Turkey are miserably oppressed.

Dean Trench has given to the Church, as his parting gift before assuming that high station which he is about to dignify, a second volume of his 'New Testament Synonyms' (Macmillan).

Dr. Goulburn's 'Lectures on the Communion Service' (Rivingtons) are a series of Parish Sermons; and we do not therefore expect any great depth of theological learning, which would be entirely out of place in such expositions. But they are able and devout; and in a very sensible preface the preacher discusses the Prayer-Book revision question with great ability and fairness.

'The Messianic Prophecies of Israel' is the Donellan Lecture for 1862, and is one of those able productions with which the learning of Dublin occasionally enriches theological literature. The work is by Dr. De Burgh, whose accomplishments in Hebrew are well known.

'The Ordinances of Spiritual Worship' (Longman), by the late Chancellor Phillips, contain some thoughts on some future office of the

mediating Saviour, which, as speculations, have their value, but must only be regarded as speculations.

'How should we Treat our Servants' (Mozley) is an anonymous tract on an important subject, carefully treated.

'The Poachers' (J. H. and J. Parker) affects only to be a tract; but it is a tale, written with some power, by Mr. Maclachlan.

The author, or authoress? of 'Aggesden Vicarage' has acquired considerable popularity; and the last tale, published under the title of 'Lucy and Christian Wainwright' (Masters), by this writer, will sustain or even add to a growing reputation in works of fiction.

'The Forty Days after our Lord's Resurrection' (Edinburgh: Edmonston), by Dr. Hanna, invites, if it does not provoke, comparison with a valuable work by Dr. Moberly on the same subject. The subject is treated by the Presbyterian divine in a manner very different from that adopted by the Head-Master of Winchester. Instead of seeing in the mysterious revelation on the things belonging to the kingdom of God an outline of the constitution of the Christian Church, its laws, its ministry and constitution, Dr. Hanna finds only an opportunity for indulging in rhapsodical and sentimental writing. The Scotch style of theological literature is a curious phenomenon.

Mr. Dickinson, an Irish clergyman, has penned some 'Lectures on the Book of Common-Prayer' (Parker, Son, and Bourne), which reach the usual level, but scarcely exceed it.

In addition to Mr. Boyle's 'Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Book of Daniel,' we have received Mr. Walter's 'Genuineness of the Book of Daniel' (Longman), which goes over the same ground. This book, it is well known, has been considered the weakest place in the defences of canonical Scripture; and it is satisfactory to find so many writers, and each so ably, vindicating the authority of this cardinal book. Mr. Walter, as a clergyman, takes ground different from the legal argument urged by Mr. Boyle. But the two would fit together admirably.

Mr. Scrivener's 'Collection of the Codex Sinaiticus' (Deighton, Bell, and Co.) is one of the ablest contributions to Biblical literature which has issued from the British press. The writer's exhaustive conclusion on the genuineness of Tischendorf's text is admirable.

'The Life and Correspondence of Calixtus' (J. H. and J. Parker), is by Mr. Dowding. Students in ecclesiastical history—a small band, perhaps—will remember Calixtus as the author of one of the most promising schemes of Christian union which was ever put forth; and the present writer has collected from original sources much new and useful information on a curious chapter in Church history—information now especially valuable when so much of what is crude and superficial is talked about Christian union.

Mr. Crosthwaite's 'Lectures on the Book of Daniel' (Rivingtons) constitute yet another contribution to the arguments for the authenticity of this great book of prophecy. The Lectures were parochial, and the

writer's plan allows him to take that practical form of exhortation, which the more controversial method of Messrs. Boyle and Walter precluded them from adopting.

'The Churchman's Guide to Faith and Piety' (Masters), is the second edition of a work, which on its first appearance we gladly recognised as the very best of these many contributions to practical religion which R. B. has given to the Church. On the whole, we know of no manual for real working purposes which contains so much and which is executed in so full and practical a spirit.

'Footprints of the Holy Dead' (Macintosh) is a collection of poetical pieces, translated from the German, probably by Miss Wentworth, and is a valuable contribution to that literature of which the '*Lyra Germanica*' is the type.

Professor Goldwin Smith's Lecture, 'Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery?' (J. H. and J. Parker) must be read with the caution that a fallacy may lurk in the word 'sanction.' The lecturer is right enough in saying that the Bible recognises progress; and it is not to be denied that the principles of the Gospel are against slavery. But the practical question is, when the time has arrived for those principles to have their full force. It is undeniable that in apostolic times the duty of putting down the institution of slavery was reserved; what we have now to ask is, whether, in the case of the Southern States, the possibility or duty of doing what has never been done has arrived?

'The Science of the Soul' (Richardson). This is a curious work, and it seems to emanate from a school of mystical writers which is not yet extinct among us. The writer is a Roman Catholic, and we do not pretend to understand his work. It is addressed to adepts.

'What is Truth? A Life Problem' (Grant), announces itself to be written by a clergyman of the Church of England. The question is sufficiently important: the answer is sufficiently obscure. We do not claim to have apprehended it.

Mr. T. T. Carter, of Clewer, in his 'Passion and Temptation of our Lord' (Masters), prints a deep and practical series of Lent Lectures, preached last Lent, at All Saints, Margaret Street.

Mr. Popoff has translated from the Russian a brief treatise on the 'Origin and Composition of the Roman Catholic Liturgy:' and this little work gives a curious view of the Latin Liturgy from an Oriental point. It is introduced by J. M. N., and adds to the liturgical stores which this writer has so much enriched.

A sermon on 'The Claims of the Roman Catholic Church' (Rivingtons), by Mr. Pye, of Clifton Campden, though short, is a useful vindication of the historical position of our own Church.

'Life and Work in Newfoundland' (Rivingtons), is a plain and practical record of missionary life. The writer, Mr. Julian Moreton, is an able and hard-working man; and every page of his narrative bears the impress of

truth. Were Mr. T. W. Marshall morally capable of receiving truth, we should recommend this little work to his consideration.

'Queen Elizabeth's "Primer"' (Masters) has been published *in extenso*, as a manual of family prayer; and it certainly has higher authority than any other manual.

'Chapters on Plants' (Masters) is a pretty little collection of slight botanical essays on some of our common denizens of hedge and field.

In 'Charity at Home' (Masters) school teachers will find a little story, suited well enough to read, by way of didactic relaxation, to an elder class.

Mr. S. C. Malan has, in modern language, developed a specialty. He thinks, and not without reason, that unless we avail ourselves of the great treasures of Eastern liturgy and devotion, we cut ourselves off from much of the practical notice of the communion of saints. He has lately printed 'Preparation for the Holy Communion, translated from Armenian sources' (Masters); also, 'Meditations on our Lord's Passion' (Masters), from an Armenian original; and, in a very small tract, 'A Manual of Daily Prayers' (Masters). Although edification is the translator's aim, we find in these works an important refutation of the fiction of the deadness and formality of the Oriental communions.

On the Colenso controversy we have to acknowledge so many works, that our own labours in the same field must plead our apology if, in simply recording their titles, we seem to be insensible of their value in various ways. 1. 'Moses, or the Zulu' (Wertheim), by Mr. Weekes, with a preface, and not a wise one, by Mr. J. C. Ryle:—2. 'The Historic Character of the Pentateuch' (Skeffington), by a Layman: sound and sensible:—3. 'The Pretensions of Bishop Colenso' (Rivingtons), by Mr. James R. Page: vigorous and uncompromising:—4. 'The Mosaic Records' (J. H. and J. Parker), by Mr. Rogers, a layman:—5. 'Anti-Colenso' (Hamilton), by 'Joannes Lacijs':—6. 'The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua' (Rivingtons), by Mr. Moon:—7. 'The Harmony of Revelation and Science' (Rivingtons), by Mr. Dingle:—8. 'Claims of the Bible and of Science' (Macmillan), by Mr. Maurice:—9. 'Examination of Bishop Colenso's Difficulties' (Rivingtons), by Dr. M'Caul, his last contribution to the service of the Church:—10. 'Science and Scripture' (Lockwood), by Professor Young, of Belfast:—11. 'The Gospel of the Pentateuch' by Professor Kingsley, with a preface addressed to Professor Stanley.

Among Sermons, we have to specify:—1. An able volume by Mr. Cook, preached at Lincoln's Inn (Murray):—2. 'Village Sermons,' by a Northamptonshire Rector (Macmillan):—3. Sermons preached at S. Columba's, by Mr. Rice (J. H. and J. Parker):—4. 'Sermons in Plain Language,' by Mr. Ridley, of Hambleton (Mozley):—5. 'Hands, Head, and Heart,' an ugly title, by Dean Goodwin:—6. 'The Redeemer: a series on the Person of our Lord,' by Mr. Clark, of Taunton (Bell and Daldy).